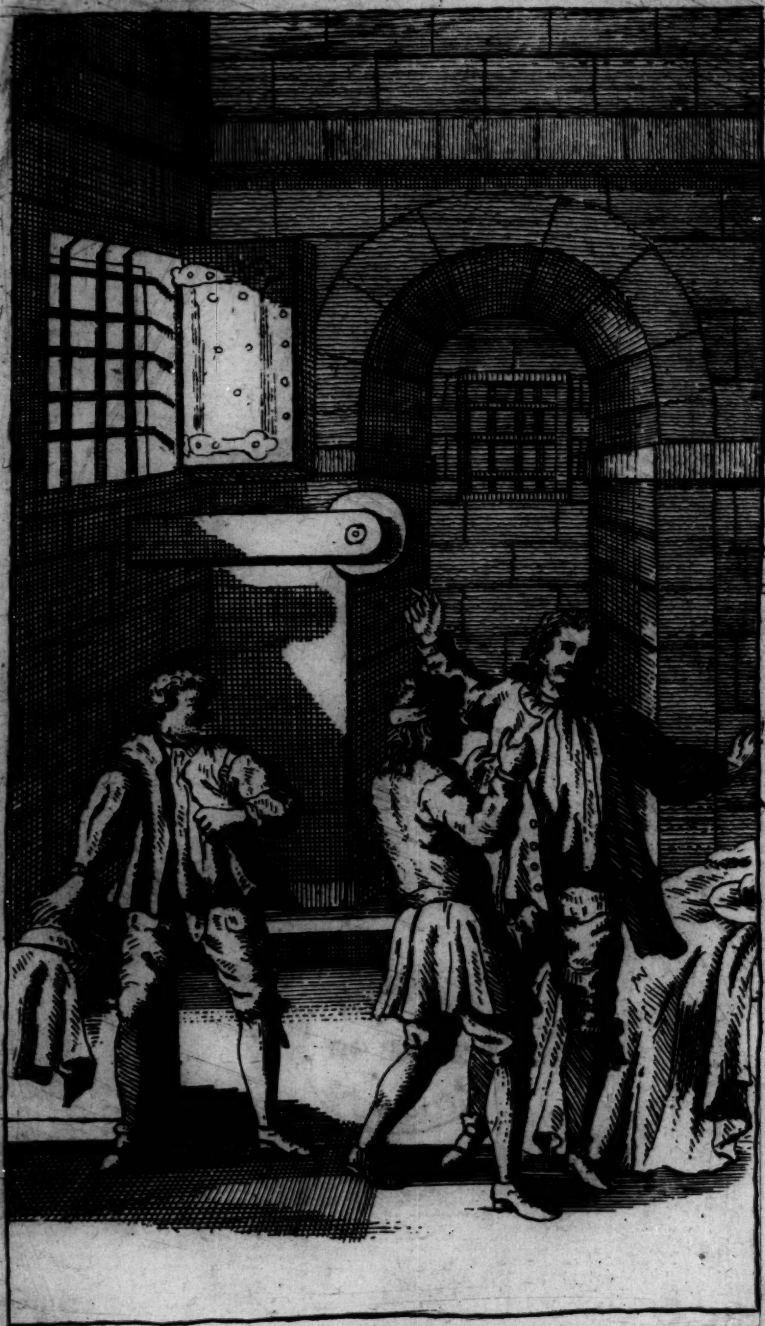
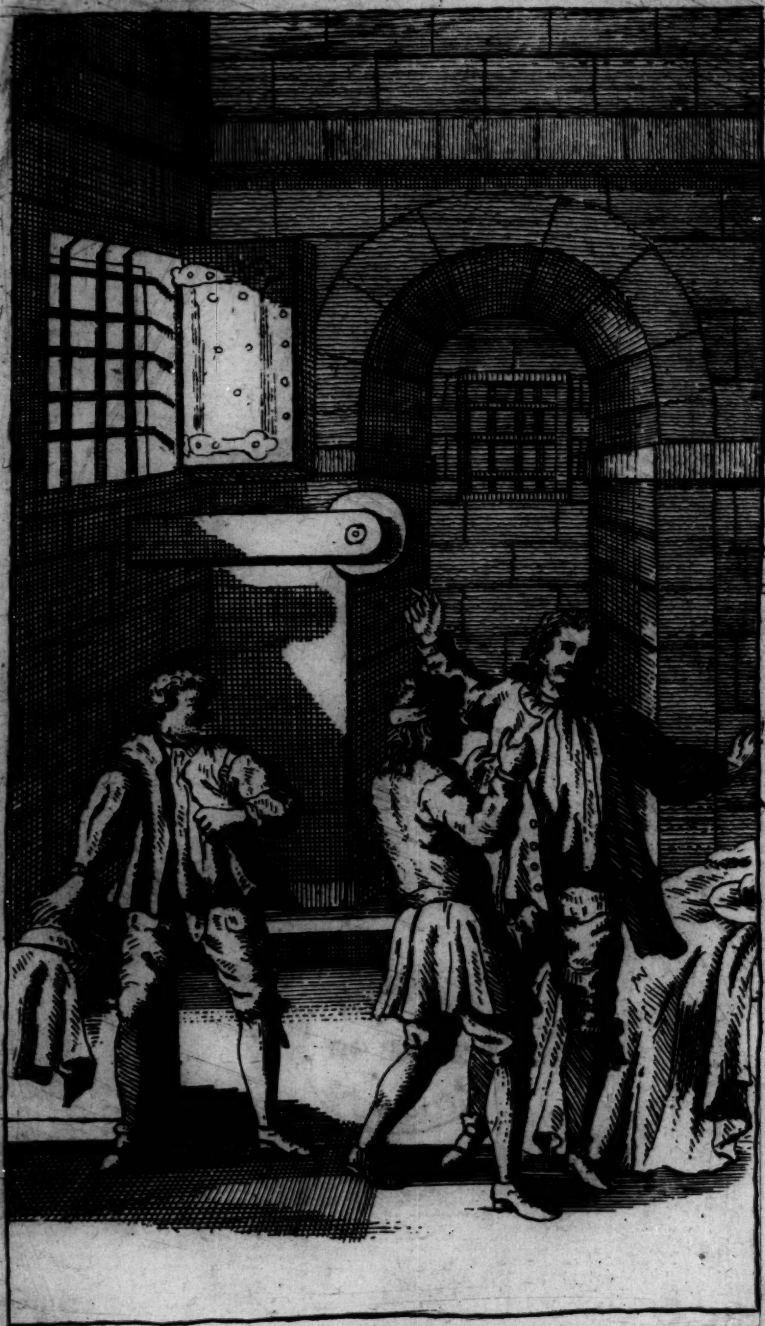






T H E
Dramatick W O R K S
O F
William Shakespear.
VOLUME IV.

Containing the Six following PLAYS, *viz.*

- I. Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE, the Good Lord COBHAM.
 - II. The Tragedy of LOCRINE, eldest Son of King BRUTUS.
 - III. The Life of King HENRY V.
 - IV. TIMON of ATHENS, a Tragedy.
 - V. The Comedy of ERRORS.
 - VI. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, a Comedy.
-

L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, Printer of *Shakespear's*,
and all the other ENGLISH PLAYS, at *Shakespear's*
Head in *Turn-again-Lane, Snowhill.*

MDCCXXXV.

THE
 Dramatic Works
 OF
 William Shakespeare
 VOLUME IV.

Containing the six following Plays, viz.

- I. Sir John Oldcastle, the Good Lord Cobham.
- II. The Taming of the Shrew, eldest Son of King Brutus.
- III. The Merchant of Venice.
- IV. The Merry Wives of Windsor.
- V. The Comedy of Errors.
- VI. A Midsummer Night's Dream, a Comedy.



LONDON:
 Printed by J. WALKER, Printer of Shakespeare's
 and all the other English Plays, at
 Head in New-street, Strand.

MDCCLXXV.

THE
HISTORY
OF
Sir John Oldcastle,
THE GOOD
LORD COBHAM.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's-Head*, in
Turn-again Lane, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be
had at his Shop the Sign of *Shakespear's Head* in
Change-Alley, Cornhill, and likewise at his Shop,
the Sign of *Shakespear's Head and Hawk*, between
the *Savoy* and *Somerset-House*, in the *Strand*.

M DCCXXXIV.

HISTORY

OF THE

SECOND

LORD CORHAM

BY



PRINTED BY

JOHN JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE doubtful Title, Gentlemen, pre-
fixt

Upon the Argument we have in Hand,
May breed Suspence, and wrongfully
disturb

The peaceful Quiet of your settled Thoughts:
To stop which Scruple, let this brief suffice,
It is no pamp'ring Glutton we present,
Nor aged Counsellor to youthful Sin;
But one, whose Virtue shone above the rest,
A valiant Martyr, and a virtuous Peer,
In whose true Faith and Loyalty exprest
Unto his Sovereign, and his Country's Weal:
We strive to pay that Tribute of our Love
Your Favours merit; let fair Truth be
grac'd,

Since forg'd Invention former time defac'd.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fifth.

Sir *John Oldcastle*, Lord *Cobham*.

Harpool, Servant to the Lord *Cobham*.

Lord *Herbert*, with *Gough* his Man.

Lord *Powis*, with *Owen*, and *Davy*, his Men.

The Mayor of *Hereford*, and Sheriff of *Herefordshire*,
with Bailiffs and Servants.

Two Judges of Assize.

The Bishop of *Rockester*, and *Clun* his Sumner.

Sir *John* the Parson of *Wrotham*, and *Dell* his Concubine.

The Duke of *Suffolk*.

The Earl of *Huntington*.

The Earl of *Cambridge*.

Lord *Scroop*.

Lord *Grey*.

Chartres the French Agent.

Sir *Roger Aston*.

Sir *Richard Lee*.

Master *Bourn*,

Master *Beverley*,

Murley, the Brewer of *Dunstable*.

Master *Butler*, Gentleman of the Privy-Chamber.

Lady *Cobham*.

Lady *Powis*.

Cromer, Sheriff of *Kent*.

Lord Warden of the *Cinque-Ports*.

Lieutenant of the *Tower*.

The Mayor, Constable, and Goaler of *St. Alban's*.

A *Kentish* Constable and an Ale-man.

Soldiers and old Men begging.

Dick and *Tom*, Servants to *Murley*.

An *Irishman*.

An Host, Hostler, a Carrier, and *Kate*.

} Rebels.



THE
HISTORY
OF
Sir John Oldcastle.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter. Sheriff, Lord Herbert, Lord Powis,
Owen, Bailiff, Gough, and Davy.*

SHERIFF.

MY Lords, I charge ye in his Highness's
Name to keep the Peace, you and
your Followers,

Her. Good Master Sheriff, look unto
yourself.

Pow. Do so, for we have other Bu-
siness. [*Proffer to fight again.*]

Sher. Will ye disturb the Judges, and the Assize?
Hear the King's Proclamation, ye were best.

Pow. Hold then let's hear it.

Her. But be brief, ye were best.

Bail. O yes.

Dav. Gossone, make shorter O, or shall mar your

Bail. O yes.

[*Yes.*
Owen.]

The History of

Owen. What, has her nothing to say, but O yes?

Bail. O yes.

Dav. O nay, py coſs plut, down with her, down with her. A *Powis*, a *Powis*.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*, and down with *Powis*.
[*Helter Skelter* again.]

Sher. Hold, in the King's Name, hold.

Owen. Down with a Knave's Name, down.

[*In the Fight the Bailiff is knock'd down, and the Sheriff and the others run away.*]

Her. *Powis*, I think thy Welsh and thou do smart.

Pow. *Herbert*, I think my Sword came near thy Heart.

Her. Thy Heart's best Blood shall pay the loss of mine.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*.

Dav. A *Powis*, a *Powis*.

As they are fighting, Enter the Mayor of Hereford, his Officers and Townsmen with Clubs.

May. My Lords, as you are Liegemen to the Crown, True Noblemen, and Subjects to the King, Attend his Highness's Proclamation, Commanded by the Judges of Assize, For keeping Peace at this Assembly.

Her. Good Master Mayor of *Hereford*, be brief.

May. Serjeant, without the Ceremonies of O yes, Pronounce aloud the Proclamation.

Ser. The King's Justices perceiving what publick Mischief may ensue this private Quarrel; in his Majesty's Name, do straitly charge and command all Persons, of what Degree soever, to depart this City of *Hereford*, except such as are bound to give Attendance at this Assize, and that no Man presume to wear any Weapon, especially Welsh-Hooks, Forest-Bills.

Owen. Haw? No pill nor Wells hoog? ha?

May. Peace, and hear the Proclamation.

Ser. And that the Lord *Powis* do presently disperse and discharge his Retinue, and depart the City in the King's Peace, he and his Followers, on pain of Imprisonment.

Dav. Haw? pud her Lord *Powis* in Prison? A *Powis*, a *Powis*. Coston, her will live and tye with her Lord.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*.

In this Fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and falls to the Ground, the Mayor and his Company cry for Clubs: Powis runs away, Gough and Herbert's Faction are busy about him. Enter the two Judges, the Sheriff and his Bailiffs afore them, &c.

1 *Jud.* Where's the Lord Herbert? Is he hurt or slain.
Sher. He's here, my Lord.

2 *Jud.* How fares his Lordship, Friends?

Gough. Mortally wounded, speechless, he cannot live.

1 *Jud.* Convey him hence, let not his Wounds take Air,

And get him dress'd with Expedition.

[Exit L. Herbert and Gough.]

Master Mayor of Hereford, Master Sheriff o' th' Shire,
 Commit Lord Powis to safe Custody,
 To answer the Disturbance of the Peace,
 Lord Herbert's Peril, and his high Contempt
 Of us, and you the King's Commissioners,
 See it be done with Care and Diligence.

Sher. Please it your Lordship, my Lord Powis is gone,
 past all Recovery.

2 *Jud.* Yet let search be made,
 To apprehend his Followers that are left.

Sher. There are some of them: Sirs, lay hold of them.

Owen. Of us? and why? what has her done, I pray you?

Sher. Disarm them, Bailiffs.

May. Officers assist.

Dav. Here you, Lord Shudge, what reason for this?

Owen. Cofsoon, pe puse for fighting for our Lord?

1 *Jud.* Away with them.

Dav. Harg you, my Lord.

Owen. Gough my Lord Herbert's Man's a shitten Knave.

Dav. Ice live and tye in good Quarrel.

Owen. Pray you do shustice, let awl be Prison.

Dav. Prison, no.

* Lord Shudge, I wool give you pale, good Surety.

2 *Jud.* What Bail? what Sureties?

Dav. Her Cozen ap Rice, ap Evan, ap Morice, ap Morgan, ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith, ap Griffyn, ap Davy, ap Owen, ap Shinkin Shones.

2 *Jud.*

2 *Jud.* Two of the most sufficient are enow.

Sher. And't please your Lordship these are all but one,

1 *Jud.* To Goal with them and the Lord *Herbert's* Men.
We'll talk with them, when the Assize is done. [*Exeunt.*
Riotous, audacious, and unruly Grooms,
Must we be forced to come from the Bench,
To quiet Brawls, which every Constable
In other civil Places can suppress?

2 *Jud.* What was the Quarrel that caus'd all this stir?

Sher. About Religion, as I heard, my Lord.
Lord *Powis's* detracted from the Power of *Rome*,
Affirming *Wickliff's* Doctrine to be true,
And *Rome's* Erroneous: Hot Reply was made
By the Lord *Herbert*, They were Traitors all
That would maintain it. *Powis* answer'd,
They were as true, as noble, and as wise,
As he, that would defend it with their Lives.
He nam'd, for instance, Sir *John Oldcastle*,
The Lord *Cobham*: *Herbert* reply'd, again,
He, thou, and all are Traitors that so hold.
The Lye was giv'n, the several Factions drawn,
And so enrag'd, that we could not appease it.

1 *Jud.* This Case concerns the King's Prerogative,
And 'tis dangerous to the State and Commonwealth.
Gentlemen, Justices, Master Mayor, and Master Sheriff,
It doth behove us all, and each of us
In general and particular, to have care,
For the suppressing of all Mutinies,
And all Assemblies, except Soldiers Musters,
For the King's Preparation into *France*.
We hear of secret Conventicles made,
And there is doubt of some Conspiracies,
Which may break out into rebellious Arms
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:
Note as an instance, this one perilous Fray,
What Factions might have grown on either part,
To the Destruction of the King and Realm:
Yet, in my Conscience, Sir *John Oldcastle's*
Innocent of it, only his Name was us'd.
We therefore from his Highness give this Charge:
You Master Mayor, look to your Citizens;
You Master Sheriff, unto your Shire; and you

As Justices in every one's Precinct
There be no Meetings. When the vulgar Sort
Sit on their Ale-Bench, with their Cups and Cans,
Matters of State be not their common Talk,
Nor pure Religion by their Lips prophan'd,
And there examine further of this Fray.

Enter a Bailiff and a Serjeant.

Sher. Sirs, have ye taken the Lord Powis yet?

Bail. No, nor heard of him.

Ser. No, he's gone far enough.

2 Jud. They that are left behind shall answer all.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter the Duke of Suffolk, Bishop of Rochester, Master
Butler, Sir John the Parson of Wrotham.*

Suf. Now, my Lord Bishop, take free Liberty
To speak your Mind; what is your Suit to us?

Roch. My noble Lord, no more than what you
know,

And have been oftentimes invested with:
Grievous Complaints have pass'd between the Lips
Of envious Persons to upbraid the Clergy,
Some carping at the Livings which we have,
And others spurning at the Ceremonies
That are of ancient Custom in the Church.
Amongst the which, Lord Cobham is a Chief:
What Inconvenience may proceed hereof,
Both to the King, and to the Commonwealth,
May easily be discern'd, when like a Frensy
This Innovation shall possess their Minds.
These Upstarts will have Followers to uphold
Their damn'd Opinion, more than Harry shall
To undergo his Quarrel 'gainst the French.

Suf. What Proof is there against them to be had,
That what you say the Law may justify?

Roch. They give themselves the Name of Protestants,
And meet in Fields and solitary Groves.

Sir J. Was ever heard, my Lord, the like 'till now?
That Thieves and Rebels, 'sblood Hereticks,
Plain Hereticks, I'll stand to't to their Teeth,
Should have, to colour their vile Practises,
A Title of such Worth, as Protestant?

A 5.

Enter

The History of

Enter one with a Letter.

Suf. O but you must not swear, it ill becomes
One of your Coat, to rap out bloody Oaths.

Roch. Pardon him, good my Lord, it is his Zeal.
An honest Country-Prelate, who laments
To see such foul Disorder in the Church.

Sir *J.* There's one, they call him Sir *John Oldcastle*.
He has not his Name for nought: For, like a Castle,
Doth he encompass them within his Walls.
But, 'till that Castle be subverted quite,
We ne'er shall be at Quiet in the Realm.

Roch. This is our Suit, my Lord, that he be ta'en,
And brought in Question for his Herefy:
Beside, two Letters brought me out of *Wales*,
Wherein my Lord of *Hertford* writes to me,
What Tumult and Sedition was begun,
About the Lord *Cobham*, at th'Ashizes there;
For they had much ado to calm the Rage:
And that the valiant *Herbert* is there slain.

Suf. A Fire that must be quench'd. Well, say no more;
The King anon goes to the Council-Chamber,
There to debate of Matters touching *France*;
As he doth pass by, I'll inform his Grace
Concerning your Petition. Master *Butler*,
If I forget, do you remember me.

But. I will, my Lord.

Roch. Not as a Recompence,
But as a Token of our Love to you, [*Offers him a Purse.*]
By me, my Lords, the Clergy doth present
This Purse, and in it full a Thousand Angels,
Praying your Lordship to accept their Gift.

Suf. I thank them, my Lord Bishop, for their Love,
But will not take their Money; if you please
'To give it to this Gentleman, you may.

Roch. Sir, then we crave your Furtherance herein.

But. The best I can, my Lord of *Rockester*.

Roch. Nay, pray take it; trust me, you shall.

Sir *J.* Were ye all three upon *New-Market-Heath*,
Ye should not need to strain Court'sy who should ha't,
Sir *John* would quickly rid ye of that Care.

Suf. The King is coming: Fear you not, my Lord,
The

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. II

The very first Thing I will break with him
Shall be about your Matter.

Enter the King, and Earl of Huntington in Talk.

King. My Lord of *Suffolk*,
Was it not said the Clergy did refuse
To lend us Money toward our Wars in *France*?

Suf. It was, my Lord, but very wrongfully.

King. I know it was: For *Huntington* here tells me,
They have been very bountiful of late.

Suf. And still they vow, my gracious Lord, to be so,
Hoping your Majesty will think on them
As of your loving Subjects, and suppress
All such malicious Errors as begin
To spot their Calling, and disturb the Church.

King. God else forbid: why, *Suffolk*,
Is there any new Rupture to disquiet them?

Suf. No new, my Lord, the old is great enough,
And so increasing, as if not cut down,
Will breed a Scandal to your Royal State,
And set your Kingdom quickly in an Uproar.
The *Kentish* Knight, Lord *Cobham*, in Despight
Of any Law, or Spiritual Discipline,
Maintains this upstart new Religion still,
And divers great Assemblies, by his Means,
And private Quarrels are commenc'd abroad;
As by this Letter more at large, my Liege, is made ap-

King. We do find it here, [parent.
There was in *Wales* a certain Fray of late
Between two Noblemen. But, what of this?
Follows it straight Lord *Cobham* must be he
Did cause the same? I dare be sworn, good Knight,
He never dream'd of any such Contention.

Roch. But in his Name the Quarrel did begin,
About the Opinion which he held, my Liege.

King. What if it did? was either he in Place
To take Part with them? or abett them in it?
If brabbling Fellows, whose enkindled Blood
Seeths in their fiery Veins, will needs go fight,
Making their Quarrels of some Words that pass'd
Bither of you, or you, amongst their Cups,
Is the Fault yours? or, are they guilty of it?

Suf. With Pardon of your Highness, my dread Lord,
Such

Such little Sparks neglected, may, in Time,
Grow to a mighty Flame: But that's not all,
He doth, beside, maintain a strange Religion,
And will not be compell'd to come to Mass.

Roch. We do beseech you therefore, gracious Prince,
Without Offence unto your Majesty,
We may be bold to use Authority.

King. As how?

Roch. To summon him unto the *Archies*,
Where such Offences have their Punishment.

King. To answer personally, is that your Meaning?

Roch. It is, my Lord.

King. How if he appeal?

Roch. My Lord, he cannot in such a Case as this.

Suf. Not where Religion is the Plea, my Lord.

King. I took it always, that our Self stood on't
As a sufficient Refuge: Unto whom
Not any but might lawfully appeal:
But we'll not argue now upon that Point;
For Sir *John Oldcastle*, whom you accuse,
Let me intreat you to dispence a-while
With your high Title of Preheminence. [In Scorn]
Report did never yet condemn him so,
But he hath always been reputed loyal:
And in my Knowledge I can say thus much,
That he is virtuous, wise, and honourable.
If any way his Conscience be seduc'd
To waver in his Faith, I'll send for him,
And school him privately: if that serve not,
Then afterward you may proceed against him.
Butler, be you the Messenger for us,
And will him presently repair to Court. [Exit]

Sir J. How now, my Lord? why stand you discontent?
Insooth, methinks, the King hath well decreed.

Roch. Ay, ay, Sir *John*; if he would keep his Word:
But I perceive he favours him so much,
As this will be to small Effect, I fear.

Sir J. Why then I'll tell you what you're best to do:
If you suspect the King will be but cold
In reprehending him, send you a Process too
To serve upon him; so you may be sure
To make him answer't, howsoever it fall.

Roch.

Roch. And well remembred. I will have it so;
A *Sumner* shall be sent about it straight. *[Exit.]*

Sir J. Yea, do so. In the mean space this remains
For kind *Sir John of Wrotham*, honest *Jack*:
Methinks, the Purse of Gold the Bishop gave
Made a good Shew; it had a tempting Look:
Beshrew me, but my Fingers-Ends do itch
To be upon those golden Ruddocks. Well, 'tis thus:
I am not as the World doth take me for:
If ever Wolf were cloathed in Sheep's Coat,
Then I am he; old huddle and twang, i'Faith:
A Priest in Shew; but, in plain Terms, a Thief:
Yet let me tell you too, an honest Thief.
One that will take it where it may be spar'd;
And spend it freely in good Fellowship.
I have as many Shapes as *Proteus* had;
That still when any Villany is done,
There may none suspect it was *Sir John*:
Besides, to comfort me, (for what's this Life,
Except the crabbed Bitterness thereof
Be sweetned now and then with Letchery?)
I have my *Doll*, my Concubine as 'twere,
To frolick with, a lusty bouncing Girl.
But whilst I loiter here, the Gold may 'scape;
And that must not be so: it is mine own,
Therefore I'll meet him on his Way to Court,
And thrive him of it, there will be the Sport. *[Exit.]*

Enter four poor People, some Soldiers, some Old Men.

1. God help, God help, there's Law for punishing;
But there's no Law for Necessity:
There be more Stocks to set poor Soldiers in,
Than there be Houses to relieve them at.

Old Man. Ay, House-keeping decays in every Place,
Even as *St. Peter* writ; Still worse and worse.

2. Master Mayor of *Rocheſter* has given Command,
That none shall go abroad out of the Parish; and has
set down an Order, Forsooth, what every poor House-
holder must give for our Relief: where there be some
fessed, I may say to you, had almost as much Need to
beg as we.

1. It is a hard World the while.

Old Man. If a poor Man ask at a Door, For God's
Sake,

Sake, they ask him for a Licence or a Certificate from a Justice.

2. Faith! we have none but what we bear upon our Bodies, our maim'd Limbs; God help us.

4. And yet as lame as I am I'll with the King into *France*, if I can but crawl a Shipboard; I had rather be slain in *France* than starve in *England*.

Old Man. Ha! were I but as lusty as I was at *Shrewsbury-Battle*, I would not do as I do: but we are now come to the good Lord *Cobham's* House, the best Man to the Poor in all *Kent*.

4. God bless him; there be but few such.

Enter Cobham with Harpool.

Cob. Thou peevish froward Man, what wouldst thou have?

Har. This Pride, this Pride, brings all to Beggary. I serv'd your Father and your Grandfather; Shew me two such Men now: No, no; Your Backs, your Backs: The Devil and Pride Has cut the Throat of all good House-keeping; They were the best Yeomens Masters that Ever were in *England*.

Cob. Yea; except you have a Crew of filthy Knaves And sturdy Rogues still feeding at my Gate, There is no Hospitality with thee.

Har. They may sit at the Gate well enough; but the Devil of any Thing you give them, except they'll eat Stones.

Cob. 'Tis along then of such hungry Knaves as you: Yea, Sir; here's your Retinue, your Guests be come: They know their Hours I warrant you.

Old Man. God bless your Honour; God save the good Lord *Cobham*, and all his House.

Sold. Good your Honour, bestow your blessed Alms upon poor Men.

Cob. Now, Sir; here be your Alms-Knights: Now are you as safe as the *Emperor*.

Har. My Alms-Knights? Nay, they are yours: It is a Shame for you; and I'll stand to it, Your foolish Alms maintains more Vagabonds Than all the Noblemen in *Kent* beside.

Out ye Rogues; ye Knaves; work for your Livings.

Alas!

Alas ! poor Men ! they may beg their Hearts out ;
There's no more Charity among Men
Than amongst so many Mastive Dogs.
What make ye here, ye needy Knaves ?
Away, away, ye Villains.

2. *Sold.* I beseech you, Sir, be good.

Cob. Nay, nay ; they know thee well enough : I think that all the Beggars in this Land are thy Acquaintance. Go bestow your Alms ; none will controul you, Sir.

Har. What should I give them ? You are grown so beggarly, that you can scarce give a Bit of Bread at your Door : You talk of your Religion so long, that you have banished Charity from you : A Man may make a Flax-Shop in your Kitchen-Chimney for any Fire there is stirring.

Cob. If thou wilt give them nothing, send them hence : Let them not stand here starving in the Cold.

Har. Who, I drive them hence ? If I drive poor Men from the Door I'll be hang'd : I know not what I may come to myself. God help ye poor Knaves ; ye see the World. Well, you had a Mother : O God be with thee good Lady ; thy Soul's at Rest : She gave more in Shirts and Smocks to poor Children than you spend in your House ; and yet you live a Beggar too.

Cob. Even the worst Deed that ever my Mother did was relieving such a Fool as thou.

Har. Ay ; I am a Fool still : with all your Wit you'll die a Beggar ; go too.

Cob. Go, you old Fool ; give the poor People Something : Go in, poor Men, into the inner Court ; and take such Alms as there is to be had.

Sold. God bless your Honour.

Har. Hang ye Rogues, hang ye ; there's nothing but Misery amongst ye : you fear no Law, you. [*Exit.*

Old Man. God bless you good Master Ralph ; God save your Life ; you are good to the Poor still. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Powis disguised.

Cob. What Fellow's yonder comes along the Grove ? Few Passengers there be that know this Way : Methinks, he stops, as though he staid for me ; And meant to shroud himself among the Bushes.

I know

I know the Clergy hate me to the Death;
 And my Religion gets me many Foes:
 And this may be some desperate Rogue
 Suborn'd to work me Mischief: as pleaseth God.
 If he comes toward me, sure, I'll stay his Coming;
 Be he but one Man, whatsoever he be.

[*Lord Powis comes on.*]
 I have been well acquainted with that Face.

Pow. Well met, my honourable Lord and Friend.

Cob. You are welcome, Sir; whoe'er you be:

But of this sudden, Sir, I do not know you.

Pow. I am one that wisheth well unto your Honour;
 My Name is *Powis*; an old Friend of yours.

Cob. My honourable Lord, and worthy Friend;
 What makes your Lordship thus alone in *Kent*?
 And thus disguised in this strange Attire?

Pow. My Lord, an unexpected Accident
 Hath at this Time enforc'd me to these Parts;
 And thus it happ'd. Not yet full five Days since,
 Now at the last Assize at *Hereford*,
 It chanc'd that the Lord *Herbert* and myself,
 'Mongst other Things discoursing at the Table,
 To fall in Speech about some certain Points
 Of *Wickliff's* Doctrine 'gainst the Papacy,
 And the Religion Catholick maintain'd
 Through the most Part of *Europe* at this Day;
 The wilful testy Lord stuck not to say,
 That *Wickliff* was a Knave, Schismatick;
 His Doctrine devilish and heretical:
 And whatsoever he was maintain'd the same,
 Was Traitor both to God, and to his Country.
 Being moved at his peremptory Speech,
 I told him, some maintain'd those Opinions;
 Men, and truer Subjects than Lord *Herbert* was:
 And he replying in Comparisons,
 Your Name was urg'd, my Lord, against this Challenge,
 To be a perfect Favourer of the Truth.
 And to be short, from Words we fell to Blows,
 Our Servants and our Tenants taking Parts;
 Many on both Sides hurt: and for an Hour,
 The Brawl by no means could be pacified,
 Until the Judges rising from the Bench,

Were

Were in their Persons forc'd to part the Fray.

Cob. I hope no Man was violently slain.

Pow. Faith! none, I trust, but the Lord *Herbert's*
Who is, in Truth, so dangerously hurt, [Self;
As it is doubted he can hardly 'scape.

Cob. I am sorry, my good Lord, of this ill News.

Pow. This is the Cause that drives me into *Kent*,
To shroud myself with you so good a Friend;
Until I hear how Things do speed at home.

Cob. Your Lordship is most welcome unto *Cobham*:
But I am very sorry, my good Lord,
My Name was brought in Question in this Matter,
Considering I have many Enemies,
That threaten Malice, and do lie in wait
To take the 'vantage of the smallest Thing:
But you are welcome, and repose your Lordship;
And keep yourself here secret in my House,
Until we hear how the Lord *Herbert* speeds.

Enter Harpool.

Here comes my Man: Sirrah, what News?

Har. Yonder's one Mr. *Butler* of the Privy Chamber,
is sent unto you from the King.

Pow. Pray God the Lord *Herbert* be not dead, and
the King hearing whither I am gone, hath sent for me.

Cob. Comfort yourself, my Lord; I warrant you.

Har. Fellow, what ails thee? do'st thou quake?
do'st thou shake? do'st thou tremble? ha!

Cob. Peace, you old Fool: Sirrah, convey this Gentleman
in the back-way; and bring the other into the Walk.

Har. Come, Sir; you're welcome, if you love my Lord.

Pow. Gramercy, gentle Friend. [Exeunt.

Cob. I thought as much, that it would not be long
Before I heard of something from the King
About this Matter.

Enter Harpool with Master Butler.

Har. Sir, yonder my Lord walks; you see him:
I'll have your Men into the Sellar the while.

Cob. Welcome, good Master *Butler*.

But. Thanks, my good Lord: his Majesty doth commend
his Love unto your Lordship; and wills you to
repair unto the Court. *Cob.*

Cob. God bless his Highness, and confound his Enemies, I hope his Majesty is well?

But. In good Health, my Lord.

Cob. God long continue it: Methinks, you look as though you were not well, what ails ye, Sir?

But. Faith! I have had a foolish odd Mischance, that angers me: Coming over *Shooter's-Hill*, there came one to me like a Sailor, and askt me, Money; and whilst I staid my Horse to draw my Purse, he takes the Advantage of a little Bank, and leaps behind me, whips my Purse away, and with a sudden jerk, I know not how, threw me at least three Yards out of my Saddle, I never was so robb'd in all my Life.

Cob. I am very sorry, Sir, for your Mischance: We will send our Warrant forth, to stay such suspicious Persons as shall be found, then Mr. *Butler* we'll attend you.

But. I humbly thank your Lordship, I will attend you.

Enter the Sumner.

Sum. I have the Law to warrant what I do, and though the Lord *Cobham* be a Nobleman, that dispenses not with Law, I dare serve a Process were he five Noblemen; though we *Sumners* make sometimes a mad slip in a corner with a pretty Wench, a *Summer* must not go always by seeing: A Man may be content to hide his Eyes where he may feel his Profit. Well, this is Lord *Cobham's* House, if I cannot speak with him, I'll clap my Citation upon's Door, so my Lord of *Rocheſter* bade me; but methinks here comes one of his Men.

Har. Welcome Good-fellow, welcome; who would'st thou speak with?

Sum. With my Lord *Cobham* I would speak, if thou be one of his Men.

Har. Yes, I am one of his Men, but thou can'st not speak with my Lord.

Sum. May I send to him then?

Har. I'll tell thee that, when I know thy Errand.

Sum. I will not tell my Errand to thee.

Har. Then keep it to thy self, and walk like a Knave as thou cam'st.

Sum. I tell thee, my Lord keeps no Knaves, Sirrah.

Har. Then thou serveſt him not, I believe. What Lord is thy Master?

Sum. My Lord of *Rocheſter*.

Har.

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 19

Har. In good time: And what wouldst thou have with my Lord *Cobham*?

Sum. I come, by virtue of a Process, to cite him to appear before my Lord in the Court at *Rocheſter*.

Har. Aside. Well, God grant me Patience, I could eat this Counger. My Lord is not at home; therefore it were good, *Summer*, you carried your Process back.

Sum. Why, if he will not be spoken withal, then will I leave it here, and see that he take Knowledge of it.

Har. 'Zounds! you Slave, do you set up your Bills here? go too, take it down again. Do'st thou know what thou do'st? do'st thou know on whom thou serveſt a Process?

Sum. Yes, marry do I; on Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, Lord *Cobham*.

Har. I am glad thou knoweſt him yet: And Sirrah, do'st not know that the Lord *Cobham* is a brave Lord, that keeps good Beef and Beer in his Houſe, and every Day feeds a hundred poor People at's Gate, and keeps a hundred tall Fellows?

Sum. What's that to my Process?

Har. Marry this, Sir, is this Process Parchment?

Sum. Yes, marry is it.

Har. And this Seal Wax?

Sum. It is ſo.

Har. If this be Parchment, and this Wax, eat you this Parchment and this Wax, or I will make Parchment of your Skin, and beat your Brains into Wax. Sirrah, *Sumner*, diſpatch, devour, Sirrah, devour.

Sum. I am my Lord of *Rocheſter*'s *Sumner*, I came to do my Office, and thou ſhalt answer it.

Har. Sirrah, no railing; but betake your ſelf to your Teeth, thou ſhalt eat no worſe than thou bring'ſt with thee: thou bring'ſt it for my Lord, and wilt thou bring my Lord worſe than thou wilt eat thy ſelf?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my Lord to eat.

Har. O do you Sir me now? all's one for that, I'll make you eat it, for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eat it.

Har. Can you not? 'sblood I'll beat you 'till you have a Stomach. [Beats him.]

Sum. O hold, hold, good Mr. Servingman, I will eat it. *Har.*

Har. Be champing, be chawing, Sir; or I'll chaw you, you Rogue, the purest of the Honey.

Sum. Tough Wax is the purest Honey.

Har. O Lord, Sir; oh, oh.

Feed, 'tis wholesome, Rogue, wholesome. Cannot you, like an honest *Sumner*, walk with the Devil your Brother, to fetch in your Bailiff's Rents; but you must come to a Nobleman's House with Process? If thy Seal was as broad as the Lead that covers *Recheſter-Church*, thou should'st eat it.

Sum. O, I am almost choak'd, I am almost choak'd.

Har. Who's within there? Will you shame my Lord, is there no Beer in the House? Butler, I say.

Enter Butler.

But. Here. here.

Har. Give him Beer. [He Drinks.]

There: Tough old Sheepskins, bare dry Meat.

Sum. O Sir, let me go no further, I'll eat my Word.

Har. Yea, marry Sir, I mean you shall more than your own Word, for I'll make you eat all the Words in the Process. Why you Drab-monger, cannot the Secrets of all the Wenches in a Shire serve your turn, but you must come hither with a Citation, with the Pox? I'll cite you.

A Cup of Sack for the *Sumner*,

But. Here, Sir, here.

Har. Here, Slave, I drink to thee.

Sum. I thank you, Sir.

Har. Now if thou find'st thy Stomach well, because thou shalt see my Lord keeps Meat in's House, if thou wilt go in, thou shalt have a piece of Beef to thy Break-fast.

Sum. No, I am very well, good Master Serving-man, I thank you, very well, Sir.

Har. I am glad on't, then be walking towards *Rocheſter* to keep your Stomach warm. And *Sumner*, if I do know you disturb a good Wench within this Diocese, if I do not make thee eat her Petticoat, if there were four Yards of *Kentish* Cloth in't, I am a Villain.

Sum. God be w'ye, Master Servingman. [Exit.]

Har. Farewel, *Sumner*.

Enter Constable.

Con. Save you, Master Harpool.

Har. Welcome Constable, welcome Constable, what News with thee?

Con.

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 21

Con. An't please you, Master *Harpool*, I am to make Hue and Cry for a Fellow with one Eye, that has robb'd two Clothiers, and am to crave your Hindrance to search all suspected Places; and they say there was a Woman in the Company.

Har. Hast thou been at the Ale-house? Hast thou fought there?

Con. I durst not search in my Lord *Cobham's* Liberty, except I had some of his Servants for my Warrant.

Har. An honest Constable, call forth him that keeps the Ale-house there.

Con. Ho! who's within there?

Ale-man. Who calls there? Oh, it's you, Mr. Constable, and Mr. *Harpool*: You're welcome, with all my Heart; what make you here so early this Morning?

Har. Sirrah, what Strangers do you lodge? There is a Robbery done this Morning, and we are to search for all suspected Persons.

Ale-man. Gods-bores, I am sorry for't. I'faith, Sir, I lodge no body, but a good honest Priest, call'd Sir *John a Wrotham*, and a handsome Woman that is his Neice, that he says he has some Suit in Law for; and as they go up and down to *London*, sometimes they lie at my House.

Har. What, is she here in thy House now?

Ale-man. She is, Sir: I promise you, Sir, he is a quiet Man; and because he will not trouble too many Rooms, he makes the Woman lie every Night at his Bed's Feet,

Har. Bring her forth, Constable, bring her forth, let's see her, let's see her.

Ale-man. *Dorothy*, you must come down to Master Constable.

She Enters.

Doll. Anon forsooth.

Har. Welcome, sweet Lads; welcome.

Doll. I thank you good Sir, and Master Constable also.

Har. A plump Girl, by the Mass; a plump Girl; ha, *Doll*, ha. Wilt thou forsake the Priest, and go with me, *Doll*?

Con. Ah! well said, Master *Harpool*, you are a merry old Man i'faith; you will never be old, now by the Mack, a pretty Wench indeed.

Har.

Har. Ye old mad merry Constable, art thou advis'd of that? Ha, well said *Doll*, fill some Ale here.

Doll. aside. Oh! if I wist this old Priest would not stick to me, by *Jove* I would ingle this old Serving-man.

Har. O you old mad Colt, i'faith I'll ferk you: fill all the Pots in the House there.

Con. Oh! well said Master *Harpool*, you are a Heart of Oak when all's done.

Har. Ha *Doll*, thou hast a sweet pair of Lips, by the Mass.

Doll. Truly you are a sweet old Man, as ever I saw; by my Troth, you have a Face able to make any Woman in Love with you.

Har. Fill, sweet *Doll*, I'll drink to thee.

Doll. I pledge you, Sir, and thank you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

Har. [*Embracing her.*] *Doll*, can'st thou love me? A mad merry Lass, would to God I had never seen thee.

Doll. I warrant you, you will not out of my Thoughts this Twelvemonth, truly you are as full of Favour, as any Man may be. Ah these sweet Gray Locks, by my Troth, they are most lovely.

Con. Cuds bores, Master *Harpool*, I'll have one Buss too.

Har. No licking for you, Constable, hand off, hand off.

Con. Berlady, I love Kissing as well as you,

Doll. Oh, you are an odd Boy, you have a wanton Eye of your own: Ah you sweet sugar-lip'd Wanton, you will win as many Womens Hearts as come in your Company.

Enter Priest.

Priest. *Doll*, come hither.

Har. Priest, she shall not.

Doll. I'll come anon, sweet Love.

Priest. Hand off, old Fornicator.

Har. Vicar, I'll sit here in spight of thee, is this Stuff for a Priest to carry up and down with him?

Priest. Sirrah, dost thou not know that a good Fellow Parson may have a Chapel of Ease, where his Parish-Church is far off?

Har. You Whorson ston'd Vicar.

Priest. You old Russian, you Lion of *Cotfol*.

Har. 'Zounds, Vicar, I'll geld you. [*Flies upon him*]

Con. Keep the King's Peace.

Doll.

Doll. Murder, Murder, Murder!

Ale-man. Hold, as you are Men, hold; for God's sake be quiet: put up your Weapons, you draw not in my House.

Har. You Whorson Bawdy Priest.

Priest. You old Mutton-monger.

Con. Hold, Sir *John*, hold.

Doll. I pray thee, Sweet-heart, be quiet, I was but sitting to drink a Pot of Ale with him, even as kind a Man as ever I met with.

Har. Thou art a Thief, I warrant thee.

Priest. Then I am but as thou hast been in thy Days, let's not be ashamed of our Trade, the King hath been a Thief himself.

Doll. Come, be quiet, hast thou sped?

Priest. I have, Wench, here be Crowns i'faith.

Doll. Come, let's be all Friends then.

Con. Well said, Mistress *Dorothy*.

Har. Thou art the maddest Priest that ever I met with.

Priest. Give me thy Hand, thou art as good a Fellow: I am a Singer, a Drinker, a Bencher, a Wencher; I can say a Mass, and kiss a Lass: Faith, I have a Parsonage, and because I would not be at too much Charges, this Wench serveth me for a Sexton.

Har. Well said, mad Priest, we'll in and be Friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Roger Acton, Master Bourn, Master Beverley, and William Murley the Brewer of Dunstable.

Act. Now Master *Murley*, I am well assur'd You know our Errand, and do like the Cause, Being a Man affected as we are.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my Dear: No Master, good Sir *Roger Acton*, Master *Bourn*, and Master *Beverley*, Gentlemen and Justices of the Peace, no Master, I, but plain *William Murley* the Brewer of *Dunstable*, your honest Neighbour and your Friend, if ye be Men of my Profession.

Bev. Professed Friends to *Wickliff*; Foes to *Rome*.

Mur. Hold by me, Lad, lean upon that Staff, good Master *Beverley*, all of a House, say your Mind, say your Mind.

Act.

Act. You know our Faction now is grown so great
Throughout the Realm, that it begins to smook
Into the Clergy's Eyes, and the King's Ears;
High time it is that we were drawn to Head,
Our General and Officers appointed.
And Wars, ye wot, will ask great store of Coin,
Able to strength our Action with your Purse,
You are elected for a Colonel
Over a Regiment of fifteen Bands.

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, be-
it more or less upon occasion, Lord have Mercy upon
us, what a World is this! Sir *Roger Acton*, I am but
a *Dunstable* Man, a plain Brewer, ye know: Will
lusty Cavaliering Captains (Gentlemen) come at my
Calling, go at my bidding? Dainty my Dear, they'll
do a Dog of Wax, a Horse of Cheese, a Prick and a
Pudding; no, no, ye must appoint some Lord or Knight
at least, to that Place.

Bou. Why, Master *Murley*, you shall be a Knight:
Were you not in Election to be Sheriff:
Have you not pass'd all Offices but that?
Have you not Wealth to make your Wife a Lady?
I warrant you, my Lord, our General,
Bestows that Honour on you, at first sight.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my Dear:
But tell me, who shall be our General.
Where's the Lord *Cobham*, Sir *John Oldcastle*,
That noble Alms-giver, House-keeper, virtuous,
Religious Gentleman? Come to me there, Boys,
Come to me there.

Act. Why, who but he shall be our General?

Mur. And shall he Knight me, and make me Colonel?

Act. My word for that, Sir *William Murley*, Knight.

Mur. Fellow, Sir *Roger Acton* Knight, all Fellows I
mean in Arms, how strong are we? how many Part-
ners? Our Enemies, beside the King, are mighty, be it
more or less upon occasion, reckon our Force.

Act. There are of us, our Friends, and Followers,
Three thousand and three hundred at the least:
Of Northern Lads four thousand, beside Horse:
From *Kent* there comes with Sir *John Oldcastle*
Seven thousand; then from *London* issue out,

Of Masters, Servants, Strangers, Prentices,
Forty odd thousand into *Ficket Field*,
Where we appoint our special *Rendevouz*.

Mur. Fue, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro.
Lord have Mercy upon us, what a World is this!
Where's that *Ficket Field*, Sir *Roger*?

Act. Behind *St. Giles's* in the Field, near *Holborn*.

Mur. *Newgate*, up *Holborn*, *St. Giles's* in the Field,
and to *Tyburn*, an old say. For the Day, for the Day?

Act. On *Friday* next, the Fourteenth Day of *January*?

Mur. Tilly vally, trust me never if I have any liking
of that Day. Fue, paltry, paltry, *Friday*, quoth a, dii-
mal day, *Childermas-day* this Year was *Friday*.

Bew. Nay Master *Murley*, if you observe such days,
We make some Question of your Constancy.
All Days are alike to Men resolv'd in Right.

Mur. Say Amen, and say no more, but say and hold
Master *Beverly*: *Friday* next, and *Ficket Field*, and *Wm.*
Murley and his merry Men shall be all one: I have
half a score Jades that draw my Beer Cart, and every
Jade shall bear a Knave, and every Knave shall wear a
Jack, and every Jack shall have a Scull, and every
Scull shall shew a Spear, and every Spear shall kill a
Foe at *Ficket Field*, at *Ficket Field*: *John* and *Tom*,
Dick and *Hodge*, *Ralph* and *Robin*, *William* and *George*,
and all my Knaves shall fight like Men, at *Ficket Field*,
on *Friday* next.

Bew. What Sum of Money mean you to disburse?

Mur. It may be modestly, decently, and soberly,
and handsomely, I may bring five hundred Pound.

Act. Five hundred, Man? five thousand's not enough,
A hundred thousand will not pay our Men
Two Months together; either come prepar'd
Like a brave Knight, and martial Colonel,
In glittering Gold, and gallant Furniture,
Bringing in Coin, a Cart-load at least,
And all your Followers mounted on good Horse,
Or never come disgraceful to us all.

Bew. Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer,
Ten thousand Pound's the least that you can bring.

Mur. Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro: Upon
occasion I have ten thousand Pound to spend, and ten

too: And rather than the Bishop shall have his will of me for my Conscience, it shall all go. Flame and Flax, Flax and Flame. It was got with Water and Malt, and it shall fly with Fire and Gun-powder. Sir *Roger*, a Cart-load of Money till the Axletree crack; myself and my Men in *Ficket* Field on *Friday* next; remember my Knight-hood and my Place: there's my Hand, I'll be there. [Exit.]

Act. See what Ambition may persuade Men to, In hope of Honour he will spend himself.

Bou. I never thought a Brewer half so rich.

Bew. Was never Bankrupt Brewer yet but one, With using too much Malt, too little Water.

Act. That's no fault in Brewers now a days:

Come, away about our Business. [Exeunt.]

Enter King, Duke of Suffolk, Master Butler, Oldcastle,
Kneeling to the King.

King. Tis not enough, Lord *Cobham*, to submit, You must forsake your gross Opinion:

The Bishops find themselves much injured,
And though for some good Service you have done,
We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you,
Yet they will not so soon be satisfy'd.

Cob. My gracious Lord, unto your Majesty,
Next unto my God, I owe my Life;
And what is mine, either by Nature's gift,
Or Fortune's bounty, all is at your Service.
But for Obedience to the Pope of *Rome*,
I owe him none; nor shall his shaveling Priests
That are in *England*, alter my Belief.
If out of holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an Error, I will yield,
And gladly take Instruction at their Hands:
But otherwise, I do beseech your Grace,
My Conscience may not be incroach'd upon.

King. We would be loth to press our Subjects Bodies,
Much less their Souls, the dear redeemed part
Of him that is the Ruler of us all:
Yet let me Counsel you, that might command;
Do not presume to tempt them with ill Words,
Nor suffer any meetings to be had
Within your House, but to the uttermost

Disperse the Flocks of this new gathering Sect.

Cob. My Liege, if any Breath that dares come forth,
And say, my Life in any of these Points
Deserves th' attainder of ignoble Thoughts:
Here stand I, craving no Remorse at all,
But even the utmost Rigour may be shown.

King. Let it suffice, we know your Loyalty,
What have you there?

Cob. A Deed of Clemency,
Your Highness Pardon for Lord *Powis* Life,
Which I did beg, and you, my noble Lord,
Of gracious Favour did vouchsafe to grant.

King. But yet it is not signed with our Hand.

Cob. Not yet, my Liege.

King. The Fact you say was done
Not of propensed malice, but by chance.

Cob. Upon mine Honour so, no otherwise.

[*King Writes.*

King. There is his Pardon, bid him make amends,
And cleanse his Soul to God for his Offence,
What we remit, is but the Body's Scourge.
How now, Lord Bishop?

Enter Bishop of Rochester

Roch. Justice, dread Sovereign,
As thou art King, so grant I may have Justice.

King. What means this Exclamation? let us know.

Roch. Ah, my good Lord, the State's abus'd.
And our Decrees most shamefully prophan'd.

King. How? or by whom?

Roch. Even by this Heretick,
This Jew, this Traitor to your Majesty.

Cob. Prelate thou lyest, even in thy greasy Maw,
Or whosoever twits me with the Name
Of either Traitor, or of Heretick.

King. Forbear I say: and Bishop, shew the Cause
From whence this late Abuse hath been deriv'd.

Roch. Thus, mighty King, by general consent
A Messenger was sent to cite this Lord
To make appearance in the Consistory:
And coming to his House, a Russian Slave,
One of his daily Followers, met the Man,
Who knowing him to be a Parator

Assaults him first, and after in contempt
Of us, and our proceedings, makes him eat
The written Process, Parchment, Seal and all:
Whereby this Matter neither was brought forth,
Nor we but scorn'd for our Authority.

King. When was this done.

Rob. At six a Clock this Morning.

King. And when came you to Court?

Cob. Last Night, my Liege.

King. By this it seems he is not guilty of it,
And you have done him wrong t'accuse him so.

Rob. But it was done, my Lord, by his appointment,
Or else his Men durst not have been so bold.

King. Or else you durst be bold to interrupt
And fill our Ears with frivolous Complaints.
Is this the Duty you do bear to us?
Was't not sufficient we did pass our Word
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,
Or which is worse, intending to forestall
Our Regal Power, must likewise summon him?
This favours of Ambition, not of Zeal,
And rather proves you malice his Estate,
Than any way that he offends the Law.
Go too, we like it not: And he your Officer
Had his Desert for being Insolent.

Enter Lord Huntington:

That was employ'd so much amiss herein,
So *Cobham* when you please you may depart.

Cob. I humbly bid farewell unto my Liege. [*Exit.*

King. Farewel; what's the News by *Huntington*?

Hun. Sir *Roger Aston*, and a Crew, my Lord,
Of bold Seditious Rebels, are in Arms,
Intending Reformation of Religion.
And with their Army they intend to pitch
In *Ficket* Field, unless they be repuls'd.

King. So near our Presence? Dare they be so bold?
And will proud War and eager thirst of Blood,
Whom we had thought to entertain far off,
Press forth upon us in our Native Bounds?
Must we be forc'd to hance our sharp Blades
In *England* here, which we prepar'd for *France*?

Well,

Well, a God's Name be it. What's their Number, say,
Or who's the chief Commander of this Row?

Hun. Their Number is not known as yet, my Lord,
But tis reported, Sir *John Oldcastle*
Is the chief Man, on whom they do depend.

King. How? the Lord *Cobham*?

Hun. Yes, my gracious Lord.

Roch. I could have told your Majesty as much
Before he went, but that I saw your Grace
Was too much blinded by his Flattery.

Suff. Send Post, my Lord, to fetch him back again.

But. Traitor unto his Country, how he smooth'd
And seem'd as Innocent as Truth itself!

King. I cannot think it yet he would be false:
But if he be, no matter, let him go,
We'll meet both him and them unto their Woe.

Roch. This falls out well, and at the last I hope
To see this Heretick die in a Rope. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, Gray,
and Chartres the French Factor.*

Scr. Once more, my Lord of Cambridge, make Re-
hearfal

How you do stand intituled to the Crown,
The deeper shall we print it in our Minds,
And every Man the better be resolv'd,
When he perceives his Quarrel to be just.

Cam. Then thus, Lord Scroop, Sir *Thomas Gray*,
And you, Monsieur *de Chartres*, Agent for the French,
This *Lionel*, Duke of *Clarence* (as I said)
Third Son of *Edward* (England's King) the Third,
Had Issue, *Philip* his sole Daughter and Heir;
Which *Philip* afterward was given in Marriage
To *Edmund Mortimer* the Earl of *March*,
And by him had a Son call'd *Roger Mortimer*;
Which *Roger* likewise had of his Descent,
Edmund, Roger, Ann and *Eliaenor*,
Two Daughters, and two Sons, but of those, three
Dy'd without Issue: *Ann*, that did Survive,
And now was left her Father's only Heir,
My Fortune was to marry, being too
By my Grandfather of King *Edward's* Line:

So, of his Sirname I am call'd, you know.

Richard Plantagenet, my Father was,

Edward the Duke of *York*, and Son and Heir

To *Edmund Langley*, *Edward* the Third's first Son.

Scroop. So that it seems your Claim comes by your
Wife,

As lawful Heir to *Roger Mortimer*,

The Son of *Edmund*, which did marry *Philip*,

Daughter and Heir to *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*.

Glan. True ; for this *Harry*, and his Father both,

Harry the First, as plainly doth appear,

Are false Intruders, and usurp the Crown.

For, when young *Richard* was at *Pomfret* slain,

In him the Title of Prince *Edward* dy'd,

That was the eldest of King *Edward*'s Sons :

William of *Hatfield*, and their second Brother,

Death in his Nonage had before bereft :

So that my Wife deriv'd from *Lionel*,

Third Son unto King *Edward*, ought proceed,

And take Possession of the Diadem.

Before this *Harry*, or his Father King,

Who fetch'd their Title but from *Lancaster*,

Fourth of that Royal Line. And being thus

What Reason is't, but she should have her Right ?

Scr. I am resolv'd, our Enterprize is just.

Gray. *Harry* shall die, or else resign his Crown.

Char. Perform but that, and *Charles* the King of
France

Shall aid you, Lords, not only with his Men,

But send you Money to maintain your Wars :

Five hundred thousand Crowns he bade me proffer,

If you can stop but *Harry*'s Voyage for *France*.

Scr. We never had a fitter Time than now,

The Realm in such Division as it is.

Cam. Besides, you must perswade you, there is due

Vengeance for *Richard*'s Murther ; which, although

It be deferr'd, yet will it fall at last,

And now as likely as another Time.

Sin hath had many Years to ripen in,

And now the Harvest cannot be far off,

Wherein the Weeds of Usurpation

Are to be cropp'd, and cast into the Fire.

Scr;

Scr. No more, Earl Cambridge; here I plight my Faith,

To set up thee and thy renowned Wife.

Gray. Gray will perform the same, as he is Knight.

Char. And to assist ye, as I said before,

Chartres doth 'gage the Honour of his King.

Scr. We lack but now Lord *Cobham's* Fellowship,
And then our Plot were absolute indeed.

Cam. Doubt not of him, my Lord; his Life's pursu'd
By the incens'd Clergy, and of late
Brought in Displeasure with the King, assures
He may be quickly won to our Faction.
Who hath the Articles were drawn at large
Of our whole Purpose?

Gray. That have I, my Lord:

Cam. We should not now be far off from his House,
Our serious Conference hath beguil'd the Way:
See where his Castle stands, give me the Writing.
When we are come unto the Speech of him,
Because we will not stand to make recount
Of that which hath been said, here he shall read
Our Minds at large, and what we crave of him.

Enter Lord Cobham.

Scr. A ready Way; here comes the Man himself
Booted and spurr'd, it seems he hath been riding.

Cam. Well met, Lord *Cobham*.

Cob. My Lord of Cambridge,
Your Honour is most welcome into Kent,
And all the rest of this fair Company.
I am new-come from London, gentle Lords:
But will ye not take *Cowling* for your Host,
And see what Entertainment it affords?

Cam. We were intended to have been your Guests:
But now this lucky Meeting shall suffice
To end our Business, and defer that Kindness.

Cob. Business, my Lord? what Business should
Let you be merry? we have no Delicates;
Yet this I'll promise you, a Piece of Venison,
A Cup of Wine, and so forth, Hunter's Fare:
And, if you please, we'll strike the Stag ourselves
Shall fill our Dishes with his well-fed Flesh.

Scr. That is, indeed, the Thing we all desire.

Cob. My Lords, and you shall have your Choice with me.

Cam. Nay, but the Stag, which we desire to strike, Lives not in *Cowling*: If you will consent, And go with us, we'll bring you to a Forest, Where runs a lusty Herd; among the which There is a Stag superior to the rest; A stately Beast, that when his Fellows run He leads the Race, and beats the sullen Earth, As though he scorn'd it with his trampling Hoofs; Aloft he bears his Head, and with his Breast, Like a huge Bulwark, counter checks the Wind; And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth His proud ambitious Neck, as if he meant To wound the Firmament with forked Horns.

Cob. 'Tis Pity such a goodly Beast should die.

Cam. Not so, Sir *John*; for he is tyrannous, And gores the other Deer, and will not keep Within the Limits are appointed him. Of late he's broke into a Several, Which doth belong to me, and there he spoils Both Corn and Pasture, two of his wild Race Alike for Stealth, and covetous encroaching, Already are remov'd; if he were dead, I should not only be secure from Hurt, But with his Body make a Royal Feast.

Scr. How say you then, will you first hunt with us?

Cob. Faith, Lords, I like the Pastime, where's the Place?

Cam. Peruse this Writing, it will shew ye all; And what Occasion we have for the Sport. [*He reads*]

Cob. Call ye this Hunting, my Lords? Is this the Stag

You fain wou'd chafe, *Harry* our dread King? So we may make a Banquet for the Devil; And in the stead of wholesome Meat, prepare A Dish of Poison to confound ourselves.

Cam. Why so, Lord *Cobham*? See you not our Claim?

And how imperiously he holds the Crown?

Scr. Besides, you know yourself is in Disgrace, Held as a Recreant, and pursu'd to Death.

This

This will defend you from your Enemies,
And stablish your Religion through the Land.

Cob. Notorious Treason! yet I will conceal [Aside.
My secret Thoughts to sound the Depth of it,
My Lord of *Cambridge*, I do see your Claim,
And what Good may redound unto the Land,
By prosecuting of this Enterprize:
But where are Men? where's Power and Furniture
To order such an Action? we are weak,
Harry, you know's a mighty Potentate.

Cam. Tut! we are strong enough; you are belov'd,
And many will be glad to follow you:
We are the like, and some will follow us.
Nay, there is Hope from *France*: Here's an Ambassador
That promiseth both Men and Money too.
The Commons likewise, as we hear, pretend
A sudden Tumult, we will join with them.

Cob. Some Likelihood, I must confess, to speed:
But how shall I believe this, in plain Truth?
You are, my Lords, such Men as live in Court,
And have been highly favour'd of the King,
Especially Lord *Scroop*, whom oftentimes
He maketh choice of for his Bedfellow;
And you, Lord *Gray*, are of his Privy-Council:
Is not this Train laid to intrap my Life?

Cam. Then perish may my Soul; what, think you for?

Scr. We'll swear to you.

Gray. Or take the Sacrament.

Cob. Nay, ye are Noblemen; and I imagine,
As ye are honourable by Birth and Blood,
So ye will be in Heart, in Thought, in Word.
I crave no other Testimony but this:
That ye would all subscribe, and set your Hands
Unto this Writing ye gave to me.

Cam. With all our Hearts: who hath any Pen and
Ink?

Scr. My Pocket should have one; O, here it is.

Cam. Give it me, Lord *Scroop*: there is my Name.

Scr. And there is my Name.

Gray. And mine.

Cob. Sir, let me crave that you would likewise write
your Name with theirs, for Confirmation of your Mas-
ter's Words, the King of *France*. B 5 *Char.*

Char. That will I, noble Lord.

Cob. So, now this Action is well knit together,
And I am for you ; where's our Meeting, Lords ?

Cam. Here, if you please, the tenth of *July* next.

Cob. In *Kent* ? agreed. Now let us in to Supper,
I hope your Honours will not away to-night.

Cam. Yes, presently ; for I have far to ride,
About soliciting of other Friends.

Scr. And we would not be absent from the Court,
Lest thereby grow Suspicion in the King.

Cob. Yet taste a Cup of Wine before ye go.

Cam. Not now, my Lord, we thank you : so fare-
wel. *[Exeunt all but Cobham.]*

Cob. Farewel, my noble Lords. My noble Lords ?
My noble Villains, base Conspirators ;
How can they look his Highness in the Face,
Whom they so closely study to betray ?
But I'll not sleep until I make it known ;
This Head shall not be burthen'd with such Thoughts,
Nor in this Heart will I conceal a Deed
Of such Impiety against my King.
Madam, how now ?

*Enter Lady Cobham, Lord Powis, Lady Powis,
and Harpool.*

L. Cob. You're welcome home, my Lord :
Why seem you so unquiet in your Looks ?
What hath befall'n you that disturbs your Mind ?

L. Pow. Bad News, I am afraid, touching my Hus-
band. *[don ;]*

Cob. Madam, not so ; there is your Husband's Par-
Long may ye live, each Joy unto the other.

L. Pow. So great a Kindness, as I know not how
to reply, my Sense is quite confounded.

Cob. Let that alone ; and Madam, stay me not :
For I must back unto the Court again,
With all the Speed I can : *Harpool*, my Horse.

L. Cob. So soon, my Lord ? what will you ride all
Night ?

Cob. All Night or Day, it must be so, sweet Wife ;
Urge me not why, or what my Business is,
But get you in : Lord *Powis* bear with me.
And Madam, think your Welcome neerer the worse ;

My

My House is at your Use. *Harpool*, away.

Har. Shall I attend your Lordship to the Court?

Cob. Yea, Sir, your Gelding; mount you presently.

[*Exit*]

L. Cob. Prithee *Harpool*, look unto thy Lord;
I do not like this sudden posting back.

Pow. Some earnest Business is a-foot belike:
Whate'er it be, pray God be his good Guide.

L. Pow. Amen, that hath so highly us be-fet.

L. Cob. Come, Madam and my Lord, we'll hope the
You shall not into *Wales* till he return. [*best*]

Pow. Though great Occasion be we should depart,
Yet, Madam, will we stay to be resolved
Of this unlook'd-for doubtful Accident. [*Exeunt*].

*Enter Murley and his Men prepared in some
filthy Order for War.*

Mur. Come, my Hearts of Flint; modestly, decently,
soberly, and handsomly; no Man afore his Master: fol-
low your Master, your Captain, your Knight that shall
be, for the Honour of Meal-men, Millers and Malt-men.
Dun is the Mouse: *Dick* and *Tom* for the Credit of *Dux-
stable*, ding down the Enemy to-morrow. Ye shall not
come into the Field like Beggars. Where be *Leonard* and
Lawrence my two Loaders? Lord have Mercy upon us,
what a World is this? I would give a Couple of Shil-
lings for a Dozen of good Feathers for ye, and forty
Pence for as many Scarfs to set you out withal. Frost
and Snow, a Man has no Heart to fight till he be brave.

Dick. Master, we are no Babes, our Town Foot-Balls
can bear Witness; this little 'parrel we have shall off,
and we'll fight naked before we run away.

Tom. Nay, I'm of *Lawrence* Mind for that; for he
means to leave his Life behind him: he and *Leonard*,
your two Loaders, are making their Wills, because they
have Wives. Now we Batchelors bid our Friends
scramble for our Goods, if we die: But Master, pray
let me ride upon *Cut*.

Mur. Meal and Salt, Wheat and Malt, Fire and Tow,
Frost and Snow; why *Tom*, thou shalt. Let me see,
here are you; *William* and *George* are with my Cart;
and *Robin* and *Hodge* holding my own two Horses;
proper Men, handsome Men, tall Men, true Men.

Dick

Dick. But Master, Master, methinks you are mad to hazard your own Person, and a Card-Load of Money too.

Tom. Yea, and Master, there's a worse Matter in't ; if it be as I heard say, we go fight against all the learned Bishops, that should give us their Blessing, and if they Curse us, we shall Speed ne'er the better.

Dick. Nay Birlady, some say the King takes their Part, and Master dare you fight against the King ?

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro upon Occasion, if the King be so unwise to come here, we'll fight with him too.

Tom. What, if ye should kill the King ?

Mur. Then we'll make another.

Dick. Is that all ? Do ye not speak Treason ?

Mur. If we do, who dare trip us ? We come to fight for our Conscience, and for Honour ; little know you what is in my Bosom, look here mad Knaves, a pair of gilt Spurs.

Tom. A pair of Golden Spurs ? Why do you not put them on your Heels ? Your Bosom's no place for Spurs.

Mur. Be't more or less upon Occasion, I ord have Mercy upon us. *Tom* thou'rt a Fool, and thou speakest Treason to Knight-hood : Dare any wear Gold or Silver Spurs, 'till he be a Knight ? No, I shall be Knighted To-morrow, and then they shall on : Sirs, was it ever read in the Church-book of *Dunstable*, that ever Malt-man was made Knight ?

Tom. No, but you are more : You are Meal-man, Malt-man, Miller, Corn-master, and all

Dick. Yea, and half a Brewer too, and the Devil and for all Wealth : You bring more Money with you than all the rest.

Mur. The more's my Honour, I shall be a Knight To-morrow. Let me 'spose my Men, *Tom* upon *Cut*, *Dick* upon *Hob*, *Hodge* upon *Ball*, *Ralph* upon *Sorrel*, and *Robin* upon the Fore-horse.

Enter Acton, Bourn, and Beverley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there ?

Act. All Friendi, good Fellow.

Mur. Friends and Fellows indeed, Sir *Roger*.

Act. Why, thus you shew your self a Gentleman,
To keep your Day, and come so well prepared.
Your Cart stands yonder guarded by your Men,
Who tell me it is loaden well with Coin.
What Sam is there ?

Mur. Ten thousand Pound, Sir *Roger*, and modestly,
decently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I have
here against I be Knighted.

Act. Gilt Spurs ? 'Tis well.

Mur. Where's our Army, Sir ?

Act. Disperst in sundry Villages about ;
Some here with us in *High gate*, some at *Finchley*,
Totnam, *Enfold*, *Edmonton*, *Newington*,
Islington, *Hogsdone*, *Pancridge*, *Kensington*,
Some nearer, *Thames*, *Ratcliff*, *Blackwall* and *Bow* :
But our chief Strength must be the *Londoners*.
Which, ere the Snn To-morrow shine,
Will be near fifty Thousand in the Field.

Mur. Marry, God dild ye, dainty my Dear, but
upon Occasion, Sir *Roger Acton*, doth not the King
know of it, and gather his Power against us ?

Act. No, he's secure at *Eltham*.

Mur. What do the Clergy ?

Act. Fear extreemly, yet prepare no Force.

Mur. In and out, to and fro, bully my Boykin, we
shall carry the World afore us, I vow, by my Worship,
when I am Knighted, we'll take the King napping, if
he stand on their Part.

Act. This Night we few in *High-gate* will repose,
With the first Cock we'll rise and arm ourselves,
To be in *Ficket-field* by break of Day,
And there expect our General.

Mur. Sir *John Oldcastle*, what if he comes not ?

Bourn. Yet our *Action* stands.

Sir *Roger Acton* may supply his Place.

Mur. True, Mr. *Bourn*, but who shall make me
Knight ?

Bow. He that hath Pow'r to be our General.

Act. Talk not of trifles, come let us away,
Our Friends of *London* long 'till it be Day [Exeunt.

Enter *Priest* and *Doll*.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as jealous a Man as lives.
Priest.

Priest. Can'st thou blame me, *Doll*, thou art my Lands, my Goods, my Jewels, my Wealth, my Purse, none walks within forty Miles of *London* plies thee as truly, as the Parish does the poor Man's Box.

Doll. I am as true to thee, as the Stone in the Wall, and thou know'st well enough, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any Wench need to be; and therefore thou hast tryed me that thou hast; and I will not be kept as I ha bin, that I will not.

Priest. *Doll*, if this Blade hold, there's not a Pedlar walks with a Pack, but thou shalt as boldly chuse of his Wares, as with thy ready Money in a Merchant's Shop, we'll have as good Silver as the King Coins any.

Doll. What, is all the Gold spent you took the last Day from the Courtier?

Priest. 'Tis gone *Doll*, 'tis flown; merrily come, merrily gone; he comes a Horse-back that must pay for all; we'll have as good Meat as Money can get, and as good Gowns as can be bought for Gold, be merry Wench, the Malt-man comes on *Monday*.

Doll. You might have left me at *Cobham*, until you had been better provided for.

Priest. No, sweet *Doll*, not I like not that, yon old Ruffian is not for the Priest, I do not like a new Clerk should come in the old Belfrey.

Doll. Thou art a mad Priest i'faith.

Priest. Come *Doll*, I'll see thee safe at some Ale-house here at *Gray*, and the next Sheep that comes shall leave behind his Fleece.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the King, Suffolk, and Butler.

King, in great haste. My Lord of *Suffolk* post away for Life,

And let our Forces of such Horse and Foot,

As can be gathered up by any Means,

Make speedy Rendezvous in *Tuttle-fields*.

It must be done this Evening, my Lord,

This Night the Rebels mean to draw to Head

Near *Islington*. which if your Speed prevent not,

If once they should unite their several Forces,

Their Power is almost thought Invincible.

Away, my Lord, I will be with you soon.

Suf. I go, my Sovereign with all happy Speed. [*Ex. King.*]

King. Make haste my Lord of *Suffolk*, as you love us.
Butler. Post you to *London* with all Speed:
 Command the Mayor and Sheriffs on their Allegiance,
 The City Gates be presently shut up,
 And guarded with a strong sufficient Watch,
 And not a Man be suffered to pass,
 Without a special Warrant from our self.
 Command the Postern by the Tower be kept,
 And Proclamation on the Pain of Death
 That not a Citizen stir from his Doors,
 Except such as the Mayor and Sheriffs shall chuse
 For their own Guard, and safety of their Persons:
Butler away, have care unto my Charge.

But. I go, my Sovereign.

King. Butler.

But. My Lord.

King. Go down by *Greenwich*, and command a Boat,
 At the *Fryars-Bridge*, attend my coming down.

But. I will, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

King. It's time I think to look unto Rebellion,
 When *Acton* doth expect unto his Aid,
 No less than fifty thousand *Londoners*.
 Well, I'll to *Westminster* in this Disguise,
 To hear what News is stirring in these Brawls.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Stand true Man, says a Thief.

King. Stand Thief says a true Man: How if a Thief?

Priest. Stand Thief too.

King. Then Thief or true Man. I must stand I see,
 howsoever the World wags, the Trade of Thieving yet
 will never down. What art thou?

Priest. A good Fellow.

King. So I am too, I see thou dost know me.

Priest. If thou be a good Fellow, play the good Fel-
 lows Part, deliver thy Purse without more ado.

King. I have no Money.

Priest. I must make you find some before we part, if
 you have no Money, you shall have Ware, as many
 sound Blows as your Skin can carry.

King. Is that the plain Truth?

Priest. Sirrah, no more ado; come, give me the
 Money you have. Dispatch, I cannot stand all Day.

King.

King. Well if thou wilt needs have it, there it is; just the Proverb, one Thief robs another. Where the Devil are all my old Thieves? *Falstaffe* that Villain is so Fat, he cannot get on's Horse, but methinks *Poins* and *Peto* should be stirring hereabouts.

Priest. How much is there on't of thy Word?

King. A hundred Pound in Angels, on my Word. The time has been I would have done as much For thee, if thou had'st past this Way, as I have now.

Priest. Sirrah, what art thou? Thou seem'st a Gentleman?

King. I am no less, yet a poor one now, for thou hast all my Money.

Priest. From whence cam'st thou?

King. From the Court at *Eltham*.

Priest. Art thou one of the King's Servants?

King. Yes, that I am, and one of his Chamber.

Priest. I am glad thou'rt no worse; thou may'st the better spare thy Money, and think thou might'st get a poor Thief his Pardon if he should have need?

King. Yes, that I can.

Priest. Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall have Occasion?

King. Yes, Faith will I, so it be for no Murther.

Priest. Nay, I am a pitiful Thief, all the hurt I do a Man, I take but his Purse, I'll kill no Man.

King. Then of my Word I'll do't.

Priest. Give me thy Hand of the same.

King. There 'tis.

Priest. Methinks the King should be good to Thieves, because he has been a Thief himself, although I think now he turn'd a true Man.

King. Faith I have heard indeed h'as had an ill Name that way in's Youth; but how can'st thou tell that he has been a Thief?

Priest. How? Because he once robb'd me before I fell to the Trade my self, when that foul villanous Gut, that led him to all that Roguery, was in's Company there, that *Falstaff*.

King. Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now I'll be sworn [*Aside*]: Thou knowest not the King now I think, if thou sawest him?

Priest.

Priest. Not I, i'faith.

King. So it should seem.

[*Aside.*

Priest. Well, if old King *Harry* had liv'd, this King that is now, had made Thieving the best Trade in *England*.

King. Why so?

Priest. Because he was the chief Warden of our Company, it's pity that e'er he should have been a King, he was so brave a Thief. But Sirrah, wilt remember my Pardon if need be?

King. Yes Faith will I.

Priest. Wilt thou? Well then, because thou shalt go safe, for thou may'st hap (being so early) be met with again, before thou come to *Southwark*, if any Man when he should bid thee good Morrow, bid thee stand, say thou but Sir *John*, and they will let thee pass.

King. Is that the Word? Then let me alone.

Priest. Nay, Sirrah, because I think indeed I shall have some Occasion to use thee, and as thou com'st oft this Way, I may light on thee another Time not knowing thee, here I'll break this as a Token betwixt thee and me.

King. God a Mercy; farewell.

Exit.

Priest. O my fine golden Slaves here's for thee, Wench, i'faith. Now, *Doll*, we will revel in our Rever, this is a Tythe Pig of my Vicarage. God a mercy Neigh our *Shooters-Hill*, you ha' paid your Tythe honestly. Well, I hear there is a Company of Rebels up against the King, got together in *Ficket-field* near *Holbourn*, and as it is thought, here in *Kent*, the the King will be there to Night in's own Person: Well I'll go to the King's Camp, and it shall go hard, if there be any doings, but I'll make some good Boot among them.

Enter. King. Suffolk, Huntington, and two with Lights.

King. My Lords of Suffolk and of Huntington, Who scouts it now? Or who stand Centinels? What Men of Worth? What Lords do walk the round?

Suf. May't please your Highness.

King. Peace, no more of that,
The King's asleep, wake not his Majesty

With

With Terms nor Titles, he's at rest in Bed.
 King's do not use to watch themselves, they Sleep,
 And let Rebellion and Conspiracy
 Revel and havock in the Commonwealth.
Is London look'd unto?

Hunt. It is my Lord,
 Your noble Uncle *Exeter* is there,
 Your Brother *Gloucester*, and my Lord of *Warwick*,
 Who, with the Mayor and Aldermen
 Do guard the Gates, and keep good Rule within.
 The Earl of *Cambridge*, and Sir *Thomas Gray*,
 Do walk the round, Lord *Scroop* and *Butler* scout:
 So though it please your Majesty to jest,
 Were you in Bed, well might you take your Rest.

King. I thank you Lords; but you do know of old,
 That I have been a perfect Night-walker;
London, you say, is safely lookt unto,
 Alas, poor Rebels, there your Aid must fall,
 And the Lord *Cobham*, Sir *John Oldcastle*,
 Quiet in *Kent*; *Aton*, you are deceiv'd:
 Reckon again, you count without your Host.
 To morrow you shall give account to us,
 'Till when, my Friends, this long cold Winter's Night
 How can we spend? King *Harry* is asleep,
 And all his Lords, these Garments tell us so:
 All Friends at Foot-ball, Fellows all in Field,
Harry, and *Dick*, and *George*, bring us a Drum,
 Give us square Dice, we'll keep this Court of Guard,
 For all good Fellows Companies that come.
 Where's that mad Priest ye told me was in Arms
 To Fight, as well as Pray, if need requir'd.

Suf. He's in the Camp, and if he knew of this,
 I undertake he would not belong hence.

King. Trip *Dick*, trip *George*.

Hunt. I must have the Dice; what do we play at?

Suf. Passage, if you please.

Hunt. Set round then; so at all.

King. *George*, you are out.
 Give me the Dice, I pass, for twenty Pound,
 Here's to our lucky Passage in *France*.

Hunt. *Harry*, you pass indeed, for you sweep all.

Suf. A Sign King *Harry* shall sweep all in *France*.

Enter

Enter Priest.

Priest. Edge ye good Fellows, take a fresh Gamester in.
King. Master Parson, we play nothing but Gold.

Priest. And, Fellow, I tell thee that the Priest hath Gold, Gold; what? ye are but Beggary Soldiers to me, I think I have more Gold than all you three.

Hunt. It may be so, but we believè it not.

King. Set, Priest, set, I pass for all that Gold.

Priest. Ye pass indeed.

King. Priest, hast any more?

Priest. More? What a Question's that?

I tell thee, I have more than all you three.

At these ten Angels.

King. I wonder how thou com'st by all this Gold.
How many Benefices hast thou, Priest?

Priest. Faith, but one; dost wonder how I come by Gold? I wonder rather how poor Soldiers should have Gold; for I'll tell thee, good Fellow, we have every Day Tythes, Off'rings, Christnings, Weddings, Burials; and you poor Snakes come seldom to a Booty. I'll speak a proud Word, I have but one Parsonage, *Wrotham*, 'tis better than the Bishoprick of *Rocheſter*: There's ne'er a Hill, Heath, nor Down in all *Kent*, but 'tis in my Parish, *Barrham-down*, *Cobham-down*, *Gads-hill*, *Wrotham-hill*, *Black-beath*, *Cocks-beath*, *Birchen-wood*, all pay me Tythe, Gold, quoth a! ye pass not for that.

Suf. Harry, ye are out; now, Parson, shake the Dice.

Priest. Set, set, I'll cover ye, at all: A plague on't I am out; the Devil, and Dice, and a Wench, who will trust them?

Suf. Say'st thou so, Priest? set fair, at all for once.

King. Out, Sir, pay all.

Priest. Sir, pay me Angel Gold,
I'll none of your crack'd *French* Crowns nor Pistolets,
Pay me fair Angel Gold, as I pay you.

King. No crack'd *French* Crowns? I hope to see more crack'd *French* Crowns ere long.

Priest. Thou mean'st of *French* Mens Crowns, when the King's in *France*.

Hun. Set round, at all.

Priest. Pay all! This is some luck.

King. Give me the Dice, 'tis I must shred the Priest
At all, Sir John.

Priest. The Devil and all yours : At that. 'Sdeath, what casting's this ?

Sus. Well thrown, *Harry*, I'faith.

King. I'll cast better yet.

Priest. Then I'll be hang'd, *Sirrah*, hast thou not giv'n thy Soul to the Devil for casting ?

King. I pass for all.

Priest. Thou passest all that e'er I plaid withal : *Sirrah*, dost thou not cog, nor foist, nor slur ?

King. Set, Parson, set, the Dice die in my Hand. When, Parson, when ? what, can ye find no more ? Already dry ? was't you bragg'd of your Store ?

Priest. All's gone but that,

Hun. What ? half a broken Angel.

Priest. Why, Sir ? 'tis Gold.

King. Yea, and I'll cover it.

Priest. The Devil give you good on't, I am blind ; you have blown me up.

King. Nay, tarry, *Priest*, you shall not leave us yet, Do not these Pieces fit each other well ?

Priest. What if they do ?

King. Thereby begins a Tale :

There was a Thief, in Face much like *Sir John*,
But 'twas not he. That Thief was all in green,
Met me last Day, on *Black-beath*, near the *Park*,
With him a Woman. I was all alone
And Weaponless, my Boy had all my Tools,
And was before providing me a Boat.
Short Tale to make, *Sir John*, the Thief I mean,
Took a just hundred Pound in Gold from me.
I storm'd at it, and swore to be reveng'd
If e'er we met : He, like a lusty Thief,
Brake with his Teeth this Angel just in two,
To be Token at our meeting next ;
Provided I should charge no Officer
To apprehend him but at Weapon's Point
Recover that, and what he had beside.
Well met, *Sir John*, betake ye to your Tools
By Torch-light, for, Master Parson, you are he
That had my Gold.

Priest. Zounds, I won't in Play, in fair square Play,
of the Keeper of *Eltham-Park*, and that I will maintain
with this poor Whyniard ; be you two honest Men

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 45

to stand and look upon's, and let's alone, and neither part.

King. Agreed, I charge ye do not budge a Foot.
Sir John, have at ye.

Priest. Soldier, ware your Sconce.
As they proffer, Enter Butler, and draws his Sword
part them.

But. Hold, Villain, hold; my Lords, what d'ye mean,
To see a Traitor draw against the King?

Priest. The King! God's Will, I am in a proper pickle.

King. *Butler,* what News? Why dost thou trouble us?

But. Please your Majesty, it's break of Day,
And as I scouted near to *Issington,*

The Grey-ey'd Morning gave me glimmering,
Of armed Men coming down *Higate-Hill,*
Who by their Course are coasting hitherward.

King. Let us withdraw, my Lords, prepare our Troops,
To charge the Rebels if there be such Cause:
For this lewd Priest, this devilish Hypocrite,
'That is a Thief, a Gamester, and what not,
Let him be hang'd up for Example sake.

Priest. Not so, my gracious Sovereign, I confess I am
a frail Man, Flesh and Blood as others are; but set my
Imperfections aside, ye have not a taller Man, nor a truer
Subject to the Crown and State, than *Sir John of Wro-*
tham is.

King. Will a true Subject rob his King?

Priest. Alas! 'twas Ignorance and Want, my gracious
Liege.

King. 'Twas want of Grace. Why, you should be as Salt
To season others with good Document;
Your Lives as Lamps, to give the People Light,
As Shepherds, not as Wolves to spoil the Flock;
Go hang him, *Butler.*

But. Didst thou not rob me?

Priest. I must confess I saw some of your Gold, but,
my dread Lord, I am in do Humour for Death; God
will that Sinners live, do not you cause me to die.
Once in their Lives the best may go astray, and, if the
World say true, your self, my Liege, have been a Thief.

King. I confess I have,
But I repent, and have reclaim'd my self.

Priest. So will I do, if you will give me time.

King. Wilt thou? my Lords, will you be his Sureties?

Hunt. That when he robs again he shall be hang'd.

Priest. I ask no more.

King. And we will grant thee that.

Live and repent, and prove an honest Man,
Which when I hear, and safe return from *France*,
I'll give thee living. Till when, take thy Gold,
But spend it better than in Cards or Wine,
For better Virtues fit that Coat of thine.

Priest. *Vivat Rex & currat Lex*, My Liege, if ye have cause of Battle, ye shall see Sir *John* bestir himself in your Quarrel. [*Exeant.*

An Alarum. Enter *King*, *Suffolk*, *Huntington*, *Sir John* bringing in *Aston*, *Beverly*, and *Murly*, Prisoners.

King. Bring in those Traitors, whose aspiring Minds Thought to have triumph'd in our Overthrow:

But now ye see, base Villains, what Success Attends ill Actions, wrongfully attempted.

Sir Roger Aston, thou retain'st the Name Of Knight, and shouldst be more discreetly temper'd Than join with Peasants, Gentry is Divine, But thou hast made it more than popular.

Ast. Pardon, my Lord, my Conscience urg'd me to it.

King. Thy Conscience! Then Conscience is corrupt, For in thy Conscience thou art bound to us, And in thy Conscience thou shouldst love thy Country, Else what's the difference 'twixt a Christian, And the uncivil Manners of the *Turk*?

Bew. We meant no hurt unto your Majesty, But Reformation of Religion.

King. Reform Religion? Was it that you sought?

I pray who gave you that Authority?

Belike then we do hold the Scepter up,

And sit within the Throne, but for a Cypher.

Time was, good Subjects would make known their Grief,

And pray Amendment, not inforce the same,

Unless their King were Tyrant, which I hope

You cannot justly say that *Harry* is.

What is that other?

Suf. A Malt Man, my Lord,
And dwelling in *Dunstable*, as he says,

King.

King. Sirrah, what made you leave your Barly-broth,
To come in Armour thus against your King?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out
upon occasion, what a World is this? Knighthood, my
Liege, 'twas Knighthood brought me hither, they told
me I had Wealth enough to make my Wife a Lady.

King. And so you brought these Horses which we saw
Trapt all in costly Furniture, and meant
To wear these Spurs, when you were Knighted once.

Mur. In and out upon Occasion I did.

King. In and out upon Occasion, therefore you shall
be hang'd, and in the stead of wearing those Spurs upon
your Heels, about your Neck they shall bewray your
Folly to the World.

Priest. In and out upon Occasion, that goes hard.

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro; good my
Liege, a Pardon, I am sorry for my Fault.

King. That comes too late; but tell me; went there
none beside Sir Roger Aston, upon whom
You did depend to be your Governor?

Mur. None, my Lord, but Sir John Oldcastle.

Enter Bishop of Rochester.

King. Bears he a part in this Conspiracy?

Act. We look'd, my Lord, that he would meet us here.

King. But did he promise you that he would come?

Act. Such Letter we received forth of Kent.

Roch. Where is my Lord the King? Health to
your Grace.

Examining, my Lord, some of these Rebels,
It is a general Voice among them all,
That they had never come into this Place,
But to have met their valiant General,
The good Lord Cobham, as they title him:
Whereby, my Lord, your Grace may now perceive,
His Treason is apparent, which before
He sought to colour by his Flattery.

King. Now by my Royalty I would have sworn,
But for his Conscience, which I bear withal,
'There had not liv'd a more true-hearted Subject.

Roch. It is but counterfeit, my gracious Lord,
And therefore may it please your Majesty,
To set your Hand unto this Precept here,

By

By which we'll cause him forthwith to appear,
And answer this by order of the Law.

King. Not only that, but take Commission
To search, attach, imprison, and condemn
This most notorious Traitor as you please.

Roch. It shall be done, my Lord, without delay :
So now I hold, Lord *Cobham* in my Hand,
That which shall finish thy disdain'd Life.

King. I think the Iron Age begins but now,
Which learned Poets have so often taught,
Wherein there is no Credit to be given,
To either Words, or Looks, or solemn Oaths,
For if he were, how often hath he sworn,
How gently tun'd the Musick of his Tongue,
And with what amiable Face beheld he me,
When all, God knows, was but Hypocrisy.

Enter Lord Cobham.

Cob. Long Life and prosperous Reign unto my Lord.

King. Ah, Villain, canst thou wish Prosperity,
Whose Heart includeth nought but Treachery ?
I do arrest thee here myself, false Knight,
Of Treason capital against the State.

Cob. Of Treason, mighty Prince ? your Grace mistakes,

I hope it is but in the way of Mirth.

King. Thy Neck shall feel it is in earnest shortly,
Dar'st thou intrude into my Presence, knowing
How heinously thou hast offended us ?
But this is thy accustomed deceit,
Now thou perceiv'st thy Purpose is in vain,
With some excuse or other thou wilt come
To clear thyself of this Rebellion.

Cob. Rebellion, good my Lord, I know of none.

King. If you deny it, here is Evidence.
See you these Men ; you never counsell'd,
Nor offer'd them assistance in their Wars ?

Cob. Speak, Sirs, not one but all, I crave no favour.

Have ever I been conversant with you ?
Or written Letters to encourage you ?
Or kindled by the least or smallest part

Of this your late unnatural Rebellion?

Speak, for I dare the uttermost you can.

Mur. In and out upon Occasion, I know you not.

King. No, didst thou not say, that Sir *John Oldcastle* Was one with whom you propos'd to have met?

Mur. True, I did say so, but in what respect, Because I heard it was reported so.

King. Was there no other Argument but that?

As. I must confess we have no other Ground But only Rumour to accuse this Lord, Which now I see was meerly fabulous.

King. The more pernicious you to taint him then, Whom ye know was not faulty, yea or no.

Cob. Let this, my Lord, which I present your Grace Speak for my Loyalty, read these Articles, And then give Sentence of my Life or Death.

King. Earl of *Cambridge*, *Scroop* and *Gray* corrupted With Bribes from *Charles* of *France*, either to win My Crown from me, or secretly contrive My Death by Treason? Is't possible?

Cob. There is the Platform, and their Hands, my Lord.

Each severally subscribed to the same.

King. Oh never heard of base Ingratitude?

Even those I hug within my Bosom most,

Are readiest evermore to sting my Heart.

Pardon me, *Cobham*, I have done thee wrong,

Hereafter I will live to make amends.

Is then their time of meeting so near hand?

We'll meet with them but little for their Ease,

If God permit. Go take these Rebels hence,

Let them have martial Law? But as for thee,

Friend to thy King and Country, still be free. [*Exeunt.*]

Mur. Be it more or less, what a World is this?

Would I had continued still of the Order of *Knaves*,

And ne'er fought Knighthood, since it costs

So dear: Sir *Roger*, I may thank you for all.

As. Now tis too late to have it remedied,

I prithee, *Murley*, do not urge me with it.

Hunt. Will you away, and make no more to do?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, as Occasion serves, If you be so hasty, take my Place.

Hunt. No ; good Sir Knight, e'en take it yourself.

Mur. I could be glad to give my Betters Place.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bishop of Rochester, Lord Warden, Cromer the Sheriff, Lady Cobham, and Attendants.

Roch. I tell ye, Lady ; it's impossible
But you should know where he conveys himself:
And you have hid him in some secret Place.

L. Cob. My Lord ; believe me, as I love my Soul ;
I know not where my Lord my Husband is.

Roch. Go to, go to, you're an Heretick ;
And will be forc'd by Torture to confess :
If fair Means will not serve to make you tell.

L. Cob. My Husband is a Noble Gentleman,
And need not hide himself for any Fact
That e'er I heard of ; therefore wrong him not.

Roch. Your Husband is a dangerous Schismatick ;
Traitor to God, the King, and Common-wealth :
And therefore Mr. *Cromer*, Sheriff of *Kent*,
I charge you take her to your Custody ;
And seize the Goods of Sir *John Oldcastle*
To the King's Use : let her go in no more
To fetch so much as her Apparel out ;
There is your Warrant from his Majesty.

War. Good my Lord Bishop, pacify your Wrath
Against the Lady.

Roch. Then let her confess
Where *Oldcastle* her Husband is conceal'd.

War. I dare engage mine Honour and my Life,
Poor Gentlewoman, she is ignorant
And innocent of all his Practices,
If any Evil by him be practis'd.

Roch. If my Lord Warden ? Nay, then I charge
you,

That all the Cinque-Ports whereof you are chief,
Be laid forthwith, that he escapes us not.
Shew him his Highness's Warrant, Mr. Sheriff.

War. I am sorry for the noble Gentleman.

Roch. Peace, he comes here ; now do your Office.

Enter

Enter Harpool and Lord Cobham.

*Cob. Harpool, what Business have we here in Hand ?
What makes the Bishop and the Sheriff here ?
I fear my coming home is dangerous ;
I would I had not made such Haste to Cobham.*

*Har. Be of good Cheer, my Lord ; if they be Foes,
we'll scramble shrewdly with them : if they be Friends
they are welcome.*

*Sher. Sir John Oldcastle Lord Cobham, in the King's
Name, I arrest you of High-Treason.*

Cob. Treason ! Mr. Cromer ?

Har. Treason ! Mr. Sheriff ; what Treason ?

*Cob. Harpool, I charge thee stir not ; but be quiet.
Do you arrest me of Treason, Mr. Sheriff ?*

Rock. Yea, of High-Treason ; Traitor, Heretick.

*Cob. Defiance in his Face that calls me so ;
I am as true a loyal Gentleman
Unto his Highness, as my proudest Enemy :
The King shall witness my late faithful Service,
For Safety of his Sacred Majesty.*

*Rock. What thou art the King's Hand shall testify.
Shew him, Lord Warden.*

*Cob. Jesu ! defend me ;
Is't possible your Cunning could so temper
The Princely Disposition of his Mind,
To sign the Damage of a loyal Subject ?
Well, the best is, it bears an Ante-date ;
Procur'd by my Absence and your Malice :
But I, since that, have shew'd myself as true,
As any Churchman that dare challenge me :
Let me be brought before his Majesty ;
If he acquit me not, then do your worst.*

*Rock. We are not bound to do kind Offices
For any Traitor, Schismatick, nor Heretick :
The King's Hand is our Warrant for our Work,
Who is departed on his Way for France ;
And at Southampton doth repose this Night.*

*Har. O that thou and I were within twenty Miles
of it, on Salisbury-Plain ! I would lose my Head if
thou brought'st thy Head hither again.* [*Aside.*

Cob. My Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Lord of *Rocheſter*, ye are joint Commiſſioners; favour me ſo much, on my Expence, to bring me to the King.

Roch. What, to *Southampton*?

Cob. Thither, my good Lord;
And if he do not clear me of all Guilt,
And all Suspicion of Conſpiracy,
Pawning his Princely Warrant for my Truth;
I aſk no Favour, but extreameſt Torture:
Bring me, or ſend me to him, good my Lord:
Good my Lord Warden; Mr. Sheriff, intreat.

[They both intreat for him.]

Come hither, Lady; nay, ſweet Wife, forbear
To heap one Sorrow on another's Neck:
'Tis Grief enough falſly to be accus'd,
And not permitted to acquit myſelf:
Do not thou with thy kind reſpective Tears
Torment thy Husband's Heart that bleeds for thee;
But be of Comfort, God hath Help in Store
For thoſe that put aſſured Truſt in Him:
Dear Wife, if they commit me to the *Tower*,
Come up to *London*, to your Siſter's Houſe;
That being near me you may comfort me.
One Solace find *I* ſettled in my Soul,
That *I* am free from Treason's very Thought;
Only my Conſcience for the Goſpel's Sake,
Is Cauſe of all the Troubles *I* ſuſtain.

L. Cob. O my dear Lord! what ſhall betide of us?
You to the *Tower*, and *I* turn'd out of Doors;
Our Subſtance ſeiz'd unto his Highneſs' Uſe,
Even to the Garments 'longing to our Backs.

Har. Patience, good Madam, Things at worſt will mend;

And if they do not, yet our Lives may end.

Roch. Urge it no more; for if an Angel ſpake,
I ſwear by ſweet St. *Peter's* bleſſed Keys,
Fiſt goes he to the *Tower*, then to the Stake.

Sher. But by your Leave, this Warrant doth not ſtretch
To impriſon her.

Roch. No; turn her out of Doors,

Even

Even as she is ; and lead him to the *Tower*
With Guard enough, for fear of rescuing.

L. Cob. O God requite thee thou blood-thirsty Man.

Cob. May it not be, my Lord of *Rochester* ?
Wherein have I incurr'd your Hate so far,

That my Appeal unto the King's deny'd ?

Rob. No Hate of mine ; but Power of Holy Church
Forbids all Favour to false Hereticks.

Cob. Your private Malice more than publick Power
Strikes most at me ; but with my Life it ends.

Har. Aside. O that I had the Bishop in that Fear
That once I had his *Sumner* by ourselves.

Sher. My Lord, yet grant one Suit unto us all ;
That this fame ancient Servingman may wait
Upon my Lord his Master in the *Tower*.

Rob. This old Iniquity, this Heretick ?
That in Contempt of our Church-Discipline,
Compell'd my *Sumner* to devour his Process ?
Old Russian past Grace, upstart Schismatick ;
Had not the King pray'd us to pardon you,
You had fri'd for't, ye grizled Heretick.

Har. 'Sblood ! my Lord Bishop, you wrong me ; I
am neither Heretick nor Puritan, but of the old
Church : I'll swear, drink Ale, kiss a Wench, go to
Mafs, eat Fish all Lent, and fast *Fridays* with Cakes
and Wine, Fruit and Spicery ; thrive me of my old
Sins afore *Easter*, and begin new before *Whitsonide*.

Sher. A merry mad conceited Knave. my Lord.

Har. That Knave was simply put upon the Bishop.

Rob. Well, God forgive him ; and I pardon him ;
Let him attend his Master in the *Tower* ;
For I in Charity with his Soul no Hurt.

Cob. God blefs my Soul from such co'd Charity.

Rob. To the *Tower* with him ; and when my Lei-
sure serves,

I will examine him of Articles :

Look, my Lord Warden ; as you have in Charge :
The Sheriff perform his Office.

War. Ay, my Lord.

Enter Sumner with Books.

Rob. What bring'it thou there ? what, Books of
Herefy ?

Sum. Yea, my Lord; here's not a *Latin Book*,
 No not so much as our Lady's *Psalter* :
 Here's the Bible, the Testament, the *Psalms in Metre* ;
 The Sick Man's *Salve*, the Treasure of Gladness :
 All *English*, no not so much but the Almanack's *Eng-*
lish.

Roch. Away with them, to the Fire with them, *Clun* :
 Now lie upon these Upstart-Hereticks.

All *English*, burn them; burn them quickly, *Clun*:

Har. But do not, *Sumner*, as you'll answer it; for
 I have there *English Books*, my Lord, that I'll not
 part withal for your Bishoprick: *Bevis of Hampton*,
Owleglass, *The Friar and the Boy*, *Ellen of Rumming*,
Robin Hood, and other such godly Stories; which if
 you burn, by this Flesh I'll make you drink their
 Ashes in *St. Marger's Ale*. [Exeunt.]

Enter the Bishop of Rochester with his Men
in Livery-Coats.

1 *Ser.* Is it your Honour's Pleasure we shall stay,
 Or come back in the Afternoon to fetch you?

Roch. Now have ye brought me here unto the
Tower,

You may go back unto the Porter's Lodge;
 Where, if I have Occasion to employ ye,
 I'll send some Officer to call ye to me:
 Into the City go not, I command ye;
 Perhaps, I may have present Need to use ye.

2 *Ser.* We will attend your Honour here without.

3 *Ser.* Come, we may have a Quart of Wine at the
Rose at Barking; and come back an Hour before he'll
 go.

1 *Ser.* We must lie us then.

3 *Ser.* Let's away.

[Exeunt.]

Roch. Ho! Mr. Lieutenant.

Lieut. Who calls there?

Roch. A Friend of yours.

Lieut. My Lord of *Rochester*? Your Honour's wel-
 come.

Roch. Sir, here's my Warrant from the Council,
 For Conference with Sir *John Oldcastle*,
 Upon some Matter of great Consequence.

Lieut. Ho! Sir *John*.

Har.

Har. Who calls there?

Lieut. Harpool, tell Sir *John*, that my Lord of *Rochester*

Comes from the Council to confer with him :

I think you may as safe without Suspicion

As any Man in *England*, as *I* hear ;

For it was you most labour'd his Commitment.

Roch. *I* did Sir ; and nothing repent it, *I* assure you.

Enter Cobham and Harpool.

Mr. Lieutenant, *I* pray you give us Leave ;

I must confer here with Sir *John* a little.

Lieut. With all my Heart, my Lord. [Exit.

Har. Aside.] My Lord, be rul'd by me ; take this
Occasion while it is offered ; on my Life your Lord-
ship will escape.

Cob. No more, *I* say ; Peace, lest he should suspect
it.

Roch. Sir *John*, *I* am come to you from the Lords
of the Council, to know if you do recant your Errors.

Cob. My Lord of *Rochester*, on good Advice,

I see my Error ; but yet understand me,

I mean not Error in the Faith *I* hold,

But Error in submitting to your Pleasure ;

Therefore your Lordship, without more to do,

Must be a Means to help me to escape,

Roch. What Means, thou Heretick ?

Dar'st thou but lift thy Hand against my Calling ?

Cob. No, not to hurt you, for a Thousand Pound.

Har. Nothing but to borrow your Upper Garment
a little ; not a Word more : Peace ! for waking the
Children : There, put on ; dispatch, my Lord : The
Window that goes out into the Leads is sure enough ;
but for you, *I*ll bind you surely in the inner Room.

Cob. This is well begun, God send us happy Speed :
Hard Shift, you see, Men make in Time of Need.

Enter Serving-men again

1 *Ser.* *I* marvel that my Lord should stay so long.

2 *Ser.* He hath sent to seek us, *I* dare lay my Life.

3 *Ser.* We come in good Time ; see where he is
coming.

Har. *I* beseech you, good my Lord of *Rochester*, be
favourable to my Lord and Master.

Cob. The inner Rooms be very hot and close,
I do not like this Air here in the *Tower*.

Har. His Case is hard, my Lord; you shall safely
 get out of the *Tower*, but *I* will down upon them, in
 which Time get you away: hard under *Islington* wait
 you my Coming, *I* will bring my Lady ready with
 Horses to get hence.

Cob. Fellow, go back again unto my Lord, and
 counsel him.

Har. Nay, my good Lord of *Rocheſter*, I'll bring
 you to *St. Alban's* through the Woods, *I* warrant you.

Cob. Villain, away.

Har. Nay, since *I* am paſt the *Tower's* Liberty.
 You part not fo. [He draws.

Cob. Clubs, Clubs, Cubs.

1 *Ser.* Murther, Murther, murther.

2 *Ser.* Down with him.

Har. Out ye cowardly Rogues. [Cobham escapes.

Enter Lieutenant and his Men.

Lieut. Who is ſo bold to dare to draw a Sword
 So near unto the Entrance of the *Tower*?

1 *Ser.* This Ruffian, Servant to Sir *John Oldcaſtle*,
 was liké to have ſlain my Lord.

Lieut. Lay hold on him.

Har. Stand off, if you love your Puddings.

Bishop of Rocheſter calls within.

Roch. Help, help, help, Mr. Lieutenant, help.

Lieut. Who's that within? Some Treason in the *Tow-
 er*, on my Life; look in: who's that which calls?

Enter Bishop of Rocheſter bound.

Lieut. Without your Cloak, my Lord of *Rocheſter*?

Har. There, now it works; then let me ſpeed:
 For now's the fitteſt Time to 'ſcape away. [Exit.

Lieut. Why do you look ſo ghawſty and affrighted?

Roch. *Oldcaſtle* that Traitor, and his man,
 When you had left me to confer with him,
 Took, bound, and ſtripp'd me, as you ſee:
 And left me lying in this inner Chamber,
 And ſo departed, and I ———

Lieut.

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 57

Lieut. And you! Ne'er say that the Lord *Cebham's*
Did here set on you like to murder you. [man

1 Ser. And so he did.

Roch. It was upon his Master then he did;
That in the Brawl the Traitor might escape.

Lieut. Where is this *Harpool*?

2 Ser. Here he was even now.

Lieut. Where, can you tell? they are both escap'd,
Since it so happens that he is escap'd,
I am glad you are a Witness of the same:
It might have else been laid unto my Charge,
That I had been consenting to the Fact.

Roch. Come,
Search shall be made for him with Expedition,
The Havens laid that he shall not escape,
And Hue and Cry continue through *England*,
To find this damned, dangerous Heretick. [Exeunt

*Enter Cambridge, Scroop and Gray, as in a Chamber-
and sitting at a Table, consulting about their Treason,
King Harry and Suffolk listening at the Door.*

Cam. In my Opinion, *Scroop* hath well advis'd;
Poison will be the only aptest Mean,
And fittest for our Purpose to dispatch him.

Gray. But yet there may be Doubt in their Delivery,
Harry is wise; and therefore, Earl of *Cambridge*,
I judge that Way not so convenient.

Scr. What think ye then of this? I am his Bedfellow,
And unsuspected nightly sleep with him.
What if I venture in those silent Hours,
When Sleep hath sealed up all mortal Eyes,
To murder him in Bed? how like ye that?

Cam. Herein consists no Safety for yourself,
And you disclos'd, what shall become of us?
But this Day, as ye know, he will aboard,
The Wind's so fair, and set away for *France*,
If as he goes, or entering in the Ship
It might be done, then were it excellent.

Gray. Why any of these, or if you will,
I'll cause a present Sitting of the Council;
Wherein I will pretend some matter of such Weight,

As needs must have his Royal Company,
And so dispatch him in his Council Chamber.

Cam. Tush, yet I hear not any thing to purpose.
I wonder that Lord *Cobham* stays so long.
His Council in this Case would much avail us.

[*The King steps in upon them with his Lords.*

Scroop. What, shall we rise thus, and determine no-
(thing?)

King. That were a shame indeed: No, sit again,
And you shall have my Counsel in this Case:
If you can find no way to kill the King,
Then you shall see how I can furnish ye;
Scroop's way by Poison was indifferent,
But yet being Bed-fellow to the King,
And unsuspected, sleeping in his Bosom,
In mine Opinion that's the likelier Way,
For such false Friends are able to do much,
And silent Night is Treason's fittest Friend.
Now, *Gambridge*, in his setting hence for *France*,
Or by the Way, or as he goes Aboard
To do the Deed, that was indifferent too,
But somewhat doubtful.

Marry, Lord *Gray* came very near the Point,
To have the King as Council, and there Murder him,
As *Cæsar* was among his dearest Friends.
Tell me, oh! tell me, you bright Honour's Stains,
For which of all my Kindnesses to you,
Are ye become thus Traitors to the King?
And *France* must have the Spoil of *Harry's* Life.

All. Oh pardon us, dread Lord.

King. How, pardon ye? That were a Sin indeed.
Drag them to Death, which justly they deserve;
And *France* shall dearly buy this Villany,
So soon as we set footing on her Breast.
God have the praise for our Deliverance,
And next our Thanks, Lord *Cobham*, is to thee
True perfect Mirror of Nobility.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Priest and Doll.

Priest. Come Doll, come, be merry, Wench.
Farewell *Rent*, we are not for thee.
Be lusty my Lads, come for *Lancashire*,
We must nip the Bount for these Crowns.

Doll,

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 59

Doll. Why is all the Gold spent already, that you had the other Day?

Priest. Gone, *Doll*, gone; flown, spent, vanish'd, Devil, Drink, and Dice, has devoured all.

Doll. You might have left me in *Kent*, till you had been better provided:

Priest. No, *Doll*, no, *Kent's* too hot, *Doll*, *Kent's* too hot; the Weathercock of *Wrotham* will crow no longer, we have pluckt him, he has lost his Feathers, I have prun'd him bare, left him thrice, is moulted, moulted Wench.

Doll. I might have gone to Service again, old Mr. *Harpool* told me he would provide me a Mistress.

Priest. Peace *Doll*, Peace; come mad Wench, I'll make thee an honest Woman, we'll into *Lancashire* to our Friends, the troth is, I'll marry thee, we want but a little Money, and Money we will have I warrant thee: stay, who comes here? Some *Irish* Villain methinks that hath slain a Man, and now he is rifling on him; stand close, *Doll*, we'll see the End.

Enter the Irishman with his dead Master, and risses him.

Irish. Alas poe Master, Sir *Richard Lee*, be St. *Patrick*, is rob and cut and cut thy trote, for de shain, and dy Money, and dy Gold Ring, be me truly is love de well, but now dow be kill de be shitten Knave.

Priest. Stand, Sirrah, what art thou?

Irish. Be St. *Patrick* Mester, is poor *Irishman*, is a leutter.

Priest. Sirrah, Sirrah, you're a damn'd Rogue, you have kill'd a Man here, and rifled him of all that he has; 'sblood you Rogue deliver, or I'll not leave you so much as a Hair above your shoulders, you whoreson *Irish* Dog.

[*Robs him.*]

Irish. We's me St. *Patrick*, Ise kill my Master for shain and his Ring, and now's be rob of all, me's undo.

Priest. Avant you Rascal, go Sirrah, be walking. Come *Doll*, the Devil Laughs when one Thief robs another; come Wench, we'll to St. *Albans*, and revel in our Bower, my brave Girl.

Doll. O thou art old Sir *John* when all's done i' faith.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter the Irishman with the Host of the House.

Irish. Be me tro Master is poor *Irishman*, is want lud-ing, is have no Mney, is starve and cold, good Master give her some Meat, is famise and tye.

Host. Faith Fellow I have no Lodging, but what I keep for my Guests; as for Meat thou shalt have as much as there is, and if thou wilt lie in the Barn, there's a fair Straw, and Room enough.

Irish. Is tank my Master hertily.

Host. Ho, Robin.

Rob. Who calls?

Host. Shew this poor *Irishman* to the Barn, go Sirrah.

Enter Carrier and Kate.

Club. Who's within here? who looks to the Horses? Uds hat, here's fine Work, the Hens in the Manger and the Hogs in the Litter, a bots found you all, here's a House well lookt to i'faith.

Kate. Mas Goff *Club*, Ise very cawd.

Club. Get in, *Kate*, get in to the Fire and warm thee.

John Ofler?

Host. What, Gaffer *Club*, welcome to St. *Albans*, How does all Friends in *Lancashire*?

Club. Well, God a Mercy *John*, how do's *Tom*, where is he?

Ofl. *Tom's* gone from hence, he's at the three Horse-loaves at *Stony Stratford*: how do's old *Dick Dun*?

Club. Uds hat, old *Dun* is moyr'd in a Slough in *Brick-hill-lane*; a plague found it, yonder's such abomination Weather as was never seen.

Ofl. Uds hat Thief, have one half Peck of Pease and Oats more for that, as I am *John Ofler*, he has been ever as good a Jade as ever travelled.

Club. Faith well said, old *Jack*, thou art the old Lad still.

Ofl. Come, Gaffer *Club*, unload, unload, and get to Supper.

Enter the Host, Lord Cobham, and Harpool.

Host. Sir, you're welcome to this House, to such as is here with all my Heart; but I fear your Lodging will be the worst. I have but two Beds, and they are both in a Chamber, and the Carrier and his Daughter lies in the one, and you and your Wife must lie in the other.

Cob. Faith, Sir, for my self I do not greatly pass, My Wife is weary, and would be at rest, For we have travell'd very far to Day.

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 61

We must be content with such as you have.

Host. But I cannot tell how to do with your Man.

Har. What, hast thou never an empty Room in thy House for me?

Host. Not a Bed in troth. There came a poor *Irish* man, and I lodg'd him in the Barn, where he has fair Straw, although he have nothing else.

Har. Well, mine Host, I prithee help me to a pair of clean Sheets and I'll go lodge with him.

Host. By the Maids that thou shalt, a good pair of hempen-Sheets were ne'er lain in: come. [Exeunt.]

Eater Constable, Mayor, and Watch.

Mayor. What, have you search'd the Town?

Con. All the Town Sir, we have not left a House unsearch'd that uses to lodge.

Mayor. Surely my Lord of Rochester was then deceiv'd, Or ill informed of Sir John Oldcastle;
Or if he came this way, he's past the Town,
He could not else have escap'd you in the Search.

Con. The privy Watch hath been abroad all Night,
And not a Stranger lodgeth in the Town
But he is known, only a lusty Priest
We found a-bed with a pretty Wench,
That says she is his Wife, yonder at the Shears;
But we have charg'd the Host with his forth coming
To morrow Morning.

Mayor. What think you best to do?

Con. Faith, Mr. Mayor, here's a few stragling Houses beyond the Bridge, and a little Inn where Carriers use to lodge, altho' I think surely he would ne'er lodge there; but we'll go search, and the rather because there came Notice to the Town this last Night of an *Irishman*, that had done a Murder, whom we are to make search for.

Mayor. Come I pray you and be circumspect. [Exeunt.]

Con. First beset the House, before you begin to search.

Off. Content, every Man take a several Place.

[A Noise within.]

Keep, keep, strike him down there, down with him.

Enter Constable with the Irishman in Harpool's Apparel.

Con. Come you villainous Heretick, tell us where your Master is.

Irish. Vat Mester?

Mayor.

Mayor. Vat Mester? you counterfeit Rebel? This shall not serve your Turn.

Irish. Be Sent Patrick I ha no Mester.

Con. Where's the Lord Cobham, Sir John Oldcastle, that lately escaped out of the Tower?

Irish. Vat Lord Cobham?

Mayor. You Counterfeit, this shall not serve you, we'll torture you, we'll make you confess where that arch Heretick is. Come bind him fast.

Irish. Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

Con. Ahone you crafty Rascal?

[*Exeunt.*]

Lord Cobham comes out stealing in his Gown.

Cob. Harpool, Harpool, I hear a marvellous Noise about the House, God warrant us, I fear we are pursu'd; what, Harpool?

Har. within. Who calls there?

Cob. Tis I, dost thou not hear a Noise about the House?

Har. Yes marry do I, 'zounds I cannot find my Horse; this *Irish* Rascal that lodg'd with me all Night, hath stoln my Apparel, and has left me nothing but a lowly Mantle, and a pair of Broags. Get up, get up, and if the Carrier and his Wench be asleep, change you with him as he hath done with me, and see if he can scape.

Noise heard about the House a pretty while, then enter the Constable meeting Harpool in the Irishman's Apparel.

Con. Stand close, here comes the *Irishman* that did the Murther, by all Tokens this is he.

Mayor. And perceiving the House beset, would get away; stand, Sirrah.

Har. What art thou that bidst me stand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to search for an *Irishman*, such a Villain as thyself thou hast murther'd a Man this last Night by the high-way.

Har. 'Sblood Constable art thou mad? Am I an *Irishman*?

Mayor. Sirrah we'll find you an *Irishman* before we part,

Lay hold upon him.

Con. Make him fast, O thou bloody Rogue!

Enter

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 63

Enter Lord Cobham and his Lady, in the Carrier and Wench's Apparel.

Cob. What will these Ostlers sleep all Day?
Good morrow, good morrow, come Wench, come,
Saddle, Saddle, now afore God two fair Days, ha?

Con. Who goes there?

Mayor. O tis Lancashire Carrier, let them pass.

Cob. What will no body ope the Gates here!
Come, let's int' Stable to look for our Capons.

[Exeunt Cobham and his Lady.]

Club. Host, why Ostler? *[The Carrier calling.]*
Zwooks here's such abomination Company of Boys:
A Pox of this Pigsty at the House end,
It fills all the House full of Fleas, Ostler, Ostler.

Ost. Who calls there? what would you have?

Club. Zwooks, do you rob your Guests?
Do you lodge Rogues, and Slaves, and Scoundrels, ha?
They ha' stol'n our Cloaths here? why Ostler?

Ost. A murren choak you, what a bawling you keep.

Host. How now? what would the Carrier have;
Look up there.

Ost. They say the Man and the Woman that lay by
them, have stoln their Cloaths.

Host. What are the strange Folks up yet that came
in Yester Night?

Con. What mine Host, up so early?

Host. What Mr. Mayor, and Mr. Constable?

Mayor. We are come to seek for some suspected Per-
sons, and such as here we found have apprehended.

Enter Carrier and Kate, in Cobham and Ladies Apparel.

Cob. Who comes here?

Club. Who comes here? A plague found one, you
bawl quoth a, ods hat I'll forswear your House; you
lodg'd a Fellow and his Wife by us, that ha' run
away with our Parrel, and left us such Gew-Gaws
here; come Kate, come to me, thowse dizcard y'faith.

Mayor. Mine Host know you this Man?

Host. Yes, Master Mayor, I'll give my Word for him,
why Neighbour Club, how comes this Gear about?

Kate. Now a foul on't, I cannot make this Gew,gaw
stand on my Head,

Con.

Con. How come this Man and Woman thus attired?

Hof. Here came a Man and Woman hither this last Night, which I did take for substantial People, and lodg'd all in one Chamber bu these Folks; me-thinks have been so bold to change Apparel, and gone away this Morning e'er they rose.

Mayor. That was that Traitor *Oldcastle* that thus escapt us, make hue and cry after him, keep fast the Traiterous Rebel his Servant there; farewell mine *Hof.*

Car. Come *Kate Owdham*, thou and Ise trimly dizard.

Kate. I'faith neam *Club*, Ise wot ne'er what to do. Ise be so flouted and so shouted at; and by th' Mafs Ise cry. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cobham and his Lady disguis'd.

Cob. Come, Madam, happily escap'd, here let us sit, This Place is far remote from any Path, And here awhile our weary Limbs may rest To take refreshing, free from the pursuit Of envious *Rocheſter*.

L. Cob. But where, my Lord, Shall we find rest for our disquiet Minds? There dwell untamed Thoughts that hardly stoop, To such abasement of disdain'd Rags: We were not wont to travel thus by Night, Especially on Foot.

Cob. No matter Love, Extremitities admit no better choice:

And were it not for thee, say froward time Impes'd a great Task, I would esteem it As lightly as the Wind that blows upon us, But in thy sufferance I am doubly taskt; Thon wast not wont to have the Earth thy Stool, Nor the moist dewy Grass thy Pillow, nor Thy Chamber to be the wide Horizon.

L. Cob. How can it seem a trouble, having you A Parner with me, in the worst I feel? No, gentle Lord, your Presence would give ease To Death itself, should he now seize upon me.

[*Here's Bread and Cheese, and a Bottle.*]
Behold what my foresight hath underta'en

For

For fear we faint they are but homely Cates,
Yet sawc'd with Hunger, they may seem as sweet
As greater Dainties we are wont to taste.

Cob. Praise be to him, whose Plenty sends both this
And all things else our mortal Bodies need :
Nor scorn we this poor feeding, nor the State
We now are in, for what is it on Earth,
Nay under Heav'n, continues at a stay ?
Ebbs not the Sea, when it hath overflown ?
Follows not Darknes, when the Day is gone ?
And see we not sometimes the Eye of Heav'n
Dim'd with o'er-flying Clouds ? There's not that work
Of careful Nature, or of cunning Art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin. Here, gentle Madam,
In this one Draught I wash my Sorrow down. [*Drinks.*]

L. Cob. And I, encouraged with your chearful Speech,
Will do the like.

Cob. Pray God poor *Harpool* come,
If he should fall into the Bishop's Hands,
Or not remember where we bad him meet us,
It were the thing of all things else, that now
Could breed revolt in this new peace of Mind.

L. Cob. Fear not, my Lord, he's witty to devise,
And strong to execute a present shift.

Cob. That Power be still his Guide hath guided us.
My drowsy Eyes wax heavy ; early rising,
Together with the Travel we have had,
Makes me that I could take a Nap,
Were I perswaded we might be secure.

L. Cob. Let that depend on me, whilst you do sleep,
I'll watch that no Misfortune happen us.

Cob. I shall, dear Wife, be too much trouble to
thee.

L. Cob. Urge not that,
My Duty binds me, and your Love commands,
I would I had the skill with tuned Voice
To draw on sleep with some sweet Melody.
But imperfection and unaptness too
Are both repugnant : Fear inserts the one,
The other Nature hath denied me use.
But what talk I of Means, to purchase that

Is freely happen'd? Sleep with gentle Hand,
 Hath shut his Eye-lids. O victorious Labour,
 How soon thy Pow'r can charm the Body's Sense?
 And now thou likewise climb'st unto my Brain,
 Making my heavy Temple stoop to thee.
 Great God of Heaven from Danger keep us free.
[Falls asleep,

Enter Sir Richard Lee, and his Men.

Lee. A Murder closely done, and in my Ground?
 Search carefully, if any where it were,
 This obscure Thicket is the likeliest Place.

Ser. Sir, I found the Body stiff with cold,
 And mangled cruelly with many Wounds.

Lee. Look if thou know'st him, turn his Body up:
 Alack, it is my Son, my Son and Heir,
 Whom two Years since I sent to *Ireland*,
 To practise there the Discipline of War,
 And coming home, for so he wrote to me,
 Some savage Heart, some bloody devilish Hand,
 Either in hate, or thirsting for his Coin,
 Hath here fluc'd out his Blood. Unhappy hour,
 A curst Place but most unconstant Fate,
 That hadst reserv'd him from the Bullets fire,
 And suffer'd him to scape the Wood-kerns fury,
 Didst he ordain the Treasure of his Life,
 Even here within the Arms of tender Peace,
 To be consum'd by Treason's wasteful Hand?
 And which is most afflicting to my Soul,
 That this his Death and Murder should be, wrought
 Without the Knowledge by whose means twas done.

2 Ser. Not so, Sir, I have found the Authors of it,
 See where they sit, and in their bloody Fists
 The fatal Instruments of Death and Sin.

Lee. Just Judgment of that Power, whose gracious
 Eye,
 Loathing the sight of such a heinous Fact,
 Dazling their Senses with benumbing Sleep,
 Till their unhallowed Treachery was known,
 Awake ye Monsters, Murderers awake,
 Tremble for Horror, blush you cannot chuse,
 Beholding this unhuman Deed of yours.

Cob

Cob. What mean you, Sir, to trouble weary Souls,
And interrupt us of our quiet Sleep?

Lee. O devilish! can you boast unto yourself,
Of quiet Sleep, having within your Hearts:
The Guilt of Murther waking, that which cries
Deafs the loud Thunder, and solicits Heaven
With more than Mandrake's Shrieks for your Offence?

L. Cob. What Murther? You upbraid us wrongfully.

Lee. Can you deny the Fact? See you not here
The Body of my Son by you misdone?
Look on his Wounds, look on his Purple Hue:
Do we not find you where the Deed was done?
Were not your Knives fast closed in your Hands?
Is not this Cloth an Argument beside,
Thus stain'd and spotted with his innocent Blood?
These speaking Characters, were there nothing else
To plead against ye, would convict ye both.
To *Hartford* with them, where the 'Sizes now are kept,
Their Lives shall answer for my Son's lost Life.

Cob. As we are innocent, so we may speed.

Lee. As I am wrong'd, so may the Law proceed. [*Exeunt*
Enter Bishop of Rochester, Constable of St. Alban's with
Priest, Doll, and the Irishman in Harpool's Apparel.

Rob. What intricate Confusion have we here?

Not two Hours since we apprehended one
In Habit *Irish*, but in Speech not so;
And now you bring another, that in Speech is *Irish*,
But in Habit *English*: Yea, and more than so,
The Servant of that Heretick Lord *Cobham*.

Irish. Fait, me be no Servant of de Lort *Cobham*,
Me be *Mack Chane* of *Ulster*.

Rob. Otherwise call'd *Harpool* of *Kent*; go to, Sir;
You cannot blind us with your broken *Irish*.

Priest. Trust me, said Bishop, whether *Irish* or *English*,
Harpool, or not *Harpool*; that I leave to the Trial:

But sure I am, this Man by Face and Speech,
Is he that murder'd young Sir *Richard Lee*:
I met him presently upon the Fact;
And that he slew his Master for that Gold,
Those Jewels, and that Chain I took from him.

Rob. Well, our Affairs do call us back to *London*;
So that we cannot prosecute the Cause

As

As we desire to do, therefore we leave
 The Charge with you, to see they are convey'd
 To *Hartford* Size: Both this Counterfeit,
 And you, Sir *John* of *Wrotham*, and your Wench,
 For you are culpable as well as they,
 Though not for Murther, yet for Felony.
 But since you are the means to bring to light
 This graceless Murther, ye shall bear with you
 Our Letters to the Judges of the Bench,
 To be your Friends in what they lawful may:

Priest. I thank your Lordship. [Exit.

Enter Goaler, bringing forth Lord Cobham.

Goal. Bring forth the Prisoners, see the Court prepar'd,
 The Justices are coming to the Bench:
 So, let him stand, away and fetch the rest. [Exit.

Cob. O give me Patience to endure this Scourge,
 Thou that art Fountain of that virtuous Stream,
 And tho' Contempt of Witness, and Reproach
 Hang on these Iron Gyves, to press my Life
 As low as Earth, yet strengthen me with Faith,
 That I may mount in Spirit above the Clouds.

Enter Goaler, bringing in Lady Cobham and Harpool.

Here comes my Lady, Sorrow, 'tis for her
 Thy wound is grievous, else I scoff at thee.
 What, and poor *Harpool*! art thou i'th' Briars too?

Har. I'faith, my Lord, I am in, get out how I can,

L. Cob. Say, gentle Lord, for now we are alone,
 And may confer, shall we confess in brief,
 Of whence, and what we are, and so prevent
 The Accusation is commenc'd against us!

Cob. What will that help us? Being known, sweet Love,
 We shall for Heresie be put to Death,
 For so they term the Religion we profess.
 No, if we dye, let this our Comfort be,
 That of the Guilt impos'd our Souls are free:

Har. Ay, ay, my Lord, *Harpool* is so resolv'd,
 I wreak of Death the less, in that I die
 Not by the Sentence of that envious Priest.

L. Cob. Well, be it then according as Heavens please

Enter

Enter Lord Judge, Justices, Mayor of St. Albans, Lord Powis, and his Lady, old Sir Richard Lee: The Judge and Justices take their Places.

Judge. Now, Mr. Mayor, what Gentleman is that, You bring with you, upon the Bench?

Mayor. The Lord Powis, if it like your Honour, And this his Lady, travelling toward *Wales*; Who, for they lodg'd last Night within my House, And my Lord Bishop did lay wait for such, Were very willing to come on with me, Left for their Sakes, Suspicion we might wrong.

Judge. We cry your Honour Mercy, good my Lord, Will't please you take your Place. Madam, your Ladyship May here, or where you will, repose your self, Untill this Business, now in Hand, be past.

L. Pow. I will withdraw into some other Room, So that your Lordship and the rest be pleas'd.

Judge. With all our Hearts: Attend the Lady there.

Pow. Wife, I have ey'd yon Pris'ners all this while, And my Conceit doth tell me, 'tis our Friend, The noble *Cobham*, and his virtuous Lady.

L. Pow. I think no less, are they suspected for this Murther?

Pow. What it means

I cannot tell, but we shall know anon.

Mean time, as you pass by them, ask the question, But do it secretly you be not seen, And make some sign, that I know your Mind.

[As she passes over the Stage by them.]

L. Pow. My Lord *Cobham*! Madam?

Cob. No *Cobham* now, nor Madam, as you love us, But *John* of *Lancashire*, and *Joan* his Wife.

L. Pow. O tell, what is it that our love can do To pleasure you, for we are bound to you?

Cob. Nothing but this; that you conceal our names; So, gentle Lady, pass for being spied.

L. Pow. My Heart I leave, to bear Part of your Grief.

[Exit.]

Judge. Call the Prisoners to the Bar: *Sir Richard Lee*, What Evidence can you bring against those People, To prove them guilty of the Murther done?

Let

Lee. This bloody Towel, and these naked Knives,
Beside, we found 'em sitting by the Place
Where the dead Body lay within a Bush.

Judge. What answer you why Law should not proceed

According to this Evidence given in,
To tax ye with the Penalty of Death?

Cob. That we are free from Murther's very Thought,
And know not how the Gentleman was slain.

1 *Just.* How came this Linnen-Cloth so bloody then?

L. Cob. My Husband, hot with travelling, my Lord,
His Nose gush'd out a bleeding, that was it.

2 *Just.* But how came your sharp-edg'd Knives unsheath'd?

L. Cob. To cut such simple Victuals as we had,

Judge. Say we admit this Answer to those Articles,
What made you in so private a dark Nook,
So far remote from any common Path,
As was the Thicket where the dead Corps was thrown?

Cob. Journeying, my Lord, from London from the
Term,

Down into *Lancashire*, where we do dwell;
And what with Age and Travel being faint,
We gladly sought a Place where we might rest
Free from Resort of other Passengers,
And so we stray'd into that secret Corner.

Judge. These are but Ambages to drive off Time,
And linger Justice from her purpos'd End.
But who are these?

Enter Constable with the Irishman, Priest, and Doll.

Con. Stay Judgment, and release those Innocents,
For here is he whose Hand hath done the Deed
For which they stand indicted at the Bar;
This Savage Villain, this rude *Irish* Slave,
His Tongue already hath confess'd the Fact,
And here is Witness to confirm as much.

Priest. Yes, my good Lord, no sooner had he slain
His loving Master for the Wealth he had;
But I upon the Instant met with him:
And what he purchas'd with the Loss of Blood
With Strokes I presently bereav'd him of,

Some of the which is spent, the rest remaining,
I willingly surrender to the Hands
Of old Sir *Richard Lee*, as being his :
Beside, my Lord Judge, I greet your Honour
With Letters from my Lord of *Rocheſter*.

[*Delivers them.*]

Lee. Is this the Wolf, whose thirsty Throat did drink
My dear Son's Blood ? Art thou the Snake
He cheriſh'd, yet with envious piercing Sting
Affail'dſt him mortally ? Wer't not that the Law
Stands ready to revenge thy Cruelty :
Traitor to God, thy Maſter, and to me,
Theſe Hands ſhould be thy Executioner.

Judge. Patience, Sir *Richard Lee*, you ſhall have
Juſtice.

The Fact is odious, therefore take him hence,
And being hang'd until the Wretch be dead,
His Body after ſhall be hang'd in Chains
Near to the Place where he did act the Murder.

Irish. Prethee, Lord Shudge, let me have mine own
Cloaths, my Strouces there, and let me be hang'd in a
Wyth after my Country the *Irish* Faſhion. [*Exit.*]

Judge. Go to, away with him : And now, Sir *John*,
Although by you this Murder came to Light,
Yet upright Law will not hold you excus'd ;
For you did rob the *Irishman*, by which
You ſtand attainted here of Felony :
Beside, you have been lewd, and many Years
Led a laſcivious, unbefeeming Life.

Priest. O but, my Lord, Sir *John* repents, and he
will mend.

Judge. In Hope thereof, together with the Favour
My Lord of *Rocheſter* intreats for you,
We are content you ſhall be proved.

Priest. I thank your Lordſhip.

Judge. Theſe falſly here accus'd, and brought
In Peril wrongfully, we in like Sort do ſet at Liberty.

Lee. And for Amends,
Touching the Wrong unwittingly I have done,
I give theſe few Crowns.

Judge. Your Kindneſs merits Praise, Sir *Richard Lee* :
So let us hence. [*Exeunt all but Powis and Cobham.*]

Pow.

Pow. But *Powis* still must stay,
 There yet remains a Part of that true Love
 He owes his noble Friend unsatisfy'd
 And unperform'd, which first of all doth bind me
 To gratulate your Lordship's safe Delivery:
 And then intreat, that since unlook'd for thus
 We here are met, your Honour would vouchsafe
 To ride with me to *Wales*, where though my Power,
 (Though not to quittance those great Benefits
 I have receiv'd of you) yet both my House,
 My Purse, my Servants, and what else I have
 Are all at your Command. Deny me not,
 I know the Bishop's Hate pursues you so,
 As there's no Safety in abiding here.

Cob. 'Tis true, my Lord, and God forgive him for
 it.

Pow. Then let us hence, you shall be straight pro-
 vided

Of lusty Geldings: and once entred *Wales*,
 Well may the Bishop hunt, but spight his Face,
 He never more shall have the Game in Chace.

[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.



r,

for

ro-

ist.





THE
TRAGEDY
OF
LOCRINE,
THE
ELDEST SON
OF
KING BRUTUS.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's-Head*, in *Turn-again Lane*, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had at his Shop the Sign of *Shakespear's Head* in *Change-Alley*, *Cornhill*, and likewise at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakespear's Head* and *Hawk*, between the *Savoy* and *Somersit-House*, in the *Strand*.

M DCCXXXIV.

THE
T R A G E D Y
Dramatis Personæ.

BRUTUS, *King of Britain.*

Locrine,
Camber, } *his Sons.*
Albanaët.

Corineius, } *Brothers to Brutus.*
Afiarachus.

Thrasimachus, *Corineius his Son.*

Debon, *an older Officer.*

Humber, *King of the Scythians.*

Hubba, *his Son.*

Thraffier, *a Scythian Commander.*

Strombo,
Trumpart, } *Clowns.*
Oliver,
William.

Guendeline, *Corineius his Daughter, married
to Locrine.*

Estrild, *Humber's Wife.*

Ate, *the Goddess of Revenge.*

Ghosts of Albanaët, and Corineius.





THE
TRAGEDY
OF
LOCRINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Dumb Show.

Enter Ate, with Thunder and Lightning, all in black with a burning Torch in one Hand, and a bloody Sword in the other Hand; and presently let there come forth a Lion running after a Bear, then come forth an Archer, who must kill the Lion in a dumb Show, and then depart. Remain Ate.

A T E

In pœnam sc̃clatur & Umbra.



Mighty Lion Ruler of the Woods,
Of wondrous Strength and great
Proportion,
With hideous Noise, scaring the
trembling Trees,
With yelling Clamours shaking all
the Earth,
Travest the Groves, and chac'd
the wandring Beasts :

Long did he range among the shady Trees,
And drave the silly Beasts before his Face ;

A 3

When

When suddenly from out a thorny Bush
 A dreadful Archer with his Bow ybent,
 Wounded the Lion with a dismal Shaft,
 So he him strook, that it drew forth the Blood,
 And fill'd his furious Heart with fretting Ire;
 But all in vain he threateneth Teeth and Paws,
 And sparkleth Fire from forth his flaming Eyes,
 For the sharp Shaft gave him a mortal Wound.
 So valiant *Brute*, the Terror of the World,
 Whose only Looks did scare his Enemies,
 The Archer Death brought to his latest end.
 O what may long abide above this Ground,
 In State of Bliss and healthful Happiness! [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Brutus carried in a Chair, Locrine, Camber, Albanast, Corineus, Guendeline, Aslaracus, Debon, and, Thrasimachus.

Bru. Most loyal Lords, and faithful Followers,
 That have with me, unworthy General,
 Passed the greedy Gulf of th' Ocean,
 Leaving the Confines of fair *Italy*,
 Behold, your *Brutus* draweth nigh his end,
 And I must leave you, though against my Will;
 My Sinews shrunk, my number'd Senses fail,
 A chilling cold possesseth all my Bones,
 Black ugly Death with Visage pale and wan,
 Presents himself before my dazzled Eyes,
 And with his Dart prepared is to strike:
 These Arms, my Lords, these never-daunted Arms,
 That oft have quell'd the Courage of my Foes,
 And eke dismay'd my Neighbour's Arrogance,
 Now yield to Death, o'er-laid with crooked Age,
 Devoid of Strength and of their proper Force;
 Even as the lusty Cedar worn with Years,
 That far abroad her dainty Odour throws,
 'Mongst all the Daughters of proud *Lebanon*,
 This Heart, my Lords, this ne'er appalled Heart,
 That was a Terror to the bordering Lands,
 A doleful Scourge unto my neighbour Kings,
 Now by the Weapons of impartial Death
 Is clove asunder, and bereft of Life,

The Tragedy of Lochrine.

5

As when the sacred Oak with Thunderbolts,
Sent from the fiery Circuit of the Heav'ns;
Sliding along the Airs celestial Vaults,
Is rent and cloven to the very Roots.
In vain therefore I struggle with this Foe,
Then welcome Death, since God will have it so.

Assa. Alas my Lord, we sorrow at your Case,
And grieve to see your Person vexed thus;
But whatsoe'er the Fates determin'd have,
It lieth not in us to disannul,
And he that would annihilate his Mind,
Sailing with *Icarus* too near the Sun,
May catch a fall with young *Bellerophon*:
For when the fatal Sisters have decreed
To separate us from this earthly Mold,
No mortal Force can countermand their Minds:
Then, worthy Lord, since there's no way but one,
Cease your Laments, and leave your grievous moan.

Cor. Your Highness knows how many Victories,
How many Trophies I erected have
Triumphantly in every place we came.
The *Grecian* Monarch, warlike *Pandrasus*,
And all the Crew of the *Molossians*:
Goffarius the arm-strong King of *Gauls*,
Have felt the Force of our victorious Arms,
And to their Cost beheld our Chivalry:
Where-e'er *Aurora*, handmaid of the Sun,
Where-e'er the Sun, bright Guardian of the Day,
Where-e'er the joyful Day, with cheerful Light,
Where-e'er the Light-illuminates the World,
The *Trojans* Glory flies with golden Wings,
Wings that do soar beyond fell envious flight,
The Fame of *Brutus* and his Followers
Pierceth the Skies, and with the Skies the Throne
Of mighty *Jove*, Commander of the World.
Then worthy *Brutus*, leave these sad Laments,
Comfort yourself with this your great Renown,
And fear not Death, though he seems terrible.

Bru. Nay, *Corineius*, you mistake my Mind,
In construing wrong the Cause of my Complaints;
I fear'd not t'yield myself to fatal Death,
God knows it was the least of all my Thoughts;

The Tragedy of Loocrine.

A greater Care torments my very Bones,
And makes me tremble at the thought of it,
And in your Lordings both the Subitance lie.

Thra. Most noble Lord, if ought your Loyal Peers
Accomplish may, to ease your lingring Grief,
I, in the name of all, protest to you,
That we would boldly enterprize the same,
Were it to enter to black *Tartarus*,
Were triple *Cerberus* with his venomous Throat,
Scareth the Ghosts with high resounding Noile,
We'll either rent the Bowels of the Earth,
Searching the Entrails of the Brutish Earth,
Or with his *Ixions* overdaring soon,
Be bound in Chains of ever during Steel.

Bru. Then hearken to your Sovereign's latest Words,
In which I will unto you all unfold,
Our Royal Mind, and resolute Intent.
When golden *Hebe*, Daughter to great *Jove*,
Cover'd my manly Cheeks with youthful Down,
Th' unhappy Slaughter of my luckless Sire,
Drove me and old *Affarachus* mine Eame,
As Exiles from the Bounds of *Italy*,
So that perforce we were constrain'd to fly
To *Grecians* Monarch, noble *Pandraffus*,
There I alone did undertake your Cause,
There I restor'd your antique Liberty,
Though *Grecia* frown'd, and all *Molossa* storm'd,
Though brave *Antigonus*, with martial Band,
In pitched Field encountred me and mine,
Though *Pandraffus* and his Contributaries,
With all the routs of their Confederates,
Sought to deface our glorious Memory,
And wipe the Name of *Trojans* from the Earth;
Him did I captivate with this mine Arm,
And by Compulsion forc'd him to agree
To certain Articles, which there we did propound.
From *Grecia* through the boisterous *Hellespont*,
We came into the Field of *Lestrigon*,
Whereat our Brother *Corineius* was;
Which when we passed the *Cicilian* Gulf,
And so transfretting the *Illician* Sea,
Arrived on the Coasts of *Aquitain*;

Where

The Tragedy of Locrine.

7

Where with an Army of his barbarous Gauls
Goffarius and his Brother *Gathelus*
Encountring with our Host, sustain'd the Foil,
And for your sakes my *Turnus* there I lost ;
Turnus that slew six hundred Men at Arms,
All in an Hour, with his sharp Battle-Axe,
From thence upon the stronds of *Albion's*
To *Corous* Haven happily we came,
And quell'd the Giants, come of *Albion's* Race,
With *Gogmagog*, Son to *Samotheus*,
The curied Captain of that damned Crew,
And in that Isle at length I placed you.
Now let me see, if my laborious Toils,
If all my Care, if all my grievous Wounds,
If all my Diligence were well employ'd.

Cor. When first I follow'd thee and thine, brave King,
I hazarded my Life and dearest Blood,
To purchase Favour at your Princely Hands,
And for the same in dangerous Attempts,
In sundry Conflicts, and in divers Broils,
I shew'd the Courage of my manly Mind ;
For this I combated with *Gathelus*,
The Brother to *Goffarius* of *Gaul* ;
For this I fought with furious *Gogmagog*,
A savage Captain of a savage Crew ;
For these Deeds brave *Cornwall* I receiv'd,
A grateful Gift giv'n by a gracious King ;
And for this Gift, this Life and dearest Blood
Will *Corineus* spend for *Brutus* good.

Deb. And what my Friend, brave Prince, hath vow'd
to you,
The same will *Debon* do unto his end.

Bru. Then, Loyal Peers, since you are all agreed,
And resolute to follow *Brutus* Hosts,
Favour my Sons, favour those Orphans, Lords,
And shield them from the Dangers of their Foes.
Locrine, the Column of my Family,
And only Pillar of my weaken'd Age ;
Locrine, draw near, draw near unto thy Sire,
And take thy latest Blessings at his Hands :
And, for thou art the eldest of my Sons,
Be thou a Captain to thy Brethren,

The Tragedy of Locrine.

And imitate thy aged Father's steps,
Which will conduct thee to true Honour's Gate:
For if thou follow sacred Virtues lore,
Thou shalt be crowned with a Laurel Branch,
And wear a Wreath of sempiternal Fame,
Sorted amongst the Glorious happy ones.

Loc. If *Locrine* do not follow your Advice,
And bear himself in all things like a Prince
That seeks to amplify the great Renown,
Left unto him for an Inheritance,
By those that were his Ancestors,
Let me be flung into the Ocean,
And swallow'd in the Bowels of the Earth.
Or let the ruddy Lightning of great *Jove*,
Descend upon this my devoted Head:

[*Brutus taking Guendeline by the Hand.*

Bru. But for I see you all to be in doubt,
Who shall be matched with our Royal Son,
Locrine, receive this Present at my Hand:
A Gift more rich than are the wealthy Mines
Found in the Bowels of *America*.
Thou shalt be spoused to fair *Guendeline*:
Love her, and take her, for she is thine own,
If so thy Uncle and herself do please.

Cor. And herein how your Highness honours me,
It cannot now be in my Speech express;
For careful Parents glory not so much
At their own Honour and Promotion,
As for to see the issue of their Blood
Seated in Honour and Prosperity.

Guen. And far be it from my pure maiden Thoughts
To contradict her aged Father's Will.
Therefore since he to whom I must obey,
Hath giv'n me now unto your Royal self,
I will not stand aloof from off the lure,
Like crafty Dames that most of all deny
That, which they most desire to possess.

[*Brutus turning to Locrine.*

[*Locrine kneeling.*

Then now my Son thy part is on the Stage,
For thou must bear the Person of a King.

[*Puts the Crown on his Head.*

Locrine

The Tragedy of Locrine.

9

Locrine stand up, and wear the regal Crown,
And think upon the State of Majesty,
That thou with Honour well may'st wear the Crown,
And if thou tenderest these my latest Words,
As thou requir'st my Soul to be at Rest,
As thou desirest thine own Security,
Cherish and Love thy new betrothed Wife.

Loc. No longer let me well enjoy the Crown,
Than I do peerless *Guendeline*.

Bru. Camber.

Cam. My Lord.

Bru. The Glory of mine Age:
And darling of thy Mother *Jungger*,
Take thou the *South* for thy Dominion,
From thee there shall proceed a Royal Race,
That shall maintain the Honour of this Land,
And sway the regal Scepter with their Hands.
[Turning to *Albanact*.

And *Albanact*, thy Father's only Joy,
Youngest in Years, but not the young'st in Mind,
A perfect Pattern of all Chivalry,
Take thou the *North* for thy Dominion,
A Country full of Hills and ragged Rocks,
Replenished with fierce untamed Beasts,
As correspondent to thy martial Thoughts.
Live long my Sons with endless Happiness,
And bear firm Concordance among your selves,
Obey the Counsels of these Fathers Grave,
That you may better bear out Violence,
But suddenly, through Weakness of my Age,
And the defect of youthful Puissance,
My Malady increaseth more and more,
And cruel Death hasteneth his quickned Pace,
To dispossess me of my earthly Shape,
My Eyes wax dim, o'rcast with Clouds of Age,
The pangs of Death compass my crazed Bones;
Thus to you all my Blessings I bequeath,
And with my Blessings this my fleeting Soul.
My Glass is run, and all my Miseries
Do end with Life; Death closeth mine Eyes,
My Soul in haste flies to the *Elysian Fields*. [He dies]

Loc. Accursed Stars, damn'd and accursed Stars,
T'abbreviate my noble Father's Life.

Hard hearted Gods and too envious Fates,
Thus to cut off my Fathers fatal Thread,

Brutus that was a Glory to us all,

Brutus that was a Terror to his Foes,

Alas too soon by *Demogorgon's* Knife,

The Martial *Brutus* is bereft of Life.

No sad Complaints may move just *Eacus*.

Cor. No dreadful Threats can fear Judge *Rhodomanth*,
Wert thou as strong as mighty *Hercules*,

That tamed the huge Monsters of the World,

Plaid'st thou as sweet, on the sweet sounding Lute,

As did the Spouse of fair *Euridice*,

That did enchant the Waters with his Noise,

And made the Stones, Birds, Beasts, to lead a Dance,

Constrain'd the hilly Trees to follow him,

'Thou couldst not move the Judge of *Erebus*,

Nor move Compassion in grim *Pluto's* Heart,

For fatal *Mors* expecteth all the World,

And every Man must tread the way of Death;

Brave *Tantalus*, the valiant *Pelops* Sire,

Guest to the Gods, suffered untimely Death,

And old *Titbonus* Husband to the Morn,

And eke grim *Minos* whom just *Jupiter*

Deign'd to admit of his Sacrifice,

The thundring Trumpets of Blood-thirsty *Mars*,

The fearful rage of fell *Visiphon*,

The boisterous Waves humid Ocean,

Are Instruments and Tools of dismal Death.

Then noble Cousin cease to mourn his chance,

Whose Age and Years were Signs that he should die.

It resteth now that we inter his Bones,

That was a Terror to his Enemies.

Take up his Coarse, and Princes hold him dead,

Who while he liv'd, upheld the *Trojan* State.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, march to *Troinowant*:

There to provide our Chieftain's Funeral. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Strumbo above in a Gown, with Ink and Paper in his Hand.

Strum. Either the four Elements the seven Planets and all the particular Stars of the Pole Antartick, are adversitive against me, or else I was begotten and born in the Wain of the Moon, when every thing, as *Lactantius* in his fourth Book of Constitution doth say, goeth arisward. Ay Masters, ay, you may Laugh, but I must Weep; you may Joy but I must Sorrow; shedding salt Tears from the Watry Fountains of my most dainty fair Eyes, along my comely and smooth Cheeks, in as great plenty as the Water runneth from the Bucking-tubs, or red Wine out of the Hogs-heads: For trust me Gentlemen and my very good Friends, and so forth: The little god, nay the desperate god *Cupid*, with one of his vengible Birds bolts, hath shot me into the Heel: So not only, but also, oh fine Phraise, I burn, I burn, and I burn a, in love, and in love a, ah *Strumbo*, what hast thou seen, not *Dina* with the As *Tom*? Yea, with these Eyes thou hast seen her, and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy Bail. Ay, *Strumbo*, hast thou heard of the Voice of the Nightingale, but a Voice sweeter than hers, yea, with these Ears hast thou heard them, and therefore cut them off, for they have caus'd thy Sorrow. Nay, *Strumbo*, kill thy self, drown thy self hang thy self, starve thy self. Oh, but then I shall leave my sweet Heart. Oh my Heart! Now Pate for thy Master, I will dite an aliquant Love-pistle to her, and then she hearing the grand verbosity of my Scripture, will love me presently.

[*Let him write a little, and then reads.*
My Pen is naught, Gentlemen, lend me a Knife, I think the more haste the worst speed.

[*Then write again, and after read.*

So it is Mistress *Dorothy*, and the sole essence of my Soul, that little sparkles of Affection kindled in me towards your sweet self, hath now encreas'd to a great Flame, and will e're, it be long consume my poor Heart, except you with the pleasant Water of your secret Fountain,

tain, quench the furious heat of the same. Alas, I am a Gentleman of good Fame, and Name, majestical, in Apparel comely, in Gate portly. Let not therefore your gentle Heart be so hard, as to despise a proper tall young Man of a handsome Life, and by despising him, not only, but also to kill him. Thus expecting Time and Tide, I bid you farewell. Your-Servant, Signior *Strumbo*.

Oh Wit, O Pate, O Memory, O Hand, O Ink, O Paper. Well, now I will send it away. *Trompart*, *Trompart* a what Villain is this: Why Sirrah, come when your Master calls you. *Trompart*.

Trompart enterring, saith Anon, Sir.

Strum. Thou knowest, my pretty Boy what a good Master I have been to thee ever since I took thee into my Service.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Stram. And how I have cherished thee always, as if thou hadst been the Fruits of my Loins, Flesh, of my Flesh and Bone of my Bone.

Trom. Ay, Sir.

Strum. Then shew thyself herein a trusty Servant, and carry this Letter to Mistress *Dorothy*, and tell her --

[*Speaking in his Ear. Exit Trompart.*]

Strum. Nay, Masters, you shall see a Marriage by and by. But here she comes. Now must I frame my amorous Passions.

Enter Dororhy and Trompart.

Dor. Signior *Strumbo*, well met, I receiv'd your Letters by your Man heae, who told me a pitiful Story of your Anguish, and so understanding your Passions were so great. I came hither speedily.

Strum. Oh, my sweet and Pigney, the fecundity of my Ingeny is not so great, that may declare unto you the so-rowful Sobs and breken Sleeps that I suffer'd for your sake; and therefore I desire you to receive me into your familiarity.

*For your Love doth lie,
As near and as nigh,
Unto my Heart within,
As mine Eye to my Nose,
[My Leg unto my Hose,
And my Flesh unto my Skin]*

Dor,

The Tragedy of Locrine.

13

Dor. Truly, Mr. *Strumbo*, you speak too learnedly for me to understand the drift of your Mind, and therefore tell your Tale in plain Terms, and leave off your dark Riddles.

Strum. Alas Mrs. *Dorothy*, this is my Luck, that when I most would, I cannot be understood: So that my great Learning is an Inconvenience unto me. But to speak in plain Terms, I love you Mistress *Dorothy*, if you like to accept me into your familiarity.

Dor. If this be all, I am content.

[Turning to the People.

Strum. Say't thou so, sweet Wench, let me lick thy Toes. Farewel, Mistress. If any of you be in love, provide ye a Cap Case full o' new coin'd Words, and then shall you soon have the *succado de labrés*, and something else.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Camber, Albanact, Corineus, Assarachus, Debon, and Thrasimachus.

Loc. Uncle and Princes of brave *Britany*,
Since that our noble Father is entomb'd,
As best beseem'd so brave a Prince as he;
If so you please, this Day my Love and I,
Within the Temple of *Concordia*,
Will solemnize our Royal Marriage.

Thra. Right noble Lord, your Subjects every one
Must needs obey your Highness at command,
Especially in such a Cause as this,
That much concerns your Highness great Content,

Loc. Then Frolick, Lordings, to fair *Concord's* Walls,
Where we will pass the Day in knightly Sports,
The Night in Dancing and in figur'd Masks,
And offer to God *Risus* all our Sports,

[Exeunt

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Ate as before, after a little Lightning and Thundring, let there come forth this Show. Perseus and Andromeda, Hand in Hand, and Cepheus also with Swords and Targates. Then let there come out of another Door Phineus, all black in Armour with Ethiopians after him, driving in Perseus, and having taken away Andromeda, let them depart. Ate remaining says,

Regit omnia numen.

WHEN *Perseus* married fair *Andromeda*,
 The only Daughter of King *Cepheus*,
 He thought he had stablish'd well his Crown,
 And that his Kingdom should for aye endure.
 But lo! proud *Phineus*, with a Band of Men,
 Contriv'd of Sun-burnt *Aethiopians*,
 By Force of Arms the Bride he took from him,
 And turn'd their Joy into a Flood of Tears.
 So fares it with young *Lochrine* and his Love
 He thinks this Marriage tendeth to his Weal,
 But this foul Day, this foul accursed Day,
 Is the Beginning of his Miseries.
 Behold where *Humber* and his *Scythians*
 Approacheth nigh with all his warlike Train.
 I need not I, the Sequel shall declare,
 What tragick Chances fell out in this War.

S C E N E II.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Fstrild, Segar, and their Soldiers.

Hum. At length the Snail doth climb the highest Tops,
Ascending up the stately Castle Walls;
At length the Water with continual Drops,
Doth penetrate the hardest Marble Stone;
At length we are arriv'd in *Albion*.
Nor could the barbarous *Dacian* Sovereign,
Nor yet the Ruler of brave *Belgia*,

Stay

The Tragedy of Locrine.

15

Stay us from cutting over to this Isle ;
Whereas I hear a Troop of *Phrygians*,
Under the Conduct of *Posthumius* Son,
Have pitch'd up lordly Pavillions,
And hope to prosper in this lovely Isle ;
But I will frustrate all their foolish Hope,
And teach them that the *Scythian* Emperor
Leads Fortune tied in a Chain of Gold,
Constraining her to yield unto his Will,
And grace him with their Regal Diadem :
Which I will have, maugre their treble Hofs,
And all the Power their petty Kings can make.

Hub. If she that rules fair *Rhennis* golden Gate,
Grant us the Honour of the Victory
As hitherto she always favour'd us,
Right noble Father, we will rule the Land,
Enthronised in Seats of Topaz Stones,
That *Locrine* and his Brethren all may know,
None must be King but *Humber* and his Son.

Hum. Courage my Son, Fortune shall favour us,
And yield to us the Coronet of Bays.
That decketh none but noble Conquerors.
But what saith *Estrild* to these Regions ?
How liketh she the Temperature thereof ?
Are they not pleasant in her gracious Eyes ?

Est. The Plains, my Lord, garnish'd with *Flora's*
Wealth,

And over-spread with party-colour'd Flowers,
Do yield sweet Contentation to my Mind ;
The airy Hills enclos'd with shady Groves,
The Groves replenish'd with sweet chirping Birds,
The Birds resounding heav'nly Melody,
Are equal to the Groves of *Thessaly*,
Where *Phæbus* with these learned Ladies nine,
Delights themselves with Musick's Harmony,
And from the Moisture of the Mountain-tops.
The silent Springs dance down with murmuring Streams ;
And water all the Ground with chrystal Waves,
The gentle Blasts of *Eurus* modest Wind,
Moving the pattering Leaves of *Silvane's* Woods,
Do equal it with *Tempe's* Paradise,
And thus consoled all to one Effect,
Do make me think these are the happy Isles,

Most

Most fortunate if *Humber* may then win.

Hub. Madam, where Resolution leads the Way,
And Courage follows with embolden'd Pace,
Fortune can never use her Tyranny ;
For Valiantness is like unto a Rock
That standeth on the Waves of Ocean,
Which though the Billows beat on every Side,
And *Boreas* fell with his tempestuous Storms,
Bloweth upon it with a hideous Clamour,
Yet it remaineth still unmoveable.

Hum. Kingly resolv'd, thou Glory of thy Sire,
But worthy *Segar*, what uncouth Novelties
Bring'st thou unto our Royal Majesty ?

Seg. My Lord, the youngest of all *Brutus* Sons,
Stout *Albanact*, with millions of Men,
Approacheth nigh, and meaneth e'er the Morn,
To try your Force by dint of fatal Sword.

Hum. Tut, let him come with millions of Hosts,
He shall find Entertainment good enough,
Yea, fit for those that are our Enemies :
For we'll receive them at the Lances Points,
And massacre their Bodies with our Blades :
Yea, though they were in Number infinite,
More than the mighty *Babylonian* Queen,
Semiramis the Ruler of the West,
Brought 'gainst the Emperor of the *Scythians*,
Yet would we not start back one Foot from them :
That they might know we are invincible.

Hub. Now by great *Jove*, the supream King of
And the immortal Gods that live therein, [Heav'n,
When as the Morning shews his cheerful Face,
And *Lucifer* mounted upon his Steed,
Brings in the Chariot of the rising Sun,
I'll meet yongg *Albanact* in th'open Field,
And crack my Launce upon his Burganet,
To try the Valour of his boyish Strength :
There will I shew such ruthless Spectacles,
and cause so great Effusion of Blood,
That all his Boys shall wonder at my Strength,
As when the warlike Queen of *Amazons*,
Penthesilea, armed with her Launce,
Girt with a Corset of bright shining Steel,
Coopt up the faint-heart *Grecians* in the Camp!

The Tragedy of Locrine.

17

Hum. Spoke like a warlike Knight, my noble Son:
Nay, like a Prince that seeks his Father's Joy.
Therefore to-morrow e'er fair *Titan* shine,
And bashful *Eos* Messenger of Light,
Expels the liquid Sleep from out Mens Eyes,
Thou shalt conduct the right Wing of the Host,
The left Wing, shall be under *Segar's* charge,
The Rearward shall be under me myself,
And lovely *Estrild*, fair and gracious,
If Fortune favour me in my attempts,
Thou shalt be Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Fortune will favour me in mine Attempts,
And make thee Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Come let us in and muster up our Train,
And furnish up our lusty Soldiers,
That they may be a Bulwark to our state,
And bring our wished Joys to perfect end. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Strumbo, Dorothy and Trompart, Cobling Shoes
and Singing.*

Trom. *We Coblers lead a merry Life :*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Strum. *Void of all Envy and Strife :*

All. *Dan diddle dan.*

Dor. *Our Ease is great, our Labour small :*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Strum. *And yet our gains be much withal :*

All. *Dan, diddle, dan.*

Dor. *With this art so fine and fair :*

All. *Dan, dan, dan, dan.*

Trom. *No Occupation may compare :*

All. *Dan diddle dan.*

Strum. *For merry Pastime and joyful Glee :*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. *Most happy Men we Coblers be :*

Dan diddle dan.

Trom. *The Can stands full of nappy Ale,*

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Strum. *In our Shop still withouten fail;*

Dan diddle dan.

Dor.

Dor. This is our Meat, this is our Food :

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Trom. This brings us to a merry mood :

Dan diddle dan.

Strum. This makes us work for Company,

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. To pull the Tankards chearfully :

Dan diddle dan.

Trom. Drink to thy Husband, Dorothy,

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. Why then my Strumbo there's to thee :

Dan diddle dan.

Strum. Drink thou the rest Trompart, amain :

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

Dor. When that is gone, we'll fill't again :

Dan diddle dan.

Enter Captain.

Capt. The poorest state is farthest from ;
How merrily he sitteth on his Stool :
But when he sees that needs he must be prest,
He'll turn his Note and sing another Tune.
Ho, by your leave Master Cobler.

Strum. You are welcome, Gentlemen, what will you
any old Shoes or Buskins, or will you have your Shoes
Clouted ; I will do them as well as any Cobler in *Cathnes*
whatsoever. [*Captain shewing him Prefs money.*]

Capt. O Master Cobler, you are far deceiv'd in me,
for done you this ? I come not to buy any Shoes, but to
buy yourself ; come, Sir, you must be a Soldier in the
King's Cause.

Strum. Why, but hear you, Sir, has your King any
Commission to take any Man against his Will ? I promise
you, I can scant believe it, or did he give you Com-
mission ?

Capt. O Sir, you need not care for that, I need no
Commission : hold here, I command you in the name
of our King *Albanact*, to appear to-morrow in the
Town-house of *Cathnes*.

Strum. King *Nactaball*, I cry God mercy, what have
we to do with him, or he with us ? but you, Sir Master
Capontial, draw your Pastboard, or else I promise you, I'll
give

The Tragedy of Locrine. 19

give you a Canvasado with a Bastinado over your Shoulders, and teach you to come hither with your Implements.

Capt. I pray thee good Fellow be content, I do the King's Command.

Strum. Put me out of your Book then.

Capt. I may not. [*Strumbo snatching up a Staff.*]

Strum. No will, come. Sir, will your Stomach serve you, by gogs blew hood and halidom, I will have a Bout with you. [*Fight both.*]

Enter Thrasimachus.

Thr. How now, what noise, what sudden clamour's this? How now, my Captain and the Cobler to hard at it? Sirs what is your Quarrel?

Capt. Nothing, Sir, but that he will not take Pres-money.

Thr. Here, good Fellow, take it at my Command, Unless you mean to be stretch'd.

Trum. Truly, Master Gentleman, I lack no Mony, if you please I will resign it to one of these poor Fellows.

Thr. No such matter,
Look you be at the common House to-morrow.

[*Exit Thrasimachus and the Captain.*]

Strum. O Wife, I have spun a fair thread, if I had been quiet, I had not been Prest, and therefore well may I lament; But come Sirrah, shut up, for we must to the Wars. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Albanaſt, Debon, Thrasimachus, and the Lords.

Alb. Brave Cavaliers, Princes of *Albany*,
Whose trenchant Blades with our deceased Sire,
Passing the Frontiers of brave *Grecia*,
Were bathed in our Enemies lukewarm Blood,
Now is the time to manifest your Wills,
Your haughty Minds and Resolutions,
Now Opportunity is offered
To try your Courage and your earnest Zeal,
Which you always protest to *Albanaſt*;
For at this time, yea at this present time,
Stout Fugitives come from the *Scythians* bounds.
Have peitred every place with Mutinies:

Bat

But trust me, Lordings, I will never cease
To persecute the rascal Runnagates,
Till all the Rivers stained with their Blood,
Shall fully shew their fatal Overthrow.

Deb. So shall your Highness merit great renown,
And imitate your aged Father's steps.

Alb. But tell me, Cousin, cam'st thou thro' the Plains?
And saw'st thou there the faint-heart Fugitives
Mnstring their Weather-beaten Soldiers,
What Order keep they in their Marshalling?

Thr. After we past the Groves of *Caledone*,
We did behold the stragling *Scythians* Camp,
Repleat with Men, stor'd with Munition;
There might we see the valiant minded Knights
Fetching Careers along the spacious Plains,
Humber and *Hubba* arm'd in azure blue,
Mounted upon their Coursers white as Snow,
Went to behold the pleasant flowing Fields;
Hector and *Troilus*, *Priamus* lovely Sons,
Chasing the *Grecian* over *Simoeis*,
Were not to be compar'd to these two Knights.

Alb. Well hast thou painted out in Eloquence
The Portraiture of *Humber* and his Son;
As fortunate as was *Polycrates*.

Yet should they not escape our Conquering Swords,
Or boast of ought but of our Clemency.

Enter Strumbo and Trompart crying often,
Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch, &c.

Thr. What Sirs, what mean you by these clamours made
Those outcries raised in our stately Court?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild fire and Pitch.

Thr. Villains I say, tell us the cause hereof?

Strum. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Thr. Tell me you Villains, why you make this Noise,
Or with my Lance, I will prick your Bowels out.

All. Where is your Houses, where's your dwelling-
place?

Strum. Place, Ha, ha, laugh a Month and a Day at
him; place! I cry God mercy, why do you think that
such poor honest Men as we be, hold our Habitacles
in King's Palaces: Ha, ha, ha. But because you seem
to be an abominable Chieftain, I will tell you our
state.

From

*From the Top to the Toe,
From the Head to the Shoe;
From the Beginning to the Ending,
From the Building to the Burning.*

This honest Fellow and I had our mansion Cottage in the Suburbs of this City, hard by the Temple of Mercury. And by the common Soldiers of the *Shittens*, the *Scythians*, what do you call them? with all the Suburbs, were burnt to the Ground, and the Ashes are left there for the Country-Wives to wash Bucks withal. And that which grieves me most, my loving Wife, O cruel Strife; The wicked Flames did roast.

*And therefore Captain Cruft,
We will continually cry,
Except you seek a Remedy,
Our Houses to re-edify,
Which now are burnt to Dust.*

Both cry. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Alb. Well, we must remedy these Outrages,
And throw Revenge upon their hateful Heads,
And you good Fellows for your Houses burnt,
We will remunerate you store of Gold,
And buid' your Houses by our Palace Gate.

Strum. Gats! O petty Treason to my Person, no where else but by your Backside: Gate! oh how I am vexed in my Collar: Gate! I cry God Mercy, do you hear Master King? If you mean to gratify such poor Men, as we be, you must build our Houses by the Tavern.

Alb. It shall be done Sir.

Strum. Near the Tavern, ay, by Lady, Sir, it was spoken like a good Fellow, do you hear, Sir? When our House is builded, if you do chance to pass or re-pass that Way, we will bestow a Quart of the best Wine upon you.

[Exit.

Alb. It grieves me, Lordings, that my Subjects Goods Should thus be spoiled by the *Scythians*, Who as you see with light-foot Foragers, Depopulate the Places where they come: But, cursed *Humber*, thou shalt rue the Day That e'er thou camst unto *Cathnessa*.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thraffier, and their Soldiers.

Hum. Hubba, go take a Coronet of our Horse,
As many Lanciers, and Light-armed Knights,
As may suffice for such an Enterprize,
And place them in the Grove of *Challidon*:
With these, when as the Skirmish doth increase,
Retire thou from the Shelters of the Wood,
And set upon the weakned *Trojans* Backs.
For Policy joined with Chivalry,
Can never be put back from Victory. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Albanact, Clowns with him.

Alba. Thou base-born *Hunn*, how durst thou be so
As once to menace warlike *Albanact*, [bold,
The great Commander of these Regions?
But thou shalt buy thy Rashness with thy Death,
And rue too late thy over-bold Attempts,
For with this Sword, this Instrument of Death,
That hath been drenched in my Foe-mens Blood,
I'll separate thy Body from thy Head;
And set that Coward-Blood of thine abroad.

Strum. Nay, with this Staff, great *Strumbo's* Instru-
I'll crack thy Cockscorn, paltry *Scythian*. [ment]

Hum. Nor wreak I of thy Threats thou princely Boy,
Nor do I fear thy foolish Insolency;
And but thou better use thy bragging Blade,
Than thou dost rule thy overflowing Tongue,
Superbious *Briton*, thou shalt know too soon
The Force of *Humber* and his *Scythians*.

[*They fight, Humber and his Soldiers run in.*]

Strum. O horrible, terrible.

SCENE VI.

Sound the Alarm. Enter Humber and his Soldiers.

Hum. How bravely this young *Briton*, *Albanact*,
Darteth abroad the Thunderbolts of War,
Beating down Millions with his furious Mood:
And in his Glory triumphs over all,
Moving the massy Squadrants of the Ground;

Heap

Heap Hills on Hills, to scale the starry Sky :
 As when *Briareus* arm'd with an hundred Hands,
 Flung forth an hundred Mountains at great *Jove*,
 And when the monstrous Giant *Monychus*
 Hurl'd Mount *Olympus* at great *Mars* his Targe,
 And shot huge Cedars at *Minerva's* Shield.
 How doth he overlook with haughty Front
 My fleeting Host, and lifts his lofty Face
 Against us all that now do fear his Force ;
 Like as we see the wrathful Sea from far,
 In a great Mountain heapt with hideous Noise,
 With thousand Billows bear against the Ships,
 And toss them in the Waves like Tennis Balls.

[Sound the Alarm.

Ah me, I fear my *Hubba* is surpris'd.

Sound again. Enter *Albanaet*.

Alb. Follow me, Soldiers, follow *Albanaet* ;
 Pursue the *Scythians* flying through the Field :
 Let none of them escape with Victory :
 That they may know the *Britons* force is more
 Than all the Power of the trembling *Huns*. [Chafe,
Tbra. Forward brave Soldiers, forward, keep the
 He that takes Captive *Humber* or his Son,
 Shall be rewarded with a Crown of Gold.

Sound Alarm, then let them fight, *Humber* give back,
Huba, enters at their Backs, and kills *Debon*, *Strum-*
bo falls down, *Albanaet* runs in, and afterwards
 enters wounded.

Alba. Injurious Fortune, hast thou crost me thus ?
 Thus in the Morning of my Victories,
 Thus in the Prime of my Felicity
 To cut me off by such hard overthrow.
 Hadst thou no time thy rancour to declare,
 But in the Spring of all my Dignities ?
 Hadst thou no place to spit thy Venome out,
 But on the Person of young *Albanaet* ?
 I thate'er while did scarce mine Enemies,
 And drove them almost to a shameful Flight :
 I that e'while full Lion-like did Fate

Heap

Curst be her Charms, damn'd be her cursed Charms,
 That doth delude the wayward Hearts of Men,
 Of Men that trust unto her fickle Wheel,
 Which never leaveth turning upside down.
 O Gods, O Heav'ns, allot me but the Place
 Where I may find her hateful Mansion,
 I'll pass the *Alps* to watry *Meroe*,
 Where fiery *Phæbus* in his Chariot,
 The Wheels whereof are deck'd with Emeralds,
 Casts such a Heat, yea such a scorching Heat,
 And spoileth *Flora* of her chequered Grass;
 I'll overturn the Mountain *Caucasus*,
 Where fell *Chimæra* in her triple Shape,
 Rolleth hot Flames from out her monstrous Paunch,
 Scaring the Beasts with Issue of her Gorge;
 I'll pass the frozen Zone where Icy flakes
 Stopping the Passage of the fleeting Ships
 Do lie, like Mountains in the congeal'd Sea,
 Where if I find that hateful House of hers,
 I'll pull the fickle Wheel from out her Hands,
 And tie herself in everlasting Bands.
 But all in vain I breathe these Threatnings,
 The Day is lost, the *Hunns* are Conquerors,
Debon is slain, my Men are done to Death,
 The Currents swift swim violently with Blood,
 And last, O that this last Night so long last,
 Myself with Wounds past all Recovery,
 Must leave my Crown for *Humber* to possess.

Strum. Lord have Mercy upon us, Masters, I think
 this is a Holy-day, every Man lies sleeping in the
 Fields, but God knows full sore against their Wills.

Thra. Fly, noble *Albanact*, and save thyself,
 The *Scythians* follow with great Celerity,
 And there's no way but Flight, or speedy Death,
 Fly, noble *Albanact*, and save thyself. [*Sound the Alarm.*]

Alba. Nay, let them fly that fear to die the Death,
 That tremble at the fatal Name of *Mors*.
 Ne'er shall proud *Humber* boast or brag himself
 That he hath put young *Albanact* to flight,
 And lest he should triumph at my Decay,
 This Sword shall reave his Master of his Life:
 That oft hath sav'd his Master's doubtful Life:

But

The Tragedy of Locrine.

27

But oh my Brethren if you care for me,
Revenge my Death upon his traiterous Head.

*Et vos quæis demus est nigrantis regia ditis,
Qui regitis rigido stygios moderamine lucas,
Nox cæci regina polis furialis Erinnys,
Diique Deaque omnes, Albanum t' ille regem,
Tellite flumineis undis regidaque palude;
Nunc me fata vocant, hæc condam pectore ferum.*

[Stabs himself.

Enter Trompart

O what hath he done? his Nose bleeds; but I smell a Fox,
Look where my Master lies, Master, Master.

Strum. Let me alone, I tell thee, for I am dead.

Trom. Yet one, good, good Master.

Strum. I will not speak, for I am dead, I tell thee.

Trom. And is my Master dead? [Singing.

O Sticks and Stones, Prickbats and Bones,

And is my Master dead?

O you Cockatrices, and you Rablatrices,

That in the Woods dwell:

You Briars and Brambles, you Cock-shops and Shambles,

Come howl and yell.

With howling and screeking, with wailing and weeping,

Come you to lament.

O Colliers of Croyden, and Rusticks of Royden,

And Fishers of Kent,

For Strumbo the Cabler, the fine merry Cobler

Of Cathnes Town:

At this same stoure, and this very hour

Lies dead on the Ground.

O Master, Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, hobekin, let me
be rising, be gone, we shall be robb'd by and by.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thrassier, Estrild, and the
Soldiers.

Hum. Thus from the dreadful shocks of furious Mars,
Thundring Alarums and Rhamnusia's Drum,
We are retir'd with joyful Victory,

B

The

The slaughter'd *Trojans* squeltring in their Blood,
Infect the Air with their Carcasses,
And are a Prey for ev'ry rav'nous Bird.

Eft. So perish they that are our Enemies:
So perish they that love not *Humber's* weal.
And mighty *Jove*, Commander of the world,
Protect my Love from all false Treacheries.

Hum. Thanks, lovely *Estrild*, solace to my soul.
But, valiant *Hubba*, for thy Chivalry
Declar'd against the Men of *Albany*,
Loe here a flowring Garland wreath'd of Bay,
As a Reward for this thy forward Mind. [*Sets it on his*

Hub. This unexpected Honour, noble Sir, *Head.*
Will prick my Courage unto braver Deeds,
And cause me to attempt such hard Exploits,
That all the world shall sound of *Hubba's* Name.

Hum. And now, brave Soldiers, for this good Success
Carouse whole Cups of *Amazonian* wine,
Sweeter than *Nectar* or *Ambrosia*.
And cast away the Clods of cursed Care,
With Goblets crown'd with *Semeleius* Gifts,
Now let us march to *Abis* Silver Streams,
That clearly glide along the *Champagne* Fields,
And moist the grassy Meads with humid Drops.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, sound up chearfully,
Sirh we return with Joy and Victory. [*Exeunt.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

Dumb Show. Enter *Ate* as before. A Crocodile sitting on
a Rivers Bank, and a little Snake sting'g it. Then
both of them fall into the Water.

Ate. **S**celera in authorem cadunt.
High on a Bank by *Nilus'* boisterous Streams,
Fearfully sat th' *Egyptian* Crocodile,
Dreadfully grinding in her sharp long Teeth
The broken Bowels of a silly Fish,
His Back was arm'd against the dint of Spear,
With Shields of Brass that shin'd like burnisht Gold,
And

The Tragedy of Locrine.

29

And as he stretched forth his cruel Paws,
A subtle Adder creeping closely near,
Thrusting his forked Sting into his Claws,
Privily shed his Poison through his Bones,
Which made him swell that there his Bowels burst,
That did so much in his own greatness trust.
So *Humber* having conquer'd *Albanast*,
Doth yield his Glory unto *Locrine's* Sword.
Mark what ensues, and you may easily see,
That all our Life is but a Tragedy. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Guendeline, Corineius, Affaracus, Thrasimachus and Camber.

Loc. And is this true, is *Albanastus* slain?
Hath curst *Humber* with his stragling Host,
With that his Army made of mungrel Curs,
Brought our redoubted Brother to his End?
O that I had the *Tracian Orpheus* Harp,
For to awake out of th' infernal Shade
Those ugly Devils of black *Erebus*,
That might torment the damned Traitor's Soul:
O that I had *Amphion's* Instrument
To quicken with his vital Notes and Tunes
The stinty Joints of every stony Rock,
By which the *Scythians* might be punished;
For, by the Lightning of almighty *Jove*,
The *Hann* shall die, had he ten thousand Lives:
And would to God he had ten thousand Lives,
That I might with the arm-strong *Hercules*,
Crop off so vile an *Hydra's* hissing Heads.
But say me, Cousin, for I long to hear,
How *Albanast* came by untimely Death.

Thra. After the traiterous Host of *Scythians*
Entred the Field with Martial Equipage,
Young *Albanast*, impatient of delay,
Led forth his Army gainst the stragling Mates,
Whose Multitude did daunt our Soldiers Minds,
Yet nothing could dismay the forward Prince;
But with a Courage most heroical,

B 2

Like

Like to a Lion 'mongst a flock of Lambs,
 Made havock of the faint-heart Fugitives,
 Hewing a passage through them with his Sword;
 Yea, we had almost giv'n them the Repulse,
 When suddenly from out the silent Wood
Hulba with twenty thousand Soldiers,
 Cowardly came upon our weakned Backs,
 And murdered all with fatal Massacre;
 Amongst which the old *Debon*, martial Knight,
 With many wounds was brought unto the Death:
 And *Albanast* oppress'd with multitude,
 Whilst valiantly he told his Enemies,
 Yielded his life and honour to the Dust.
 He being dead, the Soldiers fled amain,
 And I alone escap'd them by flight,
 To bring you Tidings of these accidents.

Loc. Not aged *Priam*, King of stately *Troy*,
 Grand Emperor of bar'rous *Asia*,
 When he beheld his noble minded Son
 Slain traiterously by all the *Mirmidons*,
 Lamented more than I for *Albanast*.

Guen. Not *Hecuba* the Queen of *Ilium*,
 When she beheld the Town of *Peigamus*,
 Her Palace burnt, with all-devouring Flames,
 Her fifty Sons and Daughters fresh of hue,
 Murder'd by wicked *Pyrrbus* b'oddy Sword,
 Shed such sad Tears as I for *Albanast*.

Cam. The grief of *Niob.*, fair *Athens* Queen,
 For her seven Sons magnanimous in Field,
 For her seven Daughters fairer than the fairest,
 Is not to be compar'd with my laments.

Cer. In vain you Sorrow for the slaughter'd Prince,
 In vain you sorrow for his overthrow;
 He loves not most that doth lament the most,
 But he that seeks to verge the Injury;
 I think you to quell the Enemies warlike Train,
 With childish Sobs and womanish Laments?
 Unsheath your Swords, unsheath your conqu'ring Swords,
 And seek revenge, the comfort for this sore:
 In *Cornwall*, where I hold my Regiment,
 Even just ten thousand valiant Men at Arms
 Hath *Corineus* ready at command:

The Tragedy of Locrine.

31

All these and more, if need shall more require,
Hath *Corineus* ready at command.

Cam. And in the Fields of martial *Cambria*,
Close by the boistrous *Isca*'s Silver Streams,
Where light-foot Fairies skip from Bank to Bank,
Full twenty thousand brave courageous Knights,
Well exercis'd in feats of Chivalry,
In manly manner most invincible,
Young *Camber* hath with Gold and Victual.
All these and more, if need shall more require,
I offer up to venge my Brother's Death.

Loc. Thark, loving Uncle, and good Brother too,
For this revenge, for this sweet Word revenge
Must ease and cease my wrongful Injuries;
And by the Sword of bloody *Mars* I swear,
Ne'r shall sweet quiet enter this my Front,
'Till I be venged on his traiterous Head,
That slew my noble Brother *Albanact*.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, muster up the Camp,
For we will strait march to *Albania*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Humber, Estrild, Hubba, Thrassier, and the Soldiers.

Hum. Thus are we come, victorious Conqueror,
Unto the flowing Current's silver Streams,
Which, in memorial of our Victory,
Shall be agnominated by our Name,
And talked of by our Posterity:
For sure I hope before the Golden Sun
Posteth his Horses to fair *Thetis* Plains,
To see the Waters turned into Blood,
And change his blewish Hue to rueful red,
By reason of the fatal Massacre,
Which shall be made upon the virent Plains.

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

Ghost. See how the Traitor doth prelege his harm,
See how he glories at his own decay,
See how he triumphs at his proper Loss,
O Fortune vile, unstable, fickle, frail!

Hum. Methinks I see both Armies in the Field,
The broken Lances climb the Chrystal Skies,

Some headless lie, some breathless on the Ground,
And every place is strew'd with Carkasses,
Behold the Grass hath lost his pleasant green,
The sweetest Sight that ever might be seen.

Ghost. Ay Traiterous *Humber*, thou shalt find it so,
Yea to thy cost thou shalt the same behold,
With Anguish, Sorrow, and with sad Laments:
The grassie Plains, that now do please thine Eyes,
Shall ere the Night be colour'd all with Blood;
The shady Groves that now inclose thy Camp,
And yield sweet savour to thy damned Corps,
Shall ere the Night be figured all with Blood;
The profound Stream that passed by thy Tents,
And with his Moisture serveth all thy Camp,
Shall ere the Night converted be to Blood.
Yea with the Blood of those thy stragling Boys:
For now revenge shall ease my lingring Grief,
And now revenge shall glut my longing Soul.

Hub. Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious Victory,
Or die with Fame renown'd for Chivalry:
He is not worthy of the Honey-comb,
That shuns the Hives because the Bees have stings;
That likes me best that is not got with ease,
Which thousand Dangers do accompany;
For nothing can dismay our regal Mind;
Which aims at nothing but a Golden Crown,
The only upshot of mine enterprises.
Were they enchanted in grim *Pluto's* Court,
And kept for treasure 'mongst his hellish Crew,
I would either quell the tripple *Cerberus*
And all the Army of his hateful Hags,
Or roll the Stone with wretched *Sisyphus*.

Hum. Right martial be thy thoughts, my noble Son,
And all thy Words favour of Chivalry.

Enter Segar.

But, warlike *Segar*, what strange Accidents
Make you to leave the warding of the Camp?

Segar. To Arms, my Lord, to honourable Arms;
Take helm and targe in Hand, the *Britons* come
With great Multitude than erst the *Greeks*
Brought to the Ports of *Phrygian Tenedos*.

Hum.

Hum. But what saith *Segar* to these Accidents?
What Counsel gives he in Extremities?

Segar. Why this, my Lord, experience teacheth us,
That Resolution's a sole help at need.
And this, my Lord, our honour teacheth us,
That we be bold in every enterprize;
Then since there is no way but fight or die,
Be resolute, my Lord, for Victory.

Hum. And resolute, *Segar*, I mean to be,
Perhaps some blisful Star will favour us,
And comfort bring to our perplexed State:
Come let us in and fortifie our Camp,
So to withstand their strong Invasion.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Strumbo, Trompart, Oliver, and his Son William,
following them.*

Strum. Nay Neighbour *Oliver*, if you be so whot, come
prepare yourself, you shall find two as stout Fellows of
us, as any in all the North.

Oliv. No by my droth Neighbour *Strumbo*. Ich zee
dat you are a Man of small xideration, dat will zeek to
Injure your old vrendes, one of your vamiliar guests, and
derefore zeeing your pinion is to deal withouten reason,
Ich and my zonne *William* will take dat courle, dat shall
be fardest vrom reason; how zay you, will you have my
Daughter or no?

Strum. A very hard question, Neighbour, but I will
solve it as I may; what reason have you to demand it of me?

Will. Marry Sir, what reason had you when my Sister
was in the barn to tumble her upon the Hay, and to fish
her Belly?

Strum. Mafs thou say'st true; well, but would you
have me marry her therefore? No, I scorn her, and you,
and you: Ay, I scorn you all.

Olive. You will not have her then?

Strum. No, as I am a true Gentleman.

Will. Then will we School you, ere you and we part
hence.

*Enter Margery, and snatches the Staff cut of her Brother's
Hand as he is fighting.*

Strum. Ay, you come in Pudding time, or else I had
drest them.

34 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

Mar. You Master Sawcebox, Lobstocks, Cockscorn, you Slopshawce, Lickfingers, will you not hear?

Strum. Who speak you to, me?

Mar. Ay, Sir, to you, *John* Lack honesty, little wit, is it you that will have none of me?

Strum. No by my troth, Mistress Nicebice, how fine you can Nick-name me; I think you were brought up in the University of *Bridgewater*, you have your Rhetorick so ready at your Tongues end, as if you were never well warn'd when you were young.

Mar. Why then Goodman Cods-head, if you will have none of me, farewell.

Strum. If you be so plain, Mistress Driggle-draggle, fare you well.

Mar. Nay, master *Strumbo*, ere you go from hence, we must have more words, you will have none of me?

[*They fight.*

Strum. Oh my Head, my Head, leave, leave, leave, I will, I will, I will.

Mar. Upon that condition I let thee alone.

Oliv. How now Master *Strumbo*, hath my Daughter taught you a new Lesson?

Strum. Ay but hear you, Goodman *Oliver*, it will not be for my Ease to have my Head broken every Day, therefore remedy this, and we shall agree.

Oliv. Well, Zon, well, for you are my Zon now, all shall be remedied, Daughter, be Friends with him.

[*Shake Hands.*

Strum. You are a sweet Nut, the Devil crack you, Masters, I think it be my Luck, my first Wife was a loving quiet Wench, but this I think would weary the Devil. I would she might be burnt as my other Wife was; if not, I must run to the Halter for help. O Codpiece, thou hast undone thy Master, this it is to be meddling with warm Plackets.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Thrasimachus, and Affarachus.

Loc. Now am I guarded with an Host of Men,
Whose haughty Courage is invincible:

Now

The Tragedy of Locrine.

35

Now am I hemm'd with Troops of Soldiers,
Such as might force *Bellona* to retire,
And make her tremble at their Puissance.
Now sit I like the mighty God of War,
When armed with his Coat of Adamant,
Mounted his Chariot drawn with mighty Bulls,
He drove the *Argives* over *Xanthus* Stream.
Now, cursed *Humber*, doth thy End draw nigh,
Down goes the glory of his Victories;
And all his Fame, and all his high Renown,
Shall in a Moment yield to *Locrine's* Sword.
Thy bragging Banners crost with argent Streams,
The Ornaments of thy Pavilions,
Shall all be captivated with this Hand,
And thou thyself, at *Albanus* Tomb
Shalt offer'd be, in Satisfaction
Of all the wrongs thou didst him when he liv'd.
But canst thou tell me, brave *Thrasimachus*,
How far we are distant from *Humber's* Camp.

Thra. My Lord, within yon foul accursed Grove,
That bears the Tokens of our Overthrow,
This *Humber* hath intrench'd his damned Camp.
March on, my Lord, because I long to see
The treacherous *Scythians* squeltring in their Gore.

Loc. Sweet Fortune, favour *Locrine* with a smile,
That I may venge my noble Brother's Death,
And in the midst of stately *Troynovant*,
I'll build a Temple to thy Deity
Of perfect Marble, and of *Jacinth* Stones,
That it shall pass the highest *Piramids*,
Which with their top surmount the firmament.

Cam. The arm-strong Off spring of the doubted Knight
Stout Hercules, *Alcmena's* mighty Son,
That tam'd the Monsters of the three-fold world,
And rid the oppressed from the Tyrants Yokes,
Did never shew such valiantness in Fight.
As I will now for noble *Albanus*.

Cor. Full fourscore Years hath *Corincius* liv'd,
Sometimes in War, sometimes in quiet Peace,
And yet I feel myself to be as strong
As erst I was in Summer of mine Age,
Able to toss this great unwieldy Club.

Which hath been painted with my foe-mens Brains :
 And with this Club I'll break the strong array
 Of *Humber* and his stragling Soldiers,
 Or lose my Life amongst the thickest press,
 And die with Honour in my latest Days:
 Yet ere I die they all shall understand,
 What force lyes in stout *Corineus* Hand.

Thra. And if *Thrasimachus* detract the Fight,
 Either for weakness or for cowardise,
 Let him not boast that *Brutus* was his Fame,
 Or that brave *Corineus* was his Sire,

Lcc. Then courage, Soldiers, first for your Safety,
 Next for your Peace, last for your Victory. [*Exeunt.*
Sund the Alarem. Enter Hubba and Sugar at one Door,
and Corineus at the other.

Cor. Art thou that *Humber*, Prince of Fugitives,
 That by thy Treason slew'st young *Albanact*?

Hub. I am his Son that slew young *Albanact*,
 And if thou take not heed, proud *Phrygian*,
 I'll send thy Soul unto the *Stygian* lake,
 There to complain of *Humber's* Injuries.

Cor. You triumph, Sir, before the Victory,
 For *Corineus* is not so soon slain.

But, cursed *Sythians*, you shall rue the Day,
 That e'er you came into *Albania*.

So peirsh they that envy *Britain's* wealth,
 So let them die with endless infamy,
 And he that seeks his Sovereign's overthrow,
 Would this my Club might aggravate his Woe.

[*Strikes them both down with his Club.*
Enter Humber.

Hum. Where I may find some desert Wilderness,
 Where may I breath out curses as I would,
 And scare the Earth with my condemning Voice:
 Where every Echoes repercussion
 May help me to bewail my Overthrow,
 And aid me in my sorrowful laments?
 Where may I find some hollow uncouth Rock,
 Where I may damn, condemn, and ban my fill,
 The Heav'ns, the Hell, the Earth, the Air, the Fire,
 And utter curses to the concave Sky.

Which

Which may infect the airy Regions,
And light upon the *Briton Locrine's* Head?
You ugly Spirits that in *Cocitus* mourn,
And gnash your Teeth with dolorous laments,
You fearful dogs that in black *Lethe* howl,
And scare the Ghosts with your wide open throats,
You ugly Ghosts that flying from these dogs,
Do plunge your selves in *Puryflegiton*,
Come all of you, and with your shrieking notes,
Accompany the *Britons* Conquering Host.
Come fierce *Erinnys* horrible with Snakes,
Come ugly Furies, armed with your Whips,
You threefold Judges of black *Tartarus*,
And all the Army of your hellish Fiends,
With new-found torments rack proud *Locrine's* Bones,
O Gods and Stars, damn'd be the Gods and Stars,
That did not drown me in fair *Thebits* Plains.
Curst be the Sea that with outrageous Waves,
With surging Billows did not rive my Ships
Against the Rocks of high *Cerannia*,
Or swallowed me into her watry Gulf.
Would God we had arriv'd upon the Shore
Where *Polyphemus* and the *Cyclops* dwell,
Or where the bloody *Anthropophagie*.
With greedy Jaws devour the wandring Wights,

Enter the Ghost of Albanactus.

But why comes *Albanactus's* bloody Ghost,
To bring a corsive to our miseries!
Is't not enough to suffer shameful flight,
But we must be tormented now with Ghosts?
With Apparitions fearful to behold?

Ghost. Revenge, revenge for Blood.

Hum. So, nought will satisfy your wandring Ghost,
But dire revenge, nothing but *Humber's* fall,
Because he conquer'd you in *Albany*.
Now by my Soul, *Humber* would be condemn'd
To *Tantal's* Hunger, or *Ixion's* Wheel,
Or to the *Vulture* of *Prometheus*,
Rather than that this Murther were undone.
When as I dye I'll drag thy cursed Ghost
Through all the Rivers of foul *Erabus*,
Through burning Sulphur of the Limbo-lake,

38 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

To allay the burning Fury of that Heat,
That rageth in mine everlasting Soul.

Ghest. Vindicta, Vindicta.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Ate as before. Then Omphale Daughter to the King of Lydia, having a Club in her Hand, and a Lion's skin on her Back, Hercules following with a Distaff. Then Omphale turns about, and taking off her Pantopie. Strikes Hercules on the head, then they depart. Ate remaining, says;

*Quem non Argelici mandata severa Tyranni,
Non petuit Juno vincere, vicit amor.*

Stout *Hercules* the mirror of the world,
Son to *Alcmena* and great *Jupiter*,
After so many Conquests won in Field,
After so many Monsters quell'd by Force,
Yielded his valiant Heart to *Omphale*,
A fearful Woman void of manly Strength:
She took the Club, and wore the Lion's Skin,
He took the Wheel, and maidenly gan spin.
So martial *Locrine* cheer'd with Victory,
Falleth in Love with *Humber's* Concubine,
And so forgetteth peerless *Guendeline*.
His Uncle *Corineus* storms at this,
And forceth *Locrine* for his Grace to sue.
Lo here the Sum, the Process doth ensue. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineus, Assarachus, Thrafastmachus, and the Soldiers.

Loc. Thus from the Fury of *Bellona's* broils,
With sound of Drum and Trumpets Melody,
The *Britain* King returns triumphantly.
The *Scythians* slain with great Occision,
Do equalize the grass in multitude,
And with their Blood have stain'd the streaming brooks,
Offering

The Tragedy of Locrine.

39

Offering their Bodies and their dearest Blood
As sacrifice to *Albanactus* Ghost.

Now cursed *Humber* hast thou paid thy due,
For thy Deceits and crafty Treacheries,
For all thy Guiles, and damned Stratagems,
With loss of Life and everduring shame.

Where are thy Horses trap'd with burnish'd Gold,
Thy trampling Coursers rul'd with foaming bits?

Where are thy Soldiers strong and numberless?

Thy valiant Captains, and thy noble Peers;

Ev'n as the Country Clown with sharpest Scythes,

Do mow the wither'd Grass from off the Earth,

Or as the Plough-man with his piercing Share

Renteth the Bowels of the fertile Fields,

And rippeth up the Roots with Razors keen;

So *Locrine* with his mighty curtle Axe,

Hath cropped off the the Heads of all thy *Hunns*,

So *Locrine*'s Peers have daunted all thy Peers,

And drove thine Host unto confusion,

That thou may'st suffer Penance for thy fault,

And die for murdering valiant *Albanact*.

Cori. And thus, yea thus, shall all the rest be serv'd,

That seek to enter *Albion* 'gainst our wills.

If the brave Nation of the *Troglodites*,

If all the coal-back *Aethiopians*,

If all the Forces of the *Amazons*,

If all the Hosts of the *Barbarian* Sands,

Should dare to enter this our little World,

Soon should they rue their over-bold attempts,

That after us our Progeny may say,

There lyes the Beast that sought to usurp our Land.

Loc. Ay, they are Beasts that seek to usurp our Land,

And like to brutish Beasts they shall be serv'd.

For mighty *Jove*, the supream King of Heav'n,

That guides the concourse of the *Meteors*,

And rules the motion of the azure Sky,

Fights always for the *Britains* safety.

But stay, methinks, I hear some shrieking noise,

That draweth near to our Pavillion.

Enter Soldiers leading in Estrild.

Estr. What Prince so'er adorn'd with Golden Crown,

Doth sway the Regal Sceptre in his Hand!

And

And thinks no chance can ever throw him down,
 Or that his state shall everlasting stand,
 Let him behold poor *Estrild* in this plight,
 The perfect Platform of a troubled Wight.
 Once was I guarded with mayortial bands,
 Compact with Princes of the noble Blood,
 Now am I fallen into my Foe-mens hands,
 And with my death must pacify their mood.
 O Life, the harbour of Calamities,
 O Death, the haven of all miseries,
 I could compare my sorrows to thy woe,
 Thou wretched Queen of wretched *Pergamus*,
 But that thou view'dst thy Enemies overthrow,
 Nigh to the Rock of high *Caphareus*.
 Thou saw'st their death, and then departed'st thence,
 I must abide the Victor's Insolence.
 The gods that pitied thy continual Grief,
 Transform'd thy Corps, and with thy Corps thy care,
 Poor *Estrild* lives despairing of Relief,
 For Friends in trouble are but few and rare.
 What, said I, few? Ay, few or none at all,
 For cruel Death made havock of them all.
 Thrice happy they whose fortune was so good,
 To end their lives, and with their lives their woes,
 Thrice hapless I, whom fortune so withstood,
 That cruelly she gave me to my Foes.
 O Soldiers, is there any misery
 To be compar'd to fortune's treachery.

Loc. Camber, this same should be the *Scythian Queen*.

Cam. So may we judge by her lamenting words.

Loc. So fair a Dame mine Eyes did never see,
 With floods of woes she seems o'erwhelm'd to be.

Cam. O *Locrine*, hath she not a cause for to be sad?

[*Locrine at one end of the Stage.*]

Loc. If she have cause to weep for *Humber's* death,
 And shed salt tears for her Overthrow:

Locrine may well bewail his proper grief,

Locrine may move his own peculiar woe.

He being conquer'd, died a speedy death,

And felt not long his lamentable smart;

I being a Conqueror, live a lingring life,

And feel the force of *Cupid's* sudden stroke.

I gave

The Tragedy of Locrine.

41

I gave him cause to die a speedy death.
He left me cause to wish a speedy death.
O that sweet Face painted with Nature's dye,
Those roseal Cheeks mixt with a snowy white,
That decent Neck surpassing Ivory,
Those comely Breasts which *Venus* well might spite,
Are like to snares which wily fowlers wrought,
Wherein my yielding Heart is prisoner caught.
The golden tresses of her dainty Hair,
Which shine like Rubies glittering with the Sun,
Have so entrap'd poor *Locrine's* love-sick Heart,
That from the same no way it can be won.
How true is that which oft I heard declar'd,
One dram of Joy must have a pound of Care.

Est. Hard is their fall, who from a golden Crown
Are cast into a Sea of wretchedness.

Loc. Hard is their thrall, who by *Cupid's* frown
Are wrapt in waves of endless carefulness.

Est. O Kingdom, Object to all miseries.

Loc. O Love, the extream't of all extremities.

[Goes into his Chair.]

Sold. My Lord, in ransacking the *Scythian* Tents,
I found this Lady, and to manifest
That earnest Zeal I bear unto your Grace,
I here present her to your Majesty.

Another Sold. He lies, my Lord, I found the Lady first,
and here present her to your Majesty.

1 *Sold.* Presumptuous Villain, wilt thou take my prize?

2 *Sold.* Nay, rather thou depriv'st me of my right.

1 *Sold.* Resign thy Title, Caitiff, unto me,
Or with my sword I'll pierce thy Coward's Loins.

2 *Sold.* Soft words, good Sir, 'tis not enough to speak:
A barking Dog doth seldom strangers bite.

Loc. Unreverent Villains, strive you in our fight?
Take them hence, Jailor, to the Dungeon,
There let them lie and try their quarrel out;
But thou, fair Princess, be no whit dismay'd,
But rather joy that *Locrine* favours thee.

Est. How can he favour me that slew my Spouse?

Loc. The chance of war, my Love, took him from thee.

Est. But *Locrine* was the causer of his death.

Loc. He was an Enemy to *Locrine's* State,
'And slew my noble Brother *Albanact*.

Est.

Eft. But he was link'd to me in Marriage-bond,
And would you have me love his Slaughterer?

Loc. Better to live, than not to live at all.

Eft. Better to die renown'd for chastity,
Than to live with shame and endless infamy.
What would the common sort report of me,
If I forgot my love, and cleave to thee?

Loc. Kings need not fear the vulgar sentences.

Eft. But Ladies must regard their honest Name.

Loc. Is it a shame to live in Marriage-bonds?

Eft. No, but to be a Strumpet to a King.

Loc. If thou wilt yield to *Locrine's* burning Love,
Thou shalt be Queen of fair *Albania*.

Eft. But *Guendeline* will undermine my State.

Loc. Upon mine Honour, thou shalt have no harm.

Eft. Then lo, brave *Locrine*, *Estrild* yields to thee,
And by the Gods, whom thou dost invoke,
By the dread Ghost of thy deceased Sire,
By thy right-hand, and by thy burning Love,
Take pity on poor *Estrild's* wretched thrall.

Cori. Hath *Locrine* then forgot his *Guendeline*,
That thus he courts the *Scythians* Paramour?

What, are the words of *Brute* so soon forgot?

Are my deserts so quickly out of mind?

Have I been faithful to thy Sire now dead?

Have I protected thee from *Humber's* hand,

And do'st thou quit me with Ungratitude?

Is this the guerdon for my grievous wounds?

Is this the Honour for my labours past?

Now by my Sword, *Locrine*, I swear to thee,

This Injury of thine shall be repaid.

Loc. Uncle, scorn you your Royal Sovereign,

And if we stood for Cyphers in the Court;

Upbraid you me with these your benefits?

Why, it was a Subject's duty so to do.

What you have done for our deceased Sire

We know, and all know, you have your reward.

Cori. Avaut, proud Princ Cox, brav'st thou me withal,

Affure thy self though thou be Emperor,

Thou ne'er shall carry this unpunished.

Camb. Pardon my Brother, noble *Corineius*,

Pardon this once, and it shall be amended.

Aff

Assa. Cousin, remember *Brutus* latest words,
How he desired you to cherish them:
Let not this fault so much incense your Mind,
Which is not yet passed all remedy.

Cori. Then *Lochrine*, lo I reconcile my self,
But as thou lov'st thy Life, so love thy Wife.
But if thou violate those promises,
Blood and revenge shall light upon thy Head.
Come, let us back to stately *Troynovant*,
Where all these matters shall be settled.

Loc. Millions of Devils wait upon thy Soul, [*To himself*]
Legions of Spirits vex thy impious Ghost:
Ten thousand torments rack thy cursed bones.
Let every thing that hath the use of breath,
Be instruments and workers of thy death. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Humber alone, his Hair hanging over his Shoulders,
his Arms all bloody, and a Dart in one Hand.*

Hum. What Basilisk hath hatched in this place,
Where every thing consumed is to nought?
What fearful Fury haunts these curled Groves,
Where not a root is left for *Humber's* Meat?
Hath fell *Alesto* with e nvenom'd blasts,
Breathed forth poison in these tender Plains?
Hath tripple *Cerberus* with contagious foam,
Sow'd *Aconitum* 'mongst these wither'd Herbs?
Hath dreadful *Fames* with her charming rods
Brought barrenness on every fruitful Tree
What not a Root, no Fruit, no Beast, no Bird,
To nourish *Humber* in this Wilderness?
What would you more, you Fiends of *Erebus*?
My very Intrails burn for want of drink,
My Bowels cry *Humber* give us some meat,
But wretched *Humber* can give you no meat,
These foul accursed Groves afford no meat:
This fruitless soil, this ground bring forth no meat.
The Gods, hard-hearted Gods, yield me no meat.
Then how can *Humber* give you any meat?

Enter Strumbo with a Pitch-fork, and a Scotch Cap.

Strum.

Strum. How do you, Masters, how do you? how have you 'scap'd hanging this long time? i'faith I have 'scaped many a scouring this year, but I thank God I have past them all with a good couragio, couragio, and my wife and I are in great love and charity now, I thank my Manhood and my strength; for I will tell you, Masters, upon a certain Day at Night I came home, to say the very truth, with my Stomach full of Wine, and ran up into the Chamber, where my Wife soberly sate rocking my little Baby, leaning her back against the Bed, singing lullaby. Now when she saw me come with my nose foremost, thinking that I had been Drunk, as I was indeed, snatch'd up a Faggot stick in her hand, and came furiously marching towards me, with a big Face, as tho' she would have eaten me at a bit; thundering out these words unto me, Thou drunken Knave, where hast thou been so long? I shall teach thee how to benight me another time; and so she began to play Knaves Trumps. Now, although I trembled, fearing she would set her ten Commandments in my Face, ran within her, and taking her lustily by the middle, I carried her valiantly to the bed, and flinging her upon it, flung myself upon her, and there I delighted her so with the sport I made, that ever after she would call me sweet Husband, and so banish'd brawling for ever; and to see the good Will of the Wench. she brought with her Portion a Yard of Land, and by that I am now become one of the richest Men in our Parish. Well, Masters, What's a Clock? It is now Breakfast time, you shall see what meat I have here for my Breakfast.

[He sets down and pulls out his Vittuals.]

Ham. Was ever land so fruitless as this Land?
 Was ever Grove so graceless as this Grove?
 Was ever Soil so barren as this Soil?
 Oh no: The Land where hungry Fames dwelt,
 May no ways equalize this cursed Land;
 No, even the climate of the Torrid Zone
 Brings forth more fruit than this accursed Grove.
 Ne'er came sweet Ceres, ne'er came Venus here;
 Triptolemus the God of Husbandmen,
 Ne'er sow'd his seed in this foul Wilderness.
 The hunger-bitten Dogs of Acheron.

Chac'd

The Tragedy of Locrine.

45

Chac'd from the nine-fold *Puripblegion*,
Have set their foot steps in this damned Ground.
The Iron hearted Furies arm'd with Snakes,
Scatter'd huge *Hydra's* over all the Plains,
Which have consum'd the Grass, the Herbs the Trees,
Which have drunk up the flowing Water Springs.

[*Strumbo hearing his Voice starts up, and puts his Meat in his Pocket, seeking to hide himself.*

Hum. Thou great Commander of the starry Sky,
That guid'st th' Life of every mortal Wight,
From the inclosures of the fleeting Clouds
Rain down some Food, or else I faint and die.
Pour down some Drink, or else I faint and die.
O *Jupiter*, hast thou sent *Mercury*
In clownish Shape to minister some Food?
Some Meat, some Meat, some Meat.

Strum. O alas, Sir, ye are deceiv'd, I am not *Mercury*,
I am *Strumbo*.

Hum. Give me some Meat, Villain, give me some Meat
Or 'gainst this Rock I'll dash thy curled Brains,
And rend thy Bowels with my bloody Hands,
Give me some Meat, Villain, give me some Meat.

Strum. By the Faith of my Body, good Fellow, I had
rather give a whole Ox than that thou shouldst serve me
me in that sort. Dash out my Brains! O horrible,
terrible. I think I have a quarry of Stones in my
Pocket.

He makes as though he would give him some, and as he putteth out his Hand, enters the Ghost of Albanact, and strikes him on the Hand, and so Strumbo runs out, Hum-ber following him. [Exeunt.

Ghost. Lo here the Gift of fell Ambition,
Of Usurpation and of Treachery,
Lo hear the Harms that wait upon all those
That do intrude themselves in other's Lands,
Which are not under their Dominion.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine alone.

Loc. Seven Years hath aged *Corineius* lived
To *Locrine's* Grief, and fair *Estrilda's* Woe,

And

The Tragedy of Locrine.

And seven Years more he hopeth yet to live :
 Oh supreme *Jove*, annihilate this thought.
 Should he enjoy the Air's Fruition?
 Should he enjoy the Benefit of Life?
 Should he contemplate the radiant Sun,
 That makes my Life equal to dreadful Death?
Venus convey this Monster from the Earth,
 That disobeyeth thus thy sacred Hests.
Cupid convey this Monster to dark Hell,
 That disannuls thy Mother's sugar'd Laws.
Mars with thy Target all beset with Flames,
 With murdering Blade bereave him of his Life,
 That hindreth *Locrine* in his sweetest Joys.
 And yet for all his diligent aspect,
 His wrathful Eyes piercing like Linc's Eyes,
 Well have I overmatch'd his Subtilty.
 Nigh *Deucolium* by the pleasant *Lee*,
 Where brackish *Thamis* slides with silver Streams,
 Making a Breach into the grassie Downs,
 A curious Arch of costly Marble fraught,
 Hath *Locrine* framed underneath the Ground,
 The Walls whereof, garnish'd with Diamonds,
 With Ophirs, Rubies, glittering Emeralds,
 And interlac'd with Sun-bright Carbuncles,
 Lightens the room with artificial Day,
 And from the *Lee* with Water-flowing Pipes
 The moisture is deriv'd into this Arch,
 Where I have plac'd fair *Estrild* secretly.
 Thither estsoons accompanied with my Page,
 I covertly visit my Heart's desire,
 Without suspicion of the meanest Eye,
 For Love aboundeth still with Policy.
 And thither still means *Locrine* to repair,
 Till *Atopos* cut off mine Uncle's Life.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

Enter Humber alone, saying ;

*O vita misero longa, felici brevis !
 Eheu malorum fames extremum malum.*

Long have I lived in this desert Cave,

With

The Tragedy of Locrine.

47

With eating Haws and miserable Roots,
Devouring Leaves and beastly Excrements.
Caves were my Beds, and Stones my Pillowberes.
Fear was my sleep, and Horror was my Dream;
For still methought at every boisterous Blast,
Now *Lochrine* comes, now *Humber* thou must die;
So that for Fear and Hunger, *Humber's* Mind
Can never rest but always trembling stands,
O what *Danubius* now may quench my Thirst?
What *Euphrates*, what light foot *Euripus*
May now allay the Fury of that Heat,
Which raging in my Entrails eats me up?
You ghastly Devils of the ninefold *Styx*,
You damned Ghosts of *Joyle's Aberon*,
You mournful Souls, vex't in *Abyssus* Vaults,
You cole-black Devils of *Avernus* Pond,
Come with your Flesh-hooks, rend my famisht Arms,
These Arms that have sustain'd their Master's Life;
Come with your Razors rip my Bowels up,
With your sharp Fire-forks crack my starved Bones,
Use me as you will, so *Humber* may not live.
Accursed Gods that rule the starry Poles
Accursed *Jove*, King of the accursed Gods,
Cast down your Lightning on poor *Humber's* Head,
That I may leave this Death-like Life of mine;
What hear you not, and shall not *Humber* die?
Nay I will die, though all the Gods say nay.
And gentle *Aby* take my troubled Corps,
Take it and keep it from all mortal Eyes,
That none may say, when I have lost my Breath,
The very Floods conspir'd 'gainst *Humber's* Death.
[Flings himself into the River.]

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

En cœdem sequitur, cædes in cœde quiescit.

Humber is dead, joy Heav'n's, leap Earth, dance Trees;
Now mayst thou reach thy Apples *Tantalus*,
And with 'em feed thy hunger bitten Limbs.
Now *Sisyphus* leave tumbling of thy Rock,
And rest thy restless Bones upon the same.
Unbind *Ixion*, cruel *Rhadamanth*,
And lay proud *Humber* on the whirling Wheel.
Back will I post to Hell Mouth *Tenarus*,

And

And pass *Cocytus* to the *Elysian* Fields,
And tell my Father *Brutus* of this News.

[Exit.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ate as before. Jason leading Creon's Daughter, Medea following, a Garland in her Hand, and putting it on Creon's Daughter's Head, setteth it on Fire, and then killing Jason and her, departs.

Ate. **N**ON tam Trinacriis exaestuât Ætna cavernis,
Lascæ fartivo quam cor mulieris amore.

*Medea seeing Jason leave her Love,
And chuse the Daughter of the Theban King,
Went to her devilish Charms to work Revenge;
And raising up the tripple Hecate,
With all the rout of the condemned Fiends,
Framed a Garland by her magick Skill,
With which she wrought Jason and Creon's Ill.
So Guendeline seeing herself misus'd,
And Humber's Paramour possess her place,
Flies to the Dukedom of Carnubia,
And with her Brother, stout Thrasimachus,
Gathering a Power of Crnish Soldiers,
Gives Battel to her Husband and his Host,
Nigh to the River of Great Mercia:
The Chances of this dismal Massacre,
That which ensueth shortly will unfold.*

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Assaracus, and Thrasimachus.

Assa. But tell me, Cousin, dy'd my Brother so?
Now who is left to hapless *Albion*,
That as a Pillar might uphold our State,
That might strike Terror to our daring Foes?
Now who is left to hapless *Britany*,

Tha

The Tragedy of Locrine.

49

That might defend her from the barb'rous hands
Of those that still desire her ruinous fall,
And seek to work her downfal and decay?

Cam. Ay Uncle, Death's our common Enemy,
And none but death can match our matchless Power;
Witness the Fall of *Albionius* Crew,
Witness the Fall of *Humber* and his *Hunns*,
And this foul Death hath now increas'd our Woe,
By taking *Corineus* from this Life,
And in his room leaving us worlds of Care.

Tbra. But none may more bewail his mournful Hearse,
Than I that am the Issue of his Loins.
Now foul befall that cursed *Humber's* Throat,
That was the causer of his lingring wound.

Loc. Tears cannot raise him from the Dead again,
But where's my Lady Mistress *Guendeline*?

Tbra. In *Cornwall*, *Locrine*, is my Sister now,
Providing for my Father's Funerall.

Loc. And her there provide her mourning Weeds,
And mourn for ever her own Widow-hood,
Ne'er shall she come within our own Palace Gate,
To countercheck brave *Locrine* in his Love.

Go, Boy, to *Deucolium*, down the *Lee*,
Unto the Arch where lovely *Estrild* lies,
Bring her and *Sabren* straight unto the Court,
She shall be queen in *Guendeline's* room.

Let others wail for *Corineus* Death,
I mean not so to macerate my Mind,
For him that barr'd me from my Heart's Desire.

Tbra. Hath *Locrine* then forsook his *Guendeline*?
Is *Corineus* Death so soon forgot?

If there be gods in Heav'n, as sure there be,
If there be Fiends in Hell, as needs there must,
They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
And pour their plagues upon thy cursed head.

Loc. What prat'st thou Peasant, to thy Sovereign?
Or art thou stricken in some Extasy?
Dost thou not tremble at our Royal Looks?
Dost thou not quake when Mighty *Locrine* frowns?
Thou beardless Boy, were't not that *Locrine* scorns
To vex his mind with such a heartless Child,
With the sharp Point of this my Battle-ax,

Id

I'd send thy soul to *Puripblegion*.

Thra. Though I be young and of a tender Age,
Yet will I cope with *Locrine* when he dares.
My noble Father, wsth his conqu'ring Sword,
Shew the two Giants Kings of *Aquitain*.
Thrasimachus is not so degenerate,
That he should fear and tremble at the looks,
Or taunting Words of a Venerean Squire.

Loc. Menacest thou thy Royal Sovereign?
Uncivil, not befeeming such as you.
Injurious Traitor (for he is no less
That at Defiance standeth with his King)
Leave these thy Taunts, leave these thy bragging Words,
Unless thou mean'st to leave thy wretched Life.

Thra. If Princes stain their glorious Dignity
With ugly spots of monstrous Infamy,
These lose their former Estimation,
And throw themselves into a Hell of hate.

Loc. Wilt thou abuse my gentle Patience,
As though thou didst our high displeasure scorn?
Proud Boy, that thou may'st know thy Prince is mov'd,
Yea, greatly mov'e at this thy swelling Pride,
We banish thee for ever from our Court.

Thra. Then, lose *Locrine* look unto thy self,
Thrasimachus will revenge this injury,

[Exit.

Loc. Farewel, proud boy, and learn to use thy Tongue.

Assa. Alas, my Lord, you should have call'd to mind
The latest Words that *Brutus* spake to you.
How he desir'd you, by the Obedience
That Children ought to bear their Sire,
To love and favour Lady *Guendeline*:
Consider this, that if the Injury
Do move her mind, as certainly it will,
War and Dissention follows speedily.
What though her Power be not so great as yours,
Have you not seen a mighty Elephant
Slain by the biting of a silly Mouse?
Even so the chance of War inconstant is.

Loc. Peace, Unkle, Peace, and cease to talk thereof;
For he that seeks, by whispering this or that,
To trouble *Locrine*, in his sweetest Life,
Let him persuade himself to die the Death.

Enter the Page, with Estrild and Sabren.

Estrild. O say me, Page, tell me, where is the King?
Wherefore doth he send for me to the Court?
Is it to die? Is it to end my Life?

Say me, sweet Boy, tell me and do not feign.

Page. No trust me, Madam if you will credit the little
Honesty that is yet left me, there is do such Danger as
you fear, but prepare your self, yonder's the King.

Estrild. Then *Estrild* lift thy dazled Spirits up, [*Kneeling.*
And bleis that blessed Time, that Day, that Hour,
That warlike *Locrine* first did favour thee.
Peace to the King of *Britany*, my Love,
Peace to all those that love and favour him.

Loc. Doth *Estrild* fall with Submission

[*Taking her up.*

Before her Servant King of *Albion*?

Arise, fair Lady, leave this lovely Chear,
Lift up those Looks that cherish *Locrine's* Heart,
That I may freely view that roseal Face,
Which so intangled hath my Love-sick Breast,
Now the Court, where we will court it out,
And pass the Night and Day in *Venus* Sports.
Frolick brave Peers, be joyful with your King. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Guendeline, Thrasimacus, Madan and Soldiers.

Guen. You gentle Winds that with your modest Blasts
Pass through the Circuit of the Heav'nly Vault,
Enter the Clouds unto the Throne of *Jove*,
And bear my Pray'rs to his all-hearing Ears,
For *Locrine* hath forsaken *Guendeline*,
And learnt to love proud *Humber's* Concubine:
You happy Sprites that in the Concave Sky,
With pleasant Joy, enjoy your sweetest Love,
Shed forth those Tears with me, which then you shed,
When first you woo'd your Ladies to their Wills:
Those Tears are fittest for my woeful Case,
Since *Locrine* shuns my nothing-pleasant Face,
Blush Heav'ns, blush Sun, and hide thy shining Beams,
C Shahow

Shadow thy radiant Locks in gloomy Clouds,
 Deny thy cheerful Light unto the World,
 Where nothing reigns but Falshood and Deceit.
 What, said I, Falshood? Ay, that filthy Crime,
 For *Locrine* hath forsaken *Guendeline*.
 Behold the Heav'ns do wail for *Guendeline*:
 The shining Sun doth blush for *Guendeline*:
 The liquid Air doth weep for *Guendeline*:
 The very Ground doth groan for *Guendeline*.
 Ay, they are milder than the *Britain* King,
 For he rejecteth luckless *Guendeline*.

Thr. Sister, Complaints are bootless in this Cause,
 This open Wrong must have an open Plague:
 This Plague must be repaid with grievous War,
 This War must finish with *Locrinus* Death,
 His Death will soon extinguish our Complaints.

Guen. O no, his Death will more augment my Woes;
 He was my Husband, brave *Thrasmacus*,
 More dear to me than th'Apple of mine Eye,
 Nor can I find in Heart to work his Scathe.

Thr. Madam, if not your proper Injuries,
 Nor my Exile, can move you to revenge:
 Think on our Father *Corineus* Words,
 His Words to us stand always for a Law,
 Should *Locrine* live, that caus'd my Father's Death?
 Should *Locrine* live, that now divorceth you?
 The Heav'ns, the Earth, the Air, the Fire reclaims;
 And then why should we all deny the same?

Guen. Then henceforth farewell womanish Complaints,
 All childish Pity henceforth then farewell:
 But cursed *Locrine*, look unto thy self,
 For *Nemesis*, the Mistress of Revenge,
 Sits arm'd at all Points on our dismal Blades,
 And cursed *Esrild*, that inflam'd his Heart,
 Shall, if I live, die a reproachful Death.

Mad. Mother, tho' Nature makes me to lament
 My luckless Father's froward Letchery;
 Yet for he wrongs my Lady Mother, thus,
 I, if I could, my self would work his Death.

Thr. See, Madam, see, the Desire of Revenge
 Is in the Children of a tender Age.
 Forward, brave Soldiers, into *Mercia*,
 Where we will brave the Coward to his Face. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Locrine, Estrild, Sabren, Assarachus, and the Soldiers.

Loc. Tell me, *Assarachus*, are the *Cornish* Chuffs
In such great Number come to *Mercia*,
And have they pitched there their Host,
So close unto our Royal Mansion?

Ass. They are, my Lord, and mean incontinent
To bid Defiance to your Majesty.

Loc. It makes me laugh, to think that *Guendeline*
Should have the Heart to come in Arms against me.

Estr. Alas my Lord, the Horse will run amain
When as the Spur doth gall him to the Bone ;
Jealousy, *Locrine*, hath a wicked Sting.

Loc. Say'st thou so, *Estrild*, Beauty's Paragon ?
Well, we will try her Choler to the Proof,
And make her know, *Locrine* can brook no Braves.
March on, *Assarachus*, thou must lead the Way,
And bring us to their proud Pavillion. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter the Ghost of Corineius, with Thunder and Lightning

Ghost. Behold, the Circuit of the azure Sky
Throws forth sad Throbs, and grievous Suspirs,
Prejudicating *Locrine's* Overthrow :

The Fire casteth forth sharp Darts of Flames,
The great Foundation of the tripple World
Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty Noise,
Presaging bloody Massacre at hand.

The wandring Birds that flutter in the Dark,
When hellish Night in cloudy Chariot seated,
Casteth her Mists on shady *Tellus* Face,
With sable Mantles cov'ring all the Earth,
Now fly abroad amid the cheerful Day,
Foretelling some unwonted Misery.

The snarling Curs of darkned *Tartarus*,
Sent from *Avernus* Ponds by *Rhadamanth*,
With howling Ditties pester every Wood ;
The watry Ladies, and the light-foot Fawns,

And

And all the rabble of the woody Nymphs,
 All trembling hide themselves in shady Groves,
 And shrowd themselves in hideous hollow Pits.
 The boisterous *Boreas* thundreth forth Revenge :
 The stony Rocks cry out on sharp Revenge :
 The thorny Bush pronounceth dire Revenge.

[*Sound the Alarum.*]

Nay *Corineus* stay and see Revenge,
 And feed thy Soul with *Locrine's* Overthrow :
 Behold they come, the Trumpets call them forth,
 The roaring Drums summon the Soldiers.
 Lo where their Army glisteth on the Plains.
 Throw forth thy Lightning, mighty *Jupiter*,
 And pour thy Plagues on cursed *Locrine's* Head. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Locrine, Estrild, Asfarachus, Sabren, and their
 Soldiers at one Door ; Thrasimachus, Guendeline, Ma-
 dan, and their Followers at another.*

Loc. What, is the Tiger started from his Cave ?
 Is *Guendeline* come from *Cornubia*,
 That thus she braveth *Locrine* to the Teeth ?
 And hast thou found thine Armour, pretty Boy,
 Accompanied with these thy stragling Mates ?
 Believe me, but this Enterprize was bold,
 And well deserveth Commendation.

Guen. Ay, *Locrine*, traiterous *Locrine*, we are come,
 With full Pretence to seek thy Overthrow,
 What have I done that thou shoud'st scorn me thus ?
 What have I said that thou should'st me reject ?
 Have I been disobedient to thy Words ?
 Have I bewray'd thy arcane Secrecy ?
 Have I dishonoured thy Marriage Bed
 With filthy Crimes, or with lascivious Lusts ?
 Nay it is thou hast dishonour'd it,
 Thy filthy Mind o'ercome with filthy Lusts,
 Yieldeth unto Affection's filthy Darts.
 Unkind, thou wrong'st thy first and truest Fear,
 Unkind, thou wrong'st thy best and dearest Friend :
 Unkind, thou scorn'st all skilful *Brutus* Laws,
 Forgetting, Father, Uncle, and thy self.

Estr. Believe me, *Locrine*; but the Girl is wise,
 And well would seem to make a Vestal Nun,

How

How finely frames she her Oration.

Thr. Locrine, we came not here to fight with Words,
Words that can never win the Victory,
But for you are so merry in your Frumps,
Unsheath your Swords, and try it out by force,
That we may see who hath the better hand.

Loc. Think'st thou to dare me, bold *Thrasimachus*?
Think'st thou to fear me with thy taunting braves,
Or do we seem too weak to cope with the?
Soon shall I shew thee my fine cutting Blade,
And with my Sword, the Messenger of Death,
Seal thee an Acquittance for thy bold attempts. [*Exe.*

Sound the Alarum. Enter Locrine, Assarachus, and a Soldier at one Door; Guendeline, Thrasimachus at another Locrine and his Followers driven back.

Then Locrine and Estrild enter again in amaze.

Loc. O fair *Estrilda* we have lost the Field,
Thrasimachus hath won the Victory,
And we are left to be a Laughing-stock,
Scoff at by those that are our Enemies.
Ten thousand Soldiers arm'd with Sword and Shield.
Prevail against an hundred thousand Men.
Thrasimachus incest with fuming Ire,
Rageth amongst the faint-heart Soldiers,
Like to grim *Mars*, when cover'd with his Targe,
He fought with *Diomedes* in the Field.
Close by the Banks of silver *Simois*. [*Sound the Alarum.*
O lovely *Estrild* now the Chase begins,
Ne'er shall we see the stately *Troynovant*
Mounted with Coarfers garnisht all with Pearls,
Ne'er shall we view the fair *Concordia*,
Unless as Captives we be thither brought.
Shall *Locrine* then be taken Prisoner,
By such a youngling as *Thrasimachus*?
Shall *Guendeline* captivate my Love?
Ne'er shall mine Eyes behold that dismal Hour,
Ne'er will I view that ruthless Spectacle,
For with my Sword, or this sharp Curtle-Axe,
I'll cut in sunder my accursed Heart.
But O you Judges of the ninefold *Stryx*,
Which with incessant Torments rack the Ghosts

54 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

Within the bottomleſs *Abyſſus* Pits,
 You Gods, Commanders of the Heav'nly Spheres,
 Whoſe Will and Laws irrevocable ſtand,
 Forgive, forgive, this foul accuſed Sin;
 Forget, O Gods, this foul condemned fault:
 And now my Sword, that in ſo many Fights [*Kiſſes his Sword*
 Haſt ſav'd the Life of *Brutus* and his Son,
 End now his Life that wiſheth ſtill for Death,
 Work now his Death that wiſheth ſtill for Death,
 Work now his Death that hateth ſtill his Life.
 Farewel, fair *Eſtrild*, Beauty's Paragon,
 Fram'd in the Front of forlorn Miſeries,
 Ne'er ſhall mine Eyes behold thy Sun-ſhine Eyes.
 But when we meet in the *Elyſian* Fields,
 Thither I go before with haſten'd pace.
 Farewel, vain World, and thy inticing Snares,
 Farewel, foul Sin, and thy inticing Pleaſures,
 And welcome Death, the end of mortal Smart,
 Welcome to *Locrine's* over-burthen'd Heart.

[*Thruſts himſelf thro' with his Sword.*

Eſt. Break Heart with Sobs and grievous Suſpirs,
 Stream forth your Tears from forth my Watry Eyes,
 Help me to mourn for warlike *Locrine's* Death,
 Pour down your Tears you warlike Regions,
 For mighty *Locrine* is bereft of Life.
 O fickle Fortune, O unſtable World,
 What elſe are all things, that this Globe contains,
 But a confuſed Chaos of miſhaps?
 Wherein as in a Glaſs we plainly ſee,
 That all our Life is but a Tragedy,
 Since mighty Kings are ſubject to miſhap.
 Ay, mighty Kings are ſubject to miſhap,
 Since martial *Locrine* is bereft of Life.
 Shall *Eſtrild* live then after *Locrine's* Death?
 Shall love of Life bar her from *Locrine's* Sword?
 O no, this Sword. that hath bereft his Life,
 Shall now deprive me of my fleeting Soul:
 Strengthen theſe Hands, O mighty *Jupiter*,
 That I may end my woful Milery,
Locrine I come, *Locrine* I follow thee. [*Kills herſelf.*

Sound the Alarum. Enter Sabren.

Sab. What doleful Sight, what ruthful Spectacle

Hath

The Tragedy of Locrine.

55

Hath Fortune offer'd to my hapless Heart?
My Father slain with such a fatal Sword,
My Mother murder'd by a mortal Wound?
What *Thracian* Dog, what barbarous *Mirmidon*,
Would not relent at such a ruthless Cave?
What fierce *Achilles*, what hard stony Flint,
Would not bemoan this mournful Tragedy?
Locrine, the Map of Magnanimity,
Lies slaughter'd in this foul accursed Caue;
Estrild, the perfect Pattern of Renown,
Nature's sole Wonder, in whose beauteous Breasts
All Heav'nly Grace and Virtue was inshrind,
Both massacred are dead within this Cave,
And with them dies fair *Pallas* and sweet Love,
Here lies a Sword, and *Sabren* hath a Heart,
This blessed Sword shall cut my cursed Heart,
And bring my Soul unto my Parents Ghosts,
That they that live and view our Tragedy,
May mourn our case with mournful Plaudities.

[Offers to kill herself.

Ay me, my Virgins Hands are too too weak,
To penetrate the bulwark of my Breast;
My Fingers, us'd to tune the amorous Lute,
Are not of Force to hold this steely Glaive,
So I am left to wail my Parents Death,
Not able for to work my proper Death.
Ah *Locrine*, honour'd for thy Nobleness,
Ah *Estrild*, famous for thy Constancy,
Ill may they fare that wrought your mortal Ends.

Enter Guendeline, *Thrasimachus*, *Madan*, and the *Soldiers*.

Guen. Search, Soldiers, search, find *Locrine* and his Love,
Find the proud Strumpet, *Humber's* Concubine,
That I may change those her so pleasing Looks
To pale and ignominious Aspect.
Find me the Issue of their cursed Love,
Find me young *Sabren*, *Locrine's* only Joy.
That I may glut my Mind with lukewarm Blood,
Swiftly distilling from the Bastard's Breast.
My Father's Ghost still haunts me for Revenge,
Crying; Revenge my over-hasten'd Death.
My Brother's Exile, and mine own Divorce,

Banish

Banish remorse clean from my brazen Heart,
All Mercy from mine adamant Breasts.

Thr. Nor doth thy Husband, lovely *Guendeline*,
That wonted was to guide our starless Steps,
Enjoy this Light; see where he murder'd lies,
By luckless Lot and froward frowning Fate:
And by him lies his lovely Paramour
Fair Estrild, goared with a dismal Sword,
As as it seems, both murder'd by themselves,
Clasping each other in their feeble Arms,
With loving Zeal, as if for Company
Their discontented Corps were yet content
To pass foul *Styx* in *Charon's* Ferry-boat.

Guen. And hath proud *Estrild* then prevented me,
Hath she escaped *Guendelina's* Wrath,
By violently cutting off her Life?
Would God she had the monstrous *Hydra's* Lives.
That every Hour she might have died a Death,
Worse than the swing of old *Ixion's* Wheel,
And every Hour revive to die again,
As *Titius* bound to houseless *Caucason*,
Doth feed the Substance of his own mishap,
And every Day for want of Food doth die,
And every Night doth live again to die.
But stay, methinks, I hear some fainting Voice,
Mournfully weeping for their luckless Death.

Sab. You Mountain Nymphs which in these Desarts
Cease off your hasty chase of Savage Beasts, [reign,
Prepare to see a Heart oppress'd with Care,
Address your Ears to hear a mournful Stile,
No human Strength, no Work can work my Weal.
Care in my Heart so Tyrant-like doth deal.
You *Driades*, and light-foot *Satyri*,
You gracious Fairies, which at Even tide
Your Closets leave with Heav'nly Beauty stor'd,
And on your Shoulders spread your golden Locks,
You Savage Bears in Caves and darken'd Dens,
Come wail with me the martial *Locrine's* Death,
Come mourn with me, for beauteous *Estrild's* Death,
Ah loving Parents, little do you know
What Sorrow *Sabren* suffers for your thrall.

Guen. But may this be, and is it possible,

Lives

Lives *Sabren* yet to expiate my Wrath?
Fortune I thank thee for this Courtesie,
And let me never see one prosperous Hour.
If *Sabren* die not a reproachful Death.

Sab. Hard-hearted Death, that when the wretched call,
Art farthest off, and seldom hear'st at all,
But in the midst of Fortune's good Success,
Uncalled comes, and sheers our Life in twain:
When will that Hour, that blessed Hour draw nigh,
When poor distressed *Sabren* may be gone.
Sweet *Atropos* cut off my fatal Thread.
What art thou Death, shall not poor *Sabren* die?

[*Guendeline taking her by the Chin says,*

Guen. Yes Damsel, yes, *Sabren* shall surely die,
Tho' all the World should seek to save her Life,
And not a common Death shall *Sabren* die,
But after strange and grievous Punishments,
Shortly inflicted on thy Bastard's Head,
Thou shalt be cast into the cursed Streams,
And feed the Fishes with thy tender Flesh.

Sab. And think'st thou then, thou cruel Homicide,
That these thy Deeds shall be unpunished?
No Traitor, no, the Gods will venge these Wrongs,
The Fiends of Hell will mark these Injuries,
Never shall these blood-sucking masty Curs
Bring wretched *Sabren* to her latest home,
For I myself, in spite of thee and thine,
Mean to abridge my former Destinies,
And that which *Locrine's* Sword could not perform,
This present Stream shall present bring to pass.

[*She drowns herself.*

Guen. One Mischief follows on another's Neck.
Who would have thought so young a Maid as she,
With such a Courage would have sought her Death?
And for because this River was the Place
Where little *Sabren* resolutely died,
Sabren for ever shall this fame be call'd.
And as for *Locrine*, our deceased Spouse,
Because he was the Son of mighty *Brute*,
To whom we owe our Country, Lives and Goods,
He shall be buried in a stately Tomb,
Close by his aged Father *Brutus* Bones,

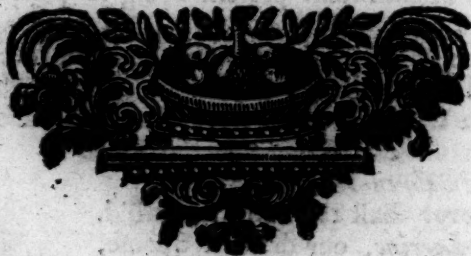
With

58 *The Tragedy of Locrine.*

With such great Pomp and great Solemnity,
As well beseems so brave a Prince as he.
Let *Estrild* be without the shallow Vaults,
Without the Honour due unto the dead,
Because she was the Author of this War.
Retire brave Followers unto *Troynovant*,
Where we will celebrate these Exequies,
And place young *Locrine* in his Father's Tomb. [Exe.

Alc. Lo here the end of lawless Treachery,
Of Usurpation and ambitious Pride.
And they that for their private Amours dare
Turmoil our Land, and set their Broils abroad,
Let them be warned by these Premisses,
And as a Woman was the only cause
That civil Discord was then stirred up,
So let us pray for that renowned Maid,
That eight and thirty Years the Scepter sway'd
In quiet Peace and sweet Felicity,
And every Wight that seeks her Grace's Smart,
Would that this Sword were pierced in his Heart. [Exit.

F I N I S.





ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the Plays printed by Tonson and his Accomplices, are from erroneous Editions, and are mostly printed on a very bad Letter, and in a very incorreect and imperfect manner, with a great many Omissions, occasioned by Carelesness or Ignorance, and in all Probability by both, so that the Plays thus printed, or more properly pirated by the said J. Tonson, in conjunction with his Accomplices, are render'd unintelligible, and of no Service, it may not be judg'd improper to lay before the Publick

A Specimen of some of Tonson's Omissions and Blunders in the Tragedy of King Lear, which render the same useles and unintelligible.

IN the first Place he is wrong in his Title ; he Calls it the *Life and Death of King Lear*, the original Title by Shakespear, was only *King Lear, a Tragedy*, and when alter'd and reviv'd by N. Tate Esq; *The History of King Lear and his three Daughters* ; how can it be call'd *The Life and Death of King Lear*, when in the Play as it has been acted for near 50 Years last past (tho' Tonson's spurious Edition kills him on the Stage) *King Lear* at the Conclusion of the Play remains alive, and gives his Daughter *Cordelia* in Marriage to *Edgar*, Son to *Glocester*.

In the 2d Place, he has omitted the Prologue to the same Tragedy as well as the Epilogue, which was spoken by the Celebrated Mrs. Barry.

The 3d Place, he has Printed it from an erroneous Edition ; in which there is not one Scene in the whole as acted at the Theatres, nei ther has it the same beginning or ending.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the 4th Place, he has omitted the curious Dedication of Mr. Tate, to his esteem'd Friend, *Thomas Boteler Esq;* on the Revial of the Play.

Besides what is already observed, there are innumerable Omissions and Blunders in his other Plays, insomuch that there is scarce one Play that is perfect; some want Frontispieces, some the Titles, and in several others, whole Scenes, half Pages, and Speeches, are entirely omitted: So that Tonsen's is nothing but Nonsense.

Note, The Plays of that excellent Poet John Dryden, Esq; as well as his *Virgil* and other Works, being so much admired by the Town, in order to shew my Readiness to oblige my Subscribers, I did on Wednesday last publish

The SPANISH FRYAR.

(With a curious Frontispiece.) Price Four-pence.

To be had at the Sign of Shakespear's Head in Turn-again-lane Snow-hill; also at the Sign of Shakespear's Head, in Change Alley; and in a few Days at the Sign of Shakespear's Head between the Savoy and Somerset-house in the Strand, at which Places may likewise be had any of the Plays above mentioned, Single or in Sets.

But being obliged to defer the Publication of the Second Play of the said Mr. Dryden's Works on account of the Holidays till the second Thursday in January, from that Time one Play of the said Author's Works shall be constantly published every Thursday, till the Whole are completed.

N. B. Notwithstanding the Publication of this Author's Works, the Plays of Shakespear will be published as usual; and whereas I propos'd to publish one weekly, I shall for the future publish two in a Week as often as Opportunity will permit, at the Price of Four-pence each Play; in which Method I design to continue, till I have finish'd the whole Body of English Poets.





J. Smith Sculp^t

THE
L I F E
O F
King HENRY V.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's-Head*, in
Turn-again-Lane, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had
at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakespear's-Head*, in *Change-*
Alley, *Cornhill*.

M.DCC.XXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fifth.

Duke of Gloucester,

Duke of Bedford,

Duke of Clarence,

} Brothers to the King.

Duke of York,

Duke of Exeter,

} Uncles to the King.

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Westmorland.

Earl of Warwick.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge,

Lord Scroop,

Sir Thomas Grey,

} Conspirators against the King.

Sir Thomas Erpingham,

Gower,

Fluellen,

Markmorris,

Jamy,

} Officers in K. Henry's Army.

Nym,

Bardolph,

Pistol,

Boy,

} Formerly Servants to Falstaff now Soldiers in the King's Army.

Bates,

Court,

Williams.

} Soldiers.

Charles the Sixth, King of France.

The Dauphin.

Duke of Burgandy.

Constable,

Orleans,

Rambures,

Bourbon,

Grandpree,

} French Lords.



Governor

Governor of Harfleur.
Mountjoy, a Herald.
Ambassadors to the King of England.

Isabel, Queen of France.
Catherine, Daughter to the King of France.
Alice, a Lady attending on the Princess Catherine.
Hostess.

Lords, Messengers, French and English Soldiers, with
other Attendants.

The SCENE lyes for Part of the first
Act in England, but during the rest of
the Play wholly in France.

P R O-



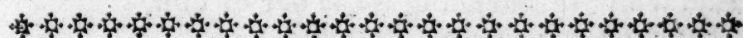
PROLOGUE.

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heav'n of Invention,
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his Heels,
Leasht in, like Heunds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire,
Cneuch for Employments. But pardon. Gentiles all,
The flat unrais'd Spirit, - that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vasty Field of France? Or may we cram
Within this wooden O, the very Casks,
That did affright the Air at Agincourt;
O Pardon; since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little Place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Account,
On your Forces imaginary work.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mighty Monarchies,
Whose high, up-reared and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our Imperfections with your Thoughts:
Into a thousand Parts divide one Man,
And make imaginary Puissance.
Think, when we talk of Horses, that you see them
Printing their proud Hoofs i'th' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your Thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er Times,
Turning th' Accomplishment of many Years
Into an Hour-Glass; for the which Supply,
Admit me Chorus to this History;
Who Prologue-like, your humble Patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge our Play.

THE



THE
L I F E
O F
King H E N R Y V.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and
Bishop of Ely.*

Archbishop of CANTERBURY.



Y Lord I'll tell you, that self Bill is
urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh Year o' th' last
King's Reign
Was like, and had indeed against us
past.

But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther Question.

Ely. But how, my Lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on: If it pass against us,
We lose the better part of our Possession:
For all the Temporal Lands, which Men devout
By Testament have given to the Church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus;
As much as would maintain, to the King's Honour,
A o

Fell

Full fifteen Earls, and fifteen hundred Knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires :
 And to relief of Lazars, and weak Age
 Of indigent faint Souls, past corporal Toil,
 A hundred Alms-houses, right well supply'd ;
 And to the Coffers of the King, beside,
 A thousand pound by th' Year. Thus runs the Bill:

Ely This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the Cup and all. .

Ely. But what Prevention ?

Cant. The King is full of Grace, and fair Regard.

Ely. And a true Lover of the holy Church.

Cant. The Courses of his Youth promis'd it not :
 The Breath no sooner left his Father's Body,
 But that his Wildness mortify'd in him.
 Seem'd to die too ; yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration, like an Angel, came,
 And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him,
 Leaving his Body as a Paradise,
 T'invelope and contain cœlestial Spirits.
 Never was such a sudden Scholar made :
 Never came Reformation in a Flood
 With such a heady Current, scowring Faults :
 For never *Hydra*-headed Wilfulness
 So soon did lose his Seat, and all at once,
 As in this King.

Ely. We are blessed in the Change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in Divinity,
 And all-admiring, with an inward Wish,
 You would desire the King were made a Prelate,
 Hear him debate of Common-wealth Affairs :
 You would say, it hath been all in all his Study :
 List his Discourse of War, and you shall hear
 A famous Battle render'd you in Musick.
 Turn him to any Cause of Policy,
 The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his Garter ; then when he speaks,
 The Air, a charter'd Libertine, is still,
 And the mute Wonder lurketh in Men's Ears,
 To steal his sweet and honied Sentences :
 So that the Art and practick Part of Life

Must

Must be the Mistress to the Theorique.
Which is a Wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his Addition was to Courses vain,
His Companions unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Hours fill'd up with Riots, Banquets, Sports;
And never noted in him any Study,
Any Retirement, any Sequestration
From open Haunts and Popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the Nettle,
And wholesom Berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser Quality:
And so the Prince obcured his Contemplation
Under the Vail of Wildness, which, no doubt,
Grew like the Summer Grass, fastest by Night,
Unseen, yet crecive in his Faculty.

Cant. It must be so: for Miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we must needs admit the Means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good Lord:
How now for Mitigation of this Bill,
Urg'd by the Commons? Doth his Majesty
Incline to it; or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent:
Or rather swaying more upon our Part,
Than cherishing th' Exhibitors against us:
For I have made an Offer to his Majesty,
Upon our spiritual Convocation,
And in regard of Causes, now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater Sum
Than ever at one time the Clergy yet
Did to his Predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this Offer seem receiv'd, my Lord?

Cant. With good Acceptance of his Majesty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,
The several and unhidden Passages,
Of his true Titles to some certain Dukedoms,
And generally, to the Crown and Seat of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward*, his Great Grandfather.

Ely. What was th' Impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The *French* Ambassador upon that Instant
Crav'd Audience; and the Hour I think is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four a-Clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his Embassy:
Which I could with a ready Gueſs declare,
Before the *Frenchman* ſpeaks a Word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Ex.*

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Weſtmorland, and Exeter.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in preſence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good Uncle.

Weſt. Shall we call in the Ambassador my Leige?

K. Hen. Not yet, my Couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That taſk our Thoughts, concerning us and *France*.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and *Bishop* of Ely.

Cant. God and his Angels guard your ſacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

K. Hen. Sure we thank you,
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And juſtly and religiously unfold,
Why the Law *Salike* that they have in *France*,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not bar us in our Claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord.
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt or bow your Reading,
Or nicely charge your underſtanding Soul
With opening Titles miſcreate, whoſe Right
Suits not in native Colours with the Truth:
For God does know, how many now in Health
Shall drop their Blood, in approbation
Of what your Reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our Perſon,
How you awake our ſleeping Sword of War:
We charge you, in the Name of God, take heed.
For never two ſuch Kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of Blood, whoſe guiltleſs Drops
Are every one, a Woe, a ſore Complaint. ¶ Swords,
'Gainſt him, whoſe Wrong gives Edge unto the
That make ſuch waſte in brief Mortality.

Under

Under this Conjuratiō, speak my Lord;
 For we will hear, note, and believe in Heart,
 That what you speak is in your Conscience washt,
 As pure as Sin with Baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you
 Pears,

That owe your selves, your Lives, and Services,
 To this Imperial Throne. There is no Bar
 To make against your Highness' Claim to France,
 But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,

In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,

No Woman shall succeed in *Salike Land*:

Which *Salike Land*, the *French* unjustly gloze

To be the Realm of France, and *Pharamond*,

The Founder of this Law and female Bar.

Yet their own Authors faithfully affirm,

That the Land *Salike* is in Germany,

Between the Floods of *Sala* and of *Elve*:

Where *Charles* the Great having subdu'd the *Saxons*,

There left behind and settled certain *French*;

Who holding in disdain the German Woman,

For some dishonest Manners of their Life,

Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female

Should be Inheritrix in *Salike Land*:

Which *Salike*, as I said, betwixt *Elxe* and *Sala*,

Is at this Day in Germany call'd *Meisen*.

Then doth it well appear in the *Salike Law*

Was not divided for the Realm of France:

Nor did the *French* possess the *Salike Land*,

Until four hundred one and twenty Years

After Defunctiō of King *Pharamond*,

Idly suppos'd the Founder of this Law,

Who died within the Year of our Redemption,

Four hundred twenty six; and *Charles* the Great

Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did seat the *French*

Beyond the River *Sala*, in the Year

Eight hundred five. Besides, their Writers say,

King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerick*,

Did, as Heir General, being descended

Of *Blitbid*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,

Make Claim and Title to the Crown of France:

Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the Crown
 Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorrain*, sole Heir-ma'e
 Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great ;
 To find his Title with some Shews of Truth,
 Though in pure Truth it was corrupt and naught,
 Convey'd himself as th'Heir to the Lady *Lingare*,
 Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the Son
 To *Lewis* the Emperor, and *Lewis* the Son
 Of *Charles* the Great : Also King *Lewis* the Tenth,
 Who was sole Heir to the Usurper *Capet*,
 Could not keep quiet in his Conscience,
 Wearing the Crown of *France*, 'till satisfy'd,
 That fair Queen *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
 Was lineal of the Lady *Ermenegere*,
 Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Lorrain* :
 By the which Marriage, the Line of *Charles* the Great
 Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.
 So, that as clear as in the Summer's Sun,
 King *Pepin's* Title, and *Hugh Capet's* Claim,
 King *Lewis* his Satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in Right and Title of the Female :
 So do the Kings of *France* upon this Day.
 Howbeit, they would hold up this *Salike* Law,
 To bar your Highness claiming from the Female,
 And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
 Than amply to imbar their crooked Titles,
 Usurpt from you, and your Progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with Right and Conscience make this
 Claim ?

Cant. The Sin upon my Head, dread Sovereign :
 For in the Book of *Numbers*, it is writ,
 When the Man dies, let the Inheritance
 Descend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody Flag,
 Look back unto your mighty Ancestors ;
 Go, my dread Lord, to your great Granfire's Tomb,
 From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike Spirit,
 And your great Uncle, *Edward* the black Prince,
 Who on the *French* Ground play'd a Tragedy,
 Making Defeat on the full Power of *France* :
 Whiles his most mighty Father on a Hill,

Stood

Stood smiling, to behold his Lion's Whelp
Forage in Blood of *French* Nobility.
O noble *English*, that could entertain,
With half their Forces, the full Pride of *France*,
And let another half stand laughing by,
And out of work, and cold for Action.

Ely. Awake Remembrance of these valiant Dead,
And with your puissant Arm renew their Feits;
You are their Heir, you sit upon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veins; and my thrice puissant Liege
Is in the very *May-Morn* of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mighty Enterprises.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Do all expect, that you should rouse your self,
As did the former Lions of your Blood.

West. They know your Grace hath Cause, and
Means and Might;

So hath your Highness, never King of *England*
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal Subjects,
Whose Hearts have left their Bodies here in *England*,
And lye pavillion'd in the Field of *France*.

Cant. O let their Bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With Blood and Sword, and Fire, to win your Right:
In Aid whereof, we of the Spirituality
Will raise your Highness such a mighty Sum,
As never did the Clergy, at one time,
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm t'invade the *French*,
But lay down our Proportions, to defend
Against the *Scot*, who will make road upon us,
With all Advantageso

Cant. They of those Marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our Inland from the pilfering Borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mea the courling Snatchers
only,

But fear the mean Intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been a giddy Neighbour to us:
For you shall read, that my great Grandfather
Never went with his Forces into *France*.

But that the *Scot*, on his unfurnisht Kingdom,
 Came pouring like a Tide into a Breach,
 With ample and brim Fullness of his Force,
 Calling the gleaned Land with hot Assays,
 Girding with grievous Siegè, Castles and Towns ;
 That *England* being empty of Defence,
 Hath shook and trembled at th' ill Neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd;
 my Liege,

For hear her but exampled by her self,
 When all her Chivalry hath been in *France*,
 And she a mourning Widow of her Nobles,
 She hath her self not only well defended,
 But taken and impounded as a Stray,
 The King of *Scots*; whom she did send to *France*,
 To fill King *Edward's* Fame with Prisoner Kings,
 And make his Chronicle as rich with Praise,
 As is the ouzy Bottom of the Sea
 With sunken Wrack, and some less Treasuries.

Ely. But there's a Saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
 For once the Eagle, *England*, being in Prey,
 To her unguarded Nest, the Weazel, *Scot*,
 Comes sneaking, and so suks her princely Eggs,
 Playing the Mouse, in absence of the Cat,
 To tear and havock more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then, the Cat must stay at home :
 Yet that it is but a crush'd Necessity ;
 Since we have Locks to safeguard Necessaries,
 And pretty Traps to catch the petty Thieves.
 While that the armed Hand doth fight abroad,
 Th' advised Head defends it self at home :
 For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into Parts, doth keep in one Consent,
 Congreering in a full and natural Close,
 Like Musick.

Cant. Therefore doth Heav'n divide
 The State of Man in divers Functions,
 Setting Endeavour in continual Motion :
 To which is fixed, as an Aim or Butt,
 Obedience ; for so work the Honey Bees,

Creatures

Creatures that, by a Rule in Nature, teach
 The Act of Order to a Peopled Kingdom.
 They have a King, and Officers of sorts,
 Where some, like Magistrates, correct at home :
 Others, like Merchants, venture Trade abroad :
 Others, like Soldiers, arm'd in their Stings,
 Make Boot upon the Summer's Velvet Buds :
 Which Pillage, they with merry March bring home
 To the Tent-Royal of their Emperor :
 Who busied in his Majesty, surveys
 The singing Mason building Roofs of Gold ;
 The civil Citizens kneading up the Honey ?
 The poor mechanick Porters, crowding in
 Their heavy Burthens at his narrow Gate :
 The sad-ey'd Justice, with his surly Hum,
 Delivering o'er to Executors pale,
 The lazy yawning Drone. I this infer,
 That many things having full Reverence
 To one Consent, may work contrariously :
 As many Arrows loosed several Ways,
 Come to one Mark : as many Ways meet in one
 Town,

As many fresh Streams meet in one salt Sea ;
 As many Lines close in the Dial's Center ;
 So may a thousand Actions once a-foot,
 And in one Purpose, and be all well born
 Without Defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege,
 Divide your happy *England* into four,
 Whereof, take you one Quarter into *France*,
 And you withal shall make all *Gallia* shake,
 If we with thrice such Powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own Doors from the Dog,
 Let us be worried, and our Nation lose
 The Name of Hardiness and Policy.

K. Hen. Call in the Messengers sent from the *Dan-*
phin.

Now are we well resolv'd, and by God's Help,
 And yours, the noble Sinews of our Power ;
France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,
 Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
 Ruling in large and ample Empery

O'er

O'er *France*, and all her, almost, Kingly Dukedoms,
 Or lay these Bones in an unworthy Urn.
 Tomblefs, with no Remembrance over them ;
 Either our History fhall with full Mouth
 Speak freely of our Acts , or else our Grave,
 Like *Turkish* Mute, fhall have a tonguelefs Mouth,
 Not worfhipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassador of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the Pleasure
 Of our fair Cousin *Dauphin* ; for we hear,
 Your Greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Majesty to give us leave
 Freely to render what we have in Charge :
 Or fhall we fparingly fhew you far off
 The *Dauphin's* Meaning, and our Embaffy.

K. Hen. We are no Tyrant, but a Chriftian King,
 Unto whose Grace our Paffion is as fubject,
 As our Wretches fetter'd in our Prifons :
 Therefore with frank and uncurbed Plainnefs,
 Tell us the *Dauphin's* Mind.

Amb. Thus then in few.

Your Highnefs, lately fending into *France*,
 Did claim fome certain Dukedoms, in the Right
 Of your great Predeceffor, King *Edward* the Third.
 In Answer of which Claim, the Prince our Mafter,
 Says, that you favour too much of your Youth,
 And bids you be advis'd : There's nought in *France*,
 That can be with a nimble Calliad won ;
 You cannot revel into Dukedoms there :
 He therefore fends you, Meeter for your Spirit,
 This Tun of Treasure ; and in lieu of this,
 Defires you let the Dukedoms that you claim
 Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* fpeaks:

K. Hen. What Treasure, Uncle ?

Exe. Tinnis-balls, my Leige.

K. Hen. We are glad the *Dauphin* is fo pleafant
 with us.

His Prefent, and your Pains we thank you for,
 When we have match'd our Rackets to thefe Balls,
 We will in *France*, by God's Grace, play a Set
 Shall ftrike his Father's Crown into the Hazard.

Tell

Tell him he hath made a Match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of *France* will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we understand him well
How he comes o'er us with our wilder Days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor Seat of *England*,
And therefore living hence, did give our self
To barbarous Licence ; as 'tis ever common,
That Men are merriest when they are from home :
But tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my State,
Be like a King, and shew my Sail of Greatness,
When I do rouse me in my Throne of *France*.
For that I have laid by my Majesty,
And ploddest like a Man for working Days ;
But I will rise there with so full a Glory,
That I will dazzle all the Eyes of *France*,
Yea strike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.
And tell the present Prince, this Mock of his
Hath turn'd his Balls to Gun-stones, and his Soul
Shall stand fore charged, for the wasteful Vengeance
That shall fly with them : For many a thousand Wi-
dows,

Shall this his Mock, monk out of their dear Husbands;
Mock Mothers from their Sons, mock Castles down :
And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
That shall have Cause to curse the *Dauphin's* Scorn.
But this lies all within the Will of God,
To whom I do appeal, and in whose Name,
Tell you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful Hand, in a well hallow'd Cause.
So get you hence in Peace, and tell the *Dauphin*,
His Jest will favour but of shallow Wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe Conduct. Fare ye well.

[*Exeunt Ambas.*]

Exe. This was a merry Message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the Sender blush at it :
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy Hour,
That may give such Furth'rance to our Expedition ;
For

For we have now no Thought in us but *France*,
 Save those to God, that run before our Business.
 Therefore let our Proportions for these Wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
 That may with reasonable Swiftneſs add
 More Feathers to our Wings: For God before,
 We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his Father's Door
 Therefore let every Man now task his Thought,
 That this fair Action may on foot be brought. [Ex-
Flouriſh. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of *England* are on Fire,
 And ſilken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lies:
 Now thrive the Armourers, and Honour's Thought
 Reigns ſolely in the Breſt of every Man.
 They ſell the Paſture now, to buy the Horſe,
 Following the Mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
 With winged Heels, as *Engliſh Mercuries*.
 For now ſits Expectation in the Air,
 And hides a Sword, from Hilts unto the Point,
 With Crowns Imperial, Crowns and Coronets,
 Promis'd to *Harry* and his Followers.
 The *French* advis'd, by good Intelligence,
 Of this moſt dreadful Preparation,
 Shake in their Fear, and with pale Policy
 Seek to divert the *Engliſh* Purpoſes.
 O *England*! Model to thy inward Greatneſs,
 Like little Body with a mighty Heart;
 What would'ſt thou do, that Honour would thee do,
 Were all thy Children kind and natural:
 But ſee, thy Fault *France* hath in thee found out,
 A Neſt of hollow Boſoms, which he fills
 With treacherous Crowns, and three corrupted Men:
 One *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*; and the ſecond,
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Miſham*: and the third,
Sir Thomas Gray Knight of *Northumberland*.
 Have for the Gilt of *France*, (O Guilt indeed!)
 Confirm'd Conſpiracy with fearful *France*.
 And by their Hands this Grace of Kings muſt die,
 If Hell and Treason hold their Promiſes,
 E'er he take Ship for *France*; and in *Sonthampton*,
 Linger your Patience on, and we'll digeſt

Th'abuse

Th'abuse of Distance ; force a Play :
 The sum is pay'd, the Traytors are agreed,
 The King is sent from *London*, and the Scene
 Is now transported, Gentles, to *Southampton*,
 There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
 And thence to *France* shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back : Charming the narrow Seas,
 To give you gentle Pass ; for if we may,
 We'll not offend one Stomach with our Play.
 But 'till the King come forth, and not 'till then,
 Unto *Southampton* do we shift our Scene. [Ex.]

Enter Corporal Nim, and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal *Nim*.

Nim. Good-morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph*,

Bard. What, are ancient *Pistol* and you Friends yet ?

Nim. For my part, I care not : I say little ; but when
 time shall serve, there shall be Smiles, but that shall
 be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and
 hold out mine Iron ; it is a simple one, but what
 though ? It will tost Cheese, and it will endure cold,
 as another Man's Sword will ; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a Breakfast to make you Friends,
 and we'll be all three sworn Brothers to *France* : let it
 be so, good Corporal *Nim*.

Nim. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the cer-
 tain of it ; and when I cannot live any longer, I will
 do as I may : That is my Rest, that is the Rendez-
 vous of it.

Bard. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to
Nel Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you
 were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may :
 Men may sleep, and they may have their Throats a-
 bout them at that time, and some say, Knives have
 Edges : It must be as it may, tho' Patience be a tir'd
 Name, yet she will plod, there must be Conclusions ;
 well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol, and Quickly,

Bard. Here comes ancient *Pistol* and his Wife : good
 Corporal, be patient here. How now, mine Host
Pistol ?

Pistol.

Pist. Base Tyke, call'st thou me Host? now by this Hand, I swear I scorn the Term, nor shall my *Nel* keep Lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen Gentlewomen that live honestly by the Prick of their Needles, but it will be thought we keep a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewn now, we shall see wilful Adultery and Murther committed.

Bard. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Pisth.

Pist. Pisth for thee, *Island* Dog; thou prick-ear'd Cur of *Island*.

Quick. Good Corporal *Nim*, shew thy Valour. and put up thy Sword.

Nim. Will you shug off? I would have you *solus*.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious Dog! O Viper vile; the *solus* in thy most marvellous Face, the *solus* in thy Teeth, and in thy Throat, and in thy hateful Lungs, yea in they Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy nasty Mouth. I do retort the *solus* in thy Bowels? for I can take, and *Pistol's* Cock is up, and flashing Fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot conjure me: I have an Humour to knock you indifferently well: if you grow foul with me, *Pistol*, I will scour you with my Rapier, as I may in fair Terms. If you would walk off, would prick your Guts a little in good Terms, as I may, and that's the Humour of it.

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damn'd furious Wight, The Grave doth gape, and doating Death is near, Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: He that strikes the first Stroke, I'll run him up to the Hilt, as I'm a Soldier.

Pist. An Oath of mickle Might, and Fury shall abate. Give me thy Fist, thy Fore-Foot to me give: Thy Spirits are more tall.

Nim. I will cut thy Throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the Humour of it.

Pist.

Pist. Coupe a gorge, that is the Word. I defy thee again. O Hound of Creet, think'st thou my Spouse to get? No, to the Spittle go, and from the powdring-tub of Infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressid's* kind, *Dol Tearsheet*, she by Name, and her Espouse. I have, and I will hold the *quondam Quickly* for the only she; and *Paucā*, ther'es enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Host *Pistol*, you must come to my Master, and your Hostess: He is very sick, and would to Bed. Good *Bardolph*, put thy Face between his Sheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you Rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the Crow a Pudding one of these Days; the King has kill'd his Heart. Good Husband come home presently. *Ex. Quick.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two Friends? We must to *France* together; why the Devil should we keep Knives to cut one another's Throats?

Pist. Let Floods o'erflow, and Fiends for Food howl on.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight Shilling, I won of you at Betting?

Pist. Base is the Slave that pays.

Nim. That now I will have; that the Humour of it.

Pist. As Manhood shall compound; push home.

(Draw.)

Bard. By this Sword, he that makes the first Thrust, I'll kill him; by this Sword I will.

Pist. Sword is an Oath, and Oaths must have their Course.

Bard. Corporal *Nim*, and thou wilt be Friends, be Friends; and thou wilt not, why then be Enemies with me too; prithee put up.

Pist. A Noble shalt thou have, and present Pay, and Liquor likewise will I give to thee, and Friendship shall combine, and Brotherhood. I'll live by *Nim*, and *Nim* shall live by me, is not thus just? For I shall Suttler be unto the Camp and Profits will accrue. Give me thy Hand.

Nim. I shall have my Noble?

Pist.

The LIFE of

Pist. In Cash, most justly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the Humour of't.

Enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of Women, come in quickly to Sir *John* : A poor Heart, he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tettian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet Men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad Humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nim. The King is a good King, but it must be as it may : he passes some Humours and Carreers.

Pist. Let us not condole the Knight, for Lambkins, we will live. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmorland.

Bed. Fore God, his Grace is bold to trust these Traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves, As if Allegiance in their Bosoms fate, Crowned with Faith and constant Royalty.

Bed. The King hath Note of all that they intend, By Interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the Man that was his Bedfellow ! Whom he hath lul'd and cloy'd with gracious Favours,

That he should, for a foreign Purse, so sell His Sovereign's Life to Death and Treachery.

[Sound Trumpets.]

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, and Gray.

K. Hen. Now sits the Wind fair, and we will abroad. My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Marsham*, And you my gentle Knight, give me your Thoughts: Think you not, that the Powers we bear with us Will cut their Passage through the Force of *France* ? Doing the Execution, and the Act, For which we have in head assembled them.

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege ; if each Man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded, We carry not a Heart with us from hence, (ded, That grows not in a fair Consent with ours, Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish

Success

Success and Conquest to attend us.

Cam. Never was Monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your Majesty ; there's not, I think, a Subject,
That sits in Heart-grief and Uneasiness,
Under the sweet Shade of your Government.

Gray. True ; those that were your Father's Enemies,
Have steeped their Galls in Honey, and do observe you
With Hearts create of Duty, and of Zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great Cause of Thankful-
And shall forget the Office of our Hand, (ness ;
Sooner than Quittance of Desert and Merit,
According to the Weight and Worthyness.

Scroop. So Service shall with steeled Sinews toil,
And Labour shall refresh it self with Hope,
To do your Grace incessant Services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Enlarge the Man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our Person : We consider,
It was Excess of Wine that set him on,
And on his more Advice, We pardon him.

Scroop. That's Mercy, but too much Security :
Let him be punish'd, Sovereign, lest Example
Breed, by his Sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your Highness, yet punish too.

Gray. Sir, you shew great Mercy, if you give him
After the Taste of much Correction. (Life,

K. Hen. Alas ! your too much Love and Care of me,
Are heavy Orisons gainst this poor Wretch.

If little Faults, proceeding on Distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shalt we stretch our Eye,
When capital Crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us ? We'll yet enlarge that Man,
Tho' *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Gray*, in their dear Care
And tender Preservation of our Person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our *French*
Who are the late Commissioners ? (Causes,

Cam. I one, my Lord,
Your Highness bad me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.

Gray. And I, my Royal Sovereign.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Then *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, there is yours :

There yours Lord *Scroop* of *Masham*; and Sir Knight, *Gray* of *Northumberland*, the same is yours ;
Read them and know, I know your Worthyness.
My Lord of *Westmorland*, and Uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to Night. Why, how now Gentlemen?
What see you in those Papers, that you lose
So much Complexion ? Look ye how they change !
Their Cheeks are Paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chac'd your Blood
Out of Appearance ?

Gamb. I do confesse my Fault,
And do submit me to your Highness Mercy.

Gray. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The Mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own Counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :
You must not dare, for shame to talk of Mercy,
For your own Reasons turn into your Bosoms,
As Dogs upon their Masters, worrying you.
See, you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
These *English* Monsters ! My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt our Love was to accord
To furnish him with all Appertinents
Belonging to his Honour ; and this Man,
Hath for a few light Crowns, lightly conspir'd
And sworn unto the Practices of *France*,
To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which
This Knight, no less for Bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworn. But O !
What shall I say to thee, Lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman Creature !
Thou that did'st bear the Key of all my Counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my Soul,
That, almost, might'st have coin'd me into Gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me, for thy use ?
May it be possible, that foreign Hire
Could out of thee extract one Spark of Evil,
That might annoy my Finger ? 'Tis so strange,
That though the Truth of it stand off as gross,
As black and white, my Eye will scarcely see it.

Treason

Treason and Murder, ever keep together,
 As too Yoak Devils sworn to either's Purpose,
 Working so grossly in a Natural Cause,
 That Admiration did not hoop at them.
 But thou against all Proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on Treason and on Murther:
 And whatsoever cunning Fiend it was,
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously.
 Hath got the Voice in Hell for Excellence:
 And other Devils that suggest By-Treasons,
 Do botch and bungle up Damnation,
 With Patches, Colours, and with Forms, being fetcht
 From glist'ring Semblances of Piety:
 But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand up,
 Give thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the Name of Traitor.
 If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his Lion-gate walk the whole World,
 He might return to vasty *Tartar* back,
 And tell the Legions, I can never win
 A Soul so easy as that *Englishman's*
 Oh, how hast thou with Jealousy infected
 The Sweetness of Affiance! Shew Men dutiful?
 Why so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
 Why so didst thou. Come they of noble Family?
 Why so didst thou. Seem they religious?
 Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in Diet,
 Free from gross Passion, or of Mirth, or Anger,
 Constant in Spirit, not swerving with the Blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest Complement,
 Not working with the Eye, without the Ear,
 And but in purged Judgment trusting neither?
 Such and so finely boulded didst thou seem:
 And thus thy Fall hath left a kind of Blot,
 To make thee full fraught Men, the best endued
 With some Suspicion, I will weep for thee.
 For this Revolt of mine methinks is like
 Another Fall of Man. Their Faults are open,
 Arrest them to the Answer of the Law,
 And God acquit them of their Practices.

Exc.

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the Name of *Richard Earl of Cambridge.*

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the Name of *Thomas Lord Scroop of Masham.*

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the Name of *Thomas Gray, Knight of Northumberland.*

Scroop. Our Purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my Fault more than my Death:
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
Although my Body pay the Price of it.

Cam. For me the Gold of *France* did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a Motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended;
But, God be thank'd for Prevention,
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice for,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Gray. Never did faithful Subject more rejoice,
At the Discovery of most dangerous Treason,
Than I do at this Hour joy o'er my self,
Prevented from a damned Enterprize:
My Fault but not my Body, pardon, Sovereign,

K. Hen. God quit you in his Mercy; hear your Sen-
You have conspir'd against our Royal Person. (tence;
Join'd with an Enemy proclaim'd, and from his Cof-
Receiv'd the golden Earnest of our Death; (fers,
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to Servitude,
His Subjects to Oppression and Contempt,
And his whole Kingdom into Desolation:
Touching our Person, seek we no Revenge,
But we our Kingdom's Safety must so tender,
Whose Ruin you three sought, that to her Laws,
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable Wretches, to your Death;
The Taste whereof God of his Mercy give
You patience to endure, and true Repentance
Of all your dear Offence. Bear them hence. [*Ex.*
Now, Lords, for *France*, the Enterprize whereof
Shall be to you as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky War,

Since

Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. We doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed in our way:
Then forth, dear Country-men; let us deliver
Our Puissance into the Hand of God,
Putting it straight in Expedition.

Chearly to Sea, the signs of War advance,
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Pistol, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostess.

Host. Prethee Honey, sweet Husband, let me bring
thee to *Staines*.

Pistol. No, for my manly Heart dothe yern, *Bardolph*,
be blith: *Nim*, rouze thy vaunting Veins: Boy, brittle
thy Courage up; for *Falstaff* he is dead, and we must yern
therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him where'some'er he is, ei-
ther in Heav'n, or in Hell.

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in Hell; he's in *Arthur's* Bo-
som, if ever Man when to *Arthur's* Bosom; he made a
finer end, and went away and it had been any Christom
Child; a parted even just between Twelve and One, ev'n
at the turning o'th' Tide; for after I saw him fumble with
the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile upon his
Fingers end, I knew there was but one way; for his Nose
was as sharp as a Pen, and a Table of green Fields. How
now, Sir *John*? quoth I. What Man? be a good Cheer;
so a cried out, God, God, God, three or four times: Now I,
to comfort him, bid him a should not think of God. I hop'd
there was no need trouble himself with any such Thoughts
yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his Feet: I put my
Hand into the Bed and felt them, and they were as cold
as a Stone: Then I felt to his Knees, and so upward and
upward, and all was as cold as any Stone.

Nim. They say he cried out of Sack.

Host. Ay, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Host. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes, that a did, and said, they were Devils In-
carnate.

Hof. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he never lik'd.

Boy. A said once, the Deule would have him about Women.

Hof. A did in some sort, indeed, handle Women; but then he was rheumatick and talk'd of the Whore of *Babylon*.

Bey. Do you not remember a saw a Flea stick upon *Bardolph's* Nose, and said it was a black Soul burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that Fire: That's all the Riches I got in his Service.

Nim. Shall we shogg? the King will be gone from *Southampton*.

Pist. Come, let's away. My Love, give me thy Lips: Look to my Chattels, and my Moveables; let Senies rule; the word is, pitch and pay; trust none for Oaths are Straws, Mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold fast is the only Dog; my Duck, therefore, *Caveto* be thy Counsellor. Go, clear thy Christals. Yoke-fellows in Arms, let us to *France*, like Horse-leeches, my Boys, to suck, to suck, the very Blood to suck.

Boy. And that's but unwholsome Food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft Mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewel, Hostess.

Nim. I cannot kifs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let Houſwifery appear; keep close, I the command.

Hof. Farewel; adieu. *Exeunt.*

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Constable.

Fr. King. Thus come the *English* with full Power upon
And more than carefully it us concerns, us,
To answer Royally in our Defences,
Therefore the Dukes of *Berry* and of *Britain*,
Of *Brabant*, and *Orleans* shall make forth,
And you, Prince *Dauphin*, with all swift dispatch;
To line and new repair our Towns of War
With Men of Courage, and with Means defendant:
For *England* his Approaches makes as fierce
As Waters to the sucking of a Gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As Fear may teach us, out of late Examples,

Left

Left by the fatal and neglected *English*,
Upon our Fields.

Dau. My most redoubted Father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the Foe :
For Peace it self should not so dull a Kingdom,
(Tho' War, nor no known Quarrel were in question)
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a War in Expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of *France* :
And let us do it with no shew of Fear ;
No, with no more than if we heard that *England*
Were busied with a *Whitsen* Morris-dance :
For, my good Liege, she is so idly King'd,
Her Scepter so fantasticaly born,
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous Youth,
That Fear attends her not.

Con. O Peace, Prince *Dauphin*;
You are too much mistaken in this King :
Question your Grace the late Ambassadors,
With what great State he heard their Embassie,
How well supply'd with Noble Counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant Resolution :
And you shall find his Vanities fore-spent
Were but the out-side of the *Roman Brutus*,
Covering Discretion with a Coat of Folly ;
As Gardeners do with Ordure hide those Roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High-Constable,
But tho' we think it so, it is no matter :
In causes of Defence, 'tis best to weigh
The Enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the Proportions of Defence are fill'd ;
Which of a weak and niggardly Projection,
Doth, like a Miser, spoil his Coat with scanting
A little Cloath.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* strong ;
And Princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him,

The Kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us :
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
 That haunted us in our familiar Paths ;
 Witness our too much memorable Shame,
 When *Cressy* Battel fatally was struck,
 And all our Princes captiv'd by the Hand
 Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of *Wales* :
 While that his Mountain Sire, on Mountain standing,
 Up in the Air, crown'd with the Golden Sun,
 Saw his Heroick Seed, and smil'd to see him
 Marge the Work of Nature, and deface
 The Patterns that by God and by *French* Fathers
 Had twenty Years been made. This is a Stem
 Of that victorious Stock ; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from *Harry* King of *England*?
 Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them pretent Audience.
 Go, and bring them.

You see this Chase is hotly follow'd, Friends.

Dau. Turn Head, and stop pursuit ; for Coward Dogs
 Most spend their Mouths, when what they seem to threaten
 Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,
 Take up the *English* short, and let them know
 Of what a Monarchy you are the Head :
 Self love, my Liege, is not so vile a Sin,
 As self-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our Brother of *England*.

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Majesty :
 He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
 That you divest your self, and lay apart
 The borrowed Glories, that, by gift of Heaven,
 By Law of Nature, and of Nations, 'longs
 To him and to his Heirs ; namely, the Crown,
 And all wide stretched Honours that pertain,
 By Custom and the Ordinance of Times,
 Unto the Crown of *France*. That you may know
 'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward Claim,

Pick'd

Pick'd from the Worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of Old Oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable Line,
In every Branch truly demonstrative,
Willing you over-look his Pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous Ancestors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then resign
Your Crown and Kingdom indirectly held
From him, the native and true Challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the Crown
Even in your Hearts, there will he rake for it.
And therefore in fierce Tempest is he coming,
In Thunder and in Earthquake, like a *Jove*:
That if requiring fail, he will compell.
He bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the Crown, and to take Mercy
On the poor Souls for whom this hungry War
Opens his vasty Jaws: and on your Head
Turning the Widows Tears, the Orphans Cries,
The dead Mens Blood, the privy Maidens Groans,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this Controversie.
This is his Claim, his Threatning, and my Message;
Unless the *Dauphin* be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring Greeting too.

Fr. King. For us we will consider of this further:
To morrow shall you bear this full intent
Back to our Brother of *England*.

Dau. For the *Dauphin*,
I stand here for him; what to him from *England*?

Exe. Scorn and Defiance, slight Regard, Contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my King; and if your father's Highness
Do not in grant of all Demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Majesty;

He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That Caves and womby Vaultages of *France*
Shall chide your Trespas, and return your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my Father tender fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but Odds with *England*; to that end,
As matching to his Youth and Vanity,
I did present him with the *Paris* Balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris* *Louver* shake for it,
Were it the Mistress Court of mighty *Europe* :
And be assur'd you'll find a difference,
As we, his Subjects, have in wonder found,
Between the Promise of his greener days
And these he Masters now; now he weighs Time
Even to the utmost Grain, that you shall read
In your own Losses, if he stay in *France*.

Fr. King. To morrow you shall know our minds at full.
[*Flurish.*]

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our King
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this Land already. (tions,

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair Condi-
A Night is but small breath, and little pause
To answer matters of this Consequence. [Exeunt.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

THUS with imagin'd Wing our swift Scene flies,
In motion of less Celerity,
Than that of Thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well appointed King at *Dover* Peer,
Embark his Royalty; and his brave Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young *Phæbus* fanning;
Play your Fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the Hempen Tackle, Ship Boys climbing;
Hear the shrill Whistle, which doth Order give

To

To sounds confus'd ; behold the threaten Sails,
 Born with th'invisible and creeping Wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd Sea,
 Breasting the lofty Surge. O, do but think
 You stand upon the Rivage, and behold
 A City on th'inconstant Billows dancing ;
 For so appears this Fleet Majestical,
 Holding due course to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow.
 Grapple your Minds to sternage of this Navy.
 And leave your *England* as dead Midnight, still,
 Guarded with Grandfires, Babies and old Women,
 Either past, or not arriv'd to pith and puissance :
 For who is he, whose Chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing Hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice drawn Cavaliers to *France* ?
 Work, work your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege :
 Behold the Ordnance on their Carriages,
 With fatal Mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
 Suppose th'Ambassador from the *French* comes back,
 Tells *Harry*, that the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowry
 Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms.
 The Offer likes not ; and the nimble Gunner
 With Lynstock now the Devilish Cannon touches.

[*Alarm, and Chambers go off.*]

And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
 And each out our performance with your Mind. [Exit.
Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester with
scaling Ladders as before Harfleur.

K. Henry. Once more unto the Breach,
 Dear Friends, once more ;
 Or close the Wall up with our *English* dead :
 In Peace there's nothing so becomes a Man
 As modest stillness and humility :
 But when the blast of War blows in our Ears,
 Then imitate the Actions of the Tyger ;
 Stiffen the Sinews, summon up the Blood,
 Disguise fair Nature with hard-favour'd Rage ;
 Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry through the Portage of the Head,

Like the Brass Cannon, let the Brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a galled Rock
 O'er-bang and jutting his confounded Base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful Ocean.
 Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nostril wide,
 Hold hard the Breath, and bend up every Spirit
 To his full height. On you noblest *English*,
 Whose Blood is set from Fathers of War-Proof;
 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
 Have in these Parts from Morn 'till Even fought,
 And sheath'd their Swords for lack of Argument;
 Dishonour not your Mothers; now attest,
 That those whom you call'd Fathers did beget you.
 Be Copy now to Men of grosser Blood,
 And teach them how to War; and you good Yeomen,
 Whose Limbs were made in *England*, shew us here
 The mettle of your Pasture: Let us swear,
 That you are worth your Breeding, which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your Eyes.
 I see you stand like Greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the Start. The Game's a-foot,
 Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge,
 Cry, God, for Harry, *England*, and St. George.

[Alarm and Chambers go off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the Breach, to the Breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, Corporal, stay, the Knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a Case of Lives; the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain Song of it.

Pist. The plain Song is most just; for humours do abound: Knocks go and come: God's Vassals drop and die; and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth win immortal Fame.

Boy. Wou'd I were in an Ale-house in *London*, I would give all my Fame for a Pot of Ale, and Safety.

Pist. And I; if wishes would prevail with me, my purpose should not fail with me; but thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on hough.

Enter

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the Breach you Dogs ; avant, you Cullions.

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to Men of Mould, abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage ; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock, bate thy Rage, use lenity, sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humours ; your Honour wins bad humours. [Exeunt.]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three Swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be Man to me ; for indeed three such Antiques do not amount to a Man ; for *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd ; by the means whereof, a faces it out, but fights not ; for *Pistol* ; he hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword ; by the means whereof, a breaks Words, and keeps whole Weapons ; for *Nim*, he hath heard, that Men of few Words are the best Men, and therefore he scorns to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward ; but his few bad Words are matcht with a few good Deeds ; for a never broke any Man's head but his own, and that was against a Post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute Case, bore it twelve Leagues, and sold it for three half pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworn Brothers in filching ; and in *Calice* they stole a fire-shovel. I knew, by that piece of Service, the Men would carry Coals. They would have me as familiar with Men's pockets as their Gloves and their Handkerchers ; which makes much against my Manhood, if I would take from another's Pocket, to put into mine ; for it is plain pocketting up of Wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service ; their Villany goes against my weak Stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit Boy.]

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the Mines ; the Duke of *Gloucester* would speak with you.

Flu. To the Mines ? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mines ; for look you, the Mines are not according to the Disciplines of the War ; the Concoavites of it is not sufficient ; for look you, th'athversary, you may

discul's unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself four yards under the Countermines; by *Cbesbu*, I think a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Gloucester*, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an *Irish* man, a very valiant Gentleman, I faith.

Flu. It is Captain *Mackmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Flu. By *Cbesbu* he is an Ass, as is in the World, I will verifie as much, in his Beard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the Wars, look you, of the *Roman* disciplines, than is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorrice and Captain Jamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the *Scots* Captain, Captain *Jamy*, with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in the auncient Wars, upon my paricular knowledge of his directions; by *Cbesbu* he will maintain his Argument as well as any Military Man in the World, in the Disciplines of the pristine Wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I say gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your Worship, good Captain *James*.

Gower. How now, Captain *Mackmorrice*, have you quit the Mines? have the Pioneers given o'er?

Mack. By *Chrish*, Law, tis ill done; the Work ish give over, the Trumpet sound the Retreat. By my hand I swear, and by my Father's Soul, the Work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the Town, so *Chrish* save me, law in an hour. O tis ill done, tis ill done; by my Hand tis ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the War, the *Roman* Wars, in the way of Argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my Opinion, and partly for the Satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the Military Discipline, that is the Point.

Jamy.

Jam. It fall be very gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I fall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that fall I marry.

Mack. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: The Day is hot, and the Weather, and the Wars, and the King, and the Duke; it is not time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd; and the Trumpet calls us to the Breach, and we talk, and by Chrish do nothing, 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me 'tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand; and there is Throats to be cut, and Works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me law.

Jamy. By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ayle de gud service, or Ile ligge i'th' ground for it; ay, or go to death? and Ile pay't as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, the breff and the long; marry, Iwad full fain heard some question'tween you 'tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Mack. Of my Nation? what ish my Nation? Ish a Villain, and a Bastard, and a Knave, and a Rascal? What ish my Nation? Who talks of my Nation?

Flu. look you if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I shall think you do not use me, with that affability, as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as good a Man as your self both in the disciplines of Wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mack. I do not know you so good a Man as my self, so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other,

Jamy. A, that's a foul fault. [A Parley sounded.

Gower. The Town sounds a Parley.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the Disciplines of War, and there is an end.

[Exeunt.

Enter King Henry, and his Train before the Gates.

K. Henry. How yet resolves the Governor of the Town? This is the latest Parley we will admit:

Therefore to our best mercy give your selves,

Or like to Men proud of destruction,

Defie

Defile us to our worst; for as I am a Soldier
 A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
 If I begin the Batt'ry once again,
 I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*,
 'Till in her Ashes she lie buried.

The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut up,
 And the flesh'd Soldier, rough and hard of Heart,
 In Liberty of bloody hand, shall range
 With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grass
 Your fresh fair Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious War,
 Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
 Do with his smircht Complexion all fell Feats,
 Enlinckt to waste and desolation?

What is't to me, when you your selves are cause,
 If your pure Maidens fall into the Hand
 Of hot and forcing Violation?

What Rein can hold licentious Wickedness,
 When down the Hill he holds his fierce Career;

We may as bootless spend our vain Command
 Upon th'enraged Soldiers in their Spoil,

As sends Precepts to the *Leviathan*

To come a-shoar. Therefore, you Men of *Harfleur*,

Take pity of your Town and of your people,

Whiles yet my Soldiers are in my Command,

Whiles yet the cool and temperate Wind of Grace

O'er blows the filthy and contagious Clouds

Of heady Murther, Spoil and Villany.

If not; why in a Moment look to see

The blind and bloody Soldier, with foul hand

Defile the Locks of your shrill-shrieking Daughters;

Your Fathers taken by the silver Beards,

And their most reverend Heads dasht to the Walls:

Your naked Infants spitted upon Pikes,

While the mad Mothers, with their howls confus'd,

Do break the Clouds; as did the Wives of *Jewry*,

At *Herod's* bloody-hunting slaughter-men.

What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid?

Or guilty in defence be thus destroy'd?

Enter Governour.

Gov. Our expectation hath this Day an end :

The

The *Dauphin*, of whom Succours we entreated,
Returns us, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To raise so great a Siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our Town and Lives to thy soft Meroy :
Enter our Gate, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your Gates : Come Uncle *Exeter*,
Go you and enter *Harfleur*, there remain,
And fortify it strongly against the *French* :
Use Mercy to them all for us, dear uncle.
The Winter coming on, and Sickness growing
Upon our Soldiers, we retire to *Calais*.
To Night in *Harfleur* we will be your Guest,
To Morrow for the March we are addrest.

[*Flourish, and enter the Town.*

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. *Alice, tu as esté en Angletérree, & tu parlois bien le Language.*

Alice. *Un peu, Madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie de m' enseigner, il fant que j' apprenne a parler. Comment appelle vous la main en Anglois ?*

Alice. *La main, il est appelle, de Hand.*

Kath. *De Hand.*

Alice. *Et le doyt.*

Kath. *Le doyt, me soy je oublie de doyt, mais je me souvien-*
dra le doyt, je pense qu' ils ont appelle des fingres, ouy de fingres.

Alice. *La main, de Hand, le doyt, le Fingres. Je pense que je suis, le bon escolier.*

Kath. *F'ay gaigne deux mots d' Anglois vistement, comment appelle vous les ongles ?*

Alice. *Les ongles, les appellons de Nayles.*

Kath. *De Nayles escoutez : dites moy, si je parle bien : de Hand, de lingres, de Nayles.*

Alice. *C' est bien dit Madame, il est fort bon Anglois.*

Kath. *Dites moy en Anglois le bras.*

Alice. *De Arme, Madame.*

Kath. *Et le Cloude.*

Alice. *D' Elbow.*

Kath. *D' Elbow : Je m'en faitz lay repitition de tous les mots que vous m'avez apprints des a present.*

Alice.

Alice. Il est trop difficile Madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice, escoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, de Bilbow.

Alith. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie d'Elbow, comment appelle vous le col ?

Alice. De Neck, Madame.

Kath. De Neck, & le manton.

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin, le col, de Neck : le manton, de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous prononciez les mots aussi droit, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par le grace de Dieu & en peu de temps.

Alice. Na'vez vous pas desja oublie ce que je vous ay enseigné ?

Kath. Non, je reciteray a vous promptement d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles Madame.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur d'Elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je d'Elbow, de Neck, de Sin : comment appelle vous les pieds & de robe.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, and le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, and le Count : O Seigneur Dieu ! ce sont des mots mauvais, corruptible & impudique, & non pour les Damnes d'Honneur d'user : Je ne Voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde ! Il faut le Foot & le Count, neant moins. Je reciteray un autrefois ma leçon ensemble, de Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, d'Neck, de Sin, de Foot, de Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois. allens nous en disner. [Exeunt.
Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, Duke of Britain
the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. K. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the River Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, My Lord, ;
Let us not live in France ; let us quit all,
And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dau. O dieu vivant ! shall a few Sprays of us,

The

The emptying of our Father's Luxury,
Our Syens, put in Wild and Savage Stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the Clouds,
And over-look their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but Bastard *Normans*, *Norman* Bastards.
Mort de ma vie, if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my Dukedom,
To buy a slobbry and a dirty Farm
In that Hook-shotten Isle of *Albion*.

Con. Dieu de Battailles! Where have they this Mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despight, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their Fruit with Frowns? Can sodden Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Jades, their Barley-Broth,
Docco& their cold Blood, to such valiant Heat?
And shall our quick Blood spirited with Wine,
Seem frosty? Oh! for the honour of our Land,
Let us not hang like roping Ificles
Upon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frosty People
Sweat Drops of gallant Youth in our rich Fields:
Poor we may call them, in their native Lords.

Dau. By Faith and Honour,
Our Madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our Mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their Bodies to the Lust of *English* Youth,
To New-store *France* with Bastard Warriors.

Brit. They bid us to the *English* Dancing Schools,
And teach *Lavalta's* high, and swift *Curranto's*,
Saying our Grace is only in our Heels,
And that we are most lofty Run-aways,

Fr. King. Where is *Montjoy*, the Herald? speed him hence
Let him greet *England* with our sharp Defiance.
Up Princes, and with Spirit of Honour edg'd,
More sharper than your Swords, hie to the Field:]
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of *France*;
You Duke of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanson, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*. *Vaudemont*,
Baumont, *Grandpree*, *Roussie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lestrale*, *Beuciquall*, and *Charaleys*,

High

High Dukes, great Princess, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
 For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:
 Bar *Harry England*, that sweeps through our Land
 With Penons painted in the Blood of *Harfleur*:
 Rush on his Host, as doth the melted Snow
 Upon the Vallies, whose low Vassal Seat
 The *Alps* doth spit, and void his Rheum upon.
 Go down upon him, you have power enough,
 And in a Captive Chariot, into *Roan*
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the Great.
 Sorry am I his Numbers are so few,
 His Soldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
 For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
 He'll drop his Heart into the sink of Fear,
 And for Atchievement, offer us his Ransom.

F. King. Therefore Lord Constable, haste on *Mountjoy*,
 And let him say to *England*, that we send,
 To know what willing Ransom he will give,
 Prince *Dauphin*, you shall stay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
 Now forth Lord Constable and Princes all;
 And quickly bring us Word of *England's* Fall. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Gower and Fluellen. (*Bridge?*)

Gow. How now, Captain *Fluellen*, come you from the
Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Services com-
 mitted at the Bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamem-
 non*, and a Man that I love and honour with my soul, and my
 Heart, and my Duty, and my Life, and my Living, and my
 uttermost power. He is not, God be praised and blessed,
 any hurt in the World. but keeps the bridge most valiantly,
 with excellent Discipline. There is an ancient Lieutenant
 there at the Bridge, I think in my very Conscience he is as
 valiant a Man as *Mark Anthony*, and he is a Man of no Esti-
 mation in the World, but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd ancient *Pistol*.

Gow.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the Man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praise God and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. *Bardolph*, a soldier firm and sound of Heart, and of buxom Valour, hath by cruel Fate, and giddy Fortune's furious fickle Wheel, that Goddess blind, that stands upon the rolling restless Stone ———

Flu. By your patience, ancient *Pistol*: Fortune is painted blind, with a Musker before her Eyes, to signifie to you, that fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a Wheel, to signifie to you, which is the Moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her Foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles; in good Truth, the Poet makes a most excellent Description of it: Fortune is an excellent Moral.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolph's* Foe, and frowns on him; for he hath stolen a *Pax*, and hanged must a be; damned Death; let Gallows gape for Dog, let man go free, and let not Hemp his Wind pipe suffocate; but *Exeter* hath given the Doom of Death for *Pax* of little Price. Therefore go speak, tha Duke will hear thy voice; and let not *Bardolph's* vital Thread be cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speak Captain for his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Pistol*, I do partly understand your Meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoyce at; for if, look you, he were my Brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good Pleasure, and put him to Execution; for Discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die, and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy Friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Fig of *Spain*.

[Exit Pist.

Flu. Very good.

Gow.

Gow. Why this is an arrant counterfeit Rascal, I remember him now ; a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, a utt' red as prave Words at the Pridge as you shall see in a Summer's Day ; but it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why 'tis a Gull, a Fool, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Wars, to grace himself at his return into *London*, under the form of a Soldier ; and such Fellows are perfect in the great Commanders Names, and they will learn you by wote where Services were done ; at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the Enemy stood on ; and this they con perfectly in the Phrase of War, which they trick up with new-tuned Oaths ; and what a Beard of the Generals Cut, and a horrid Suit of the Camp, will do among foaming Bottles, and ale-wash'd Wits, is wonderful to be thought on ; but you must learn to know such Slanders of the Age, or else you may be marvelously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain *Gower* ; I do perceive he is not the Man that he would gladly make shew to the World he is ; if I find a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my mind ; hear you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poor Soldiers.

Flu. God pless your Majesty.

K. Henry. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majesty : the Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge ; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave Passages ; marry, th' athversary was have Possession of the Pridge, but he is inforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is Master of the Pridge : I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave Man.

K. Henry. What Men have you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The Perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great ; marry for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a Man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majesty know the

the Man: His Face is all Bubukles, and Whelks, and Knobs and flames a Fire, and his lips blows at his Nose, and it is like a Coal of Fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red, but his Nose is executed, and his Fire's out.

K. Henry. We would have all such Offenders so cut off, and we give express charge, that in our Marches through the Country, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful Language; for when Lenity and Cruelty play for a Kingdom, the gentler Gamester is the soonest Winner.

Tucket. sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my Habit.

K. Henry. Well then, I know thee; what shall I know of thee?

Mount. My Master's Mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Mount. Thus says my King: Say thou to *Harry of England*, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better soldier than Rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuk'd him at *Harfleur*, but that we thought not good to bruise an Injury, 'till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our Cue, and our Voice is imperial: *England* shall repent his Folly, see his Weakness, and admire our Sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his Ransom, which must proportion the Losses we have born, the Subjects we have lost, the Disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his Pettiness would bow under. For our Losses, his Exchequer is too poor; for th' effusion of our Blood, the Muster of his Kingdom too faint a Number; and for our Disgrace, his own person kneeling at our Feet, but a weak and worthless Satisfaction. To this add Defiance, and tell him for Conclusion, he hath betray'd his Followers, whose Condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my King and Master, so much my Office.

K. Henry. What is thy name? I know thy Quality.

Mount. Mountjoy.

K. Henry. Thou dost thy Office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy King. I do not seek him now, But could be willing to march on to *Calais*,

Without

Without Impeachment ; for to say the sooth,
 Though 'tis no Wisdom to confess so much,
 Unto an Enemy of Craft and Vantage,
 My People are with Sicknes much enfeebled,
 My Numbers lessen'd ; and those few I have,
 Almost no better than so many *French* ;
 Who when they were in Health, I tell thee, Herald,
 I thought, upon one pair of *English* Legs,
 Did march three *Frenchmen*. Yet forgive me, God,
 That I do brag thus ; this your Air of *France*
 Hath blown that Vice in me ; I must repent.
 Go therefore tell thy Master, here I am ;
 My Ransom is this frail and worthless Trunk ;
 My Army but a weak and sickly Guard :
 Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though *France* himself, and such another Neighbour
 Stand in our way. There's for thy Labour *Mountjoy*.
 Go bid thy Master well advise himself,
 If we may pass, we will ; if we be hindred,
 We shall your tawny Ground with your red Blood
 Discolour ; and so *Mountjoy* fare you well.
 The sum of all our Answer is but this ;
 We would not seek a Battle, as we are,
 Nor as we are, we say, we will not shun it :
 So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliver so : Thanks to your Highness. [*Exit.*]

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Henry. We are in God's hand, Brother, not in theirs :
 March to the Bridge, it now draws toward Night,
 Beyond the River we'll encamp our selves,
 And on to morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans,
Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut, I have the best Armour of the World ; would
 it were day.

Orl. You have an excellent Armour ; but let my Horse
 have his due.

Con. It is the best Horse of *Europe*.

Orl. Will it never be Morning ?

Dau.

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of Horse and Armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dau. What a long night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treads but on four Pasterns; ch'ha; he bounds from the Earth, as if his Entrails were hairs; *Le Cheval volant*, the *Pegasus*, *qu'il a les narines de feu*. When I bestride him, I soar, I am a Hawk; he trots the Air; the Earth sings, when he touches it; the basest horn of his Hoof is more Musical than the Pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the Colour of a Nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Perseus*; he is pure Air and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appear in him, but only in patient stilness while his Rider amounts him; he is indeed a Horse, and all other Jades you may call Beasts.

Orl. Indeed my Lord: it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dau. It is the Prince of Palfreys, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his Countenance enforces Homage.

Orl. No more, Cousin.

Dau. Nay, the Man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Lark to the Lodging of the Lamb, vary deserved praise on my Palfrey; it is a Theme as fluent as the Sea: Turn the Sands into eloquent Tongues, and my Horse is argument for then all; 'tis a Subject for a Sovereign to reason on, and for a Sovereign's Sovereign to ride on; and for the World, familiar to us, and unknown, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a Sonnet in his praise and began thus, *Wonder of Nature* —

Orl. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that, which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistress.

Orl. Your Mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well, which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular Mistress.

Con.

Con. Nay, for methought Yesterday your Mistrefs shrewdly shook your Back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hose off, and in your strait Stroffers.

Con. You have good Judgment in Horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then; they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul Bogs; I had rather have my Horse to my Mistrefs.

Con. I had as lieve have my Mistrefs a Jade.

Dau. I tell thee Constable, my Mistrefs wears his own Hair.

Con. I could make as true a Boast as that, If I had a Sow to my Mistrefs.

Dau. *Le chieu est retourné à son propre vomissement, & la truie lavée au boubier*; thou mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my Horse for my Mistrefs, or any such Proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to Night, are those Stars or Surs upon it?

Con. Stars, my Lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Ev'n as your Horse bears your Praises, who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a Mile, and my way shall be paved with *English* Faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were Morning, for I would fain be about the Ears of the *English*.

Ram. Who will go to Hazard with me for twenty Prisoners?

Con. You must first go your self to Hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis Mid-night, I'll go arm my self.

[Exit
Orl.]

Orl. The *Dauphin* longs for Morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *English*.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my Lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Con. Swear by her Foot, that she might tread out the Oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active Gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to morrow; he will keep that good Name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry he told me so himself, and he said he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden Virtue in him.

Con. By my Faith, Sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his Lacquey; 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will abate.

Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap the Proverb with, *There is Flattery in Friendship*.

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the Devil his due*.

Con. Well plac'd; there stands your Friend for the Devil; have at the very Eye of that Proverb with, *A Pox of the Devil*.

Orl. You are the better at Proverbs, by how much a Fool's Bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the *English* lye within fifteen hundred Paces of your Tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the Ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpree.

Con.

Con. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day. Alas poor *Harry of England*; he longs not for the Dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish Fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd Followers so far out of his Knowledge.

Con. If the *English* had any Apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their Heads had any intellectual Armour, they could never wear such heavy Head-pieces.

Ram. That Island of *England* breeds very valiant Creatures; their Mastiffs are of unmatchable Courage.

Orl. Foolish Curs, that run winking into the Mouth of a *Russian* Bear, and have their Heads crush'd like rotten Apples; you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eat his Breakfast on the Lip of a Lion.

Con. Just, just; and the Men do sympathize with the Mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives; and then give them great Meals of Beef, and Iron and Steel; they will eat like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Orl. Ay, but these *English* are shrewdly out of Beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow, they have only Stomach to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is not two a Clock; but let me see by ten We shall have each a hundred *Englishmen*. [Exeunt.]



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter Chorus.

NOW entertain Conjecture of a Time,
When creeping Murmur and the poring Dark
Fills the wide Vessel of the Universe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foul Womb of Night,
The Hum of either Army stilly sounds.

That

That the fixt Centinels almost receive
 The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
 Fire answers Fire, and through their paly Flames
 Each Battle sees the others umber'd face.
 Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastful Neighs
 Piercing the Night's dull Ear; and from the Tents
 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
 With busy Hammers closing Rivets up,
 Give dreadful Note of Preparation.
 The country Cocks do crow, the Clocks do towl,
 And the third Hour of drowsy Morning nam'd,
 Proud of their Numbers, and secure in Soul,
 The confident and over-lusty *French*,
 Do the low-rated *English* play at Dice:
 And chide the cripple-tardy-gated Night,
 Who like a foul and ugly Witch do's limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned *English*,
 Like Sacrifices, by their watchful Fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The Morning's Danger: and their Gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean Cheeks, and War-worn Coats,
 Presented them unto the gazing Moon
 So many horrid Ghosts. O now who will behold
 The royal Captain of this ruin'd Band
 Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent,
 Let him cry, Praise and Glory on his Head:
 For forth he goes, and visits all his Host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest Smile,
 And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Country-men.
 Upon his Royal Face there is no Note,
 How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he Dedicate one jot of Colour
 Unto the weary and all watched Night:
 But freshly looks, and over-bears Attaint,
 With chearful Semblance, and sweet Majesty:
 That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks Comfort from his Looks,
 A Largels universal, like the Sun,
 His liberal Eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold Fear, that mean and gentle all

C

Behold,

Behold, as may Unworthiness define,
 A little touch of *Harry* in the Night.
 And so our Scene must to the Battle fly:
 Where, O for pity, we shall much disgrace,
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils
 (Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
 The Name of *Agincourt*. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries be. [Exit.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Henry. *Gloster*, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
 The greater therefore should our Courage be.
 Good morrow, Brother *Bedford*: God Almighty,
 There is some Soul of Goodness in things Evil,
 Would Men observingly distil it out.
 For our bad Neighbour makes us early Stirrers,
 Which is both Healthful, and good Husbandry.
 Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
 And Preachers to us all; admonishing,
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
 And make a Moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
 A good soft Pillow for that good white Head
 Were better, than a churlish Turf of *France*.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

K. Henry. 'Tis good for Men to love their present Pain,
 Upon Example, so the spirit is eased:
 And when the Mind is quickened, out of doubt
 The Organs, though Defunct and Dead before,
 Break up their drowsie Grave, and newly move
 With casted slough, and fresh celerity.
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir *Thomas*: Brothers both,
 Commend me to the Princes in our Camp:
 Do my good-morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my Pavillion.

Glo. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. Henry. No, my good Knight:

King HENRY V.

51

Go with my Brothers to my Lords of *England* :
I and my Bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other Company.

Erping. The Lord in Heav'n blefs thee, noble *Harry*.]

[*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. God a Mercy, old Heart, thou speak'st cheer-
fully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va la?*

K. Henry. A Friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me, art thou Officer, or art thou base,
common and popular?

K. Henry. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant Pike?

K. Henry. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are a better than the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
Lad of Life, an Imp of Fame, of Parents good, of Filt
most valiant: I kils his dirty Shooe, and from Heart-
string I love the lovely Bully. What is thy Name?

K. Henry. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy!* a *Cornish* Name: Art thou of *Cornish* Crew?

K. Henry. No, I am a *Welshman*.

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen*?

K. Henry. Yes.

Pist. Tell him I'll knock his Leek about his Pate upon
St. David's Day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your Dagger in your Cap
that Day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his Friend?

K. Henry. And his Kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then.

K. Henry. I thank you: God be with you.

Pist. My Name is *Pistol* call'd.

[*Exit.*

K. Henry. It sorts well with your *Fierceness*.

[*Manet King Henry.*

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. So, in the Name of Jesu Christ, speak fewer: It is the greatest Admiration in the universal World, when the true and auncient Prerogatives and Laws of the Wars is not kept: If you would take the Pains but to examine the Wars of *Pompey* the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble babble in *Pompey's* Camp: I warrant you, you shall find the Ceremonies of the wars, and the Cares of it, and the Forms of it, and the Sobriety of it, and the Modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the Enemy is loud, you hear him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemy is an Ass, and a Fool, and a prating Coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an Ass, and a Fool, and a prating Coxcomb, in your own Conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt.*]

K. Henry. Tho' it appear a little out of fashion, There is much Care and Valour in this *Welchman*.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning, which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great Cause to desire the Approach of Day.

Williams. We see yonder the Beginning of the Day, but I think we shall never see the End of it. Who goes there?

K. Henry. A Friend,

Will. Under what Captain serve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir *John Erpingham*.

Will. A good old Commander, and a most kind Gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our Estate?

K. Henry. Even as Men wrack'd upon a Sand, that look to be wash'd off the next Tide.

Bates. He hath not told his Thought to the King?

K. Henry. No; nor is it meet he should: For though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a Man, as I am;
The

The Violet smells to him, as it doth to me ; the Element shews to him, as it doth to me ; all his Senses have but human Conditions. His Ceremonies laid by, in his Nakedness he appears but a Man ; and tho' his Affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop they stoop with the like Wing ; therefore, when he sees reason of Fears, as we do, his Fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are ; yet, in reason, no Man should possess him with any appearance of Fear ; lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward Courage he will ; but, I believe, as cold a Night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the *Thames* up to the Neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all Adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my Conscience of the King ; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone ; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor Mens Lives saved.

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill to wish him here alone ; howsoever, you speak this to feel other Mens Minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's Company ; his Cause being just, and his Quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we know enough, if we know we are the King's Subjects : If his Cause be wrong, our Obedience to the King wipes the Crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the Cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy Reckoning to make, when all those Legs, and Arms, and Heads chop'd off in a Battel, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at such a Place* ; some Swearing, some crying for a Surgeon ; some upon their Wives left poor behind them ; some upon the Debts they owe ; some upon their Children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in Battel ; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when Blood is their Argument ? Now, if these Men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it, whom to disobey, were against all proportion of Subjection.

K. Henry. So, if a Son, that by his Father sent about Merchandize, do sinfully miscarry upon the Sea, the imputation of his Wickedness, by your Rule, should be imposed upon his Father that sent him; or if a Servant under his Master's Command, transporting a sum of Money, be assail'd by Robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd Iniquities, you may call the business of the Master the Author of the Servants Damnation; but this is not so: The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Soldiers, the Father of his Son, nor the Master of his Servant, for they purpose not their Death, when they purpose their Services. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause never so spotless, if it come to the Arbitrement of Swords, can try it out with all unspotted Soldiers: Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murder; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seals of Perjury; some, making the Wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle Bosom of Peace with Pillage and Robbery. Now if these Men have defeated the Law, and out-run Native Punishment; though they can out-strip Men, they have no Wings to fly from God. War is his Beadle, War is his Vengeance; so that here Men are punish'd, for before breach of the King's Laws, in now the King's Quarrel; where they feared the Death, they have born Life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their Damnation, than he was before guilty of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subject's Duty is the King's, but every Subject's Soul is his own. Therefore should every Soldier in the Wars do as every sick Man in his Bed, wash every Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes it were not sin to think that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his Greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every Man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own Head, the King is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. I my self heard the King say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight chearfully; but when our Throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous shot out of an Elder-Gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a Monarch; you may as well go about to turn the Sun to Ice, with fanning in his face with a Peacock's Feather: You'll never trust his Word after! Come, 'tis a foolish Saying.

K. Henry. Your Reproof is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a Quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will wear it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrel.

Will. Here's my Glove; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my Cap; if ever thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Glove, my this Hand I will give thee a Box on the Ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, tho' I take thee in the King's Company.

Will. Keep thy Word: Fare thee well.

Bates. Be Friends, you *English* Fools, be Friends; we have *French* Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon

Exeunt Soldiers.

K. Henry. Indeed, the *French* may lay twenty *French* Crowns to one; they will beat us, for they bear them on their Shoulders; but it is no *English* Treason to cut *French* Crowns, and to morrow the King himself will be a Clipper. Upon the King! let us, our Lives, our Souls, Our Debts, our carefull Wives, our Children, and

Our Sins, lay on the King ; he must bear all.
 O hard Condition, twin-born with Greatness,
 Subject to the Breath of every Fool, whose Sense
 No more can feel, but his own wringing.
 What infinite heart-ease must Kings neglect,
 That private Men enjoy !
 And what have Kings that Privates have not too,
 Save Ceremony, save general Ceremony ?
 And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremony ?
 What kind of God art thou ? that suffer'st more
 Of mortal Grievs than do thy Worshipers.
 What are thy Rents ? What are thy Comings in ?
 O Ceremony, shew me but thy worth :
 What ! is thy Soul of Adoration ?
 Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Form,
 Creating awe and fear in other Men ?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of Homage sweet,
 But poyson'd Flattery ? O be sick, great Greatness,
 And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure.
 Think'st thou the fiery Feaver will go out
 With Titles blown from Adulation ?
 Will it give Place to flexure and low bending ?
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggars knee;
 Command the Health of it ? No, thou proud Dream,
 Thou play'st so subtilly with a King's Repose,
 I am a King that find thee ; and I know,
 'Tis not the Balm, the Scepter, and the Ball,
 The Sword, the Mace, the Crown Imperial,
 The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearl,
 The farled Title running 'fore the King,
 The Throne he sits on ; nor the Tide of Pomp,
 That beats upon the high shoar of this World :
 No, not all these thrice gorgeous Ceremonies,
 Not all these, laid in Bed Majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched Slave :
 Who, with a Body fill'd, and vacant Mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful Bread,
 Never sees horrid Night, the Child of Hell :

But

But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
Sweats in the Eye of *Phæbus*; and all Night
Sleeps in *Elysium*; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help *Hyperion* to his Horse,
And follows so the ever-running Year
With profitable Labour to his Grave:
And, but for Ceremony, such a Wretch,
Winding up days with Toil, and Nights with Sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The Slave, a Member of the Country's Peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What Watch the King keeps to maintain the Peace;
Whose Hours the Peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your Absence,
Seek through your Camp to find you.

K. Henry. Good old Knight, collect them all together,
At my Tent; I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

K. Henry. O God of Battles steel my Soldier's Hearts,
Possess them not with Fear. Take from them now
The Sense of Reck'ning of th' opposed Numbers:
Pluck their Hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the Fault
My Father made in compassing the Crown.
I *Richard's* Body have interred new,
And on it have bestowed more contrite Tears
Than from it issued forced Drops of Blood.
Five hundred Poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a Day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon Blood:
And I have built two Chauntries,
Where the sad and solemn Priests sing still
For *Richard's* Soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitent comes after all,
Imploring Pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. My Liege.

K. Henry. My Brother *Gloster's* Voice?

C 5

I know

I know thy Errand, I will go with thee :

The Day, my Friend, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and Beaumont.

Orl. The Sun doth gild our Armour, up, my Lords.

Dau. Monte Cheval : My Horse, Valet Lacquay : Ha !

Orl. Oh brave Spirit !

Dau. Voyer les Cieux & la terre.

Orl. Rien puis le air & feu.

Dau. Cien, Cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable !

Con. Hark how our Steeds for present Service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make Incision in their Hides,
That their hot Blood may spin in *English* Eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous Courage : Ha !

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses Blood ?
How shall we then behold their natural Tears ?

Enter Messenger.

Mes. The *English* are embattel'd, you *French* Peers.

Con. To Horse, you gallant Princes, streight to Horse.
Do but behold yond poor and starved Band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their Souls,
Leaving them but the shales and Husks of Men.
There is not work enough for all our Hands,
Scarce Blood enough in all their sickly Veins,
To give each naked Curtle-ax a stain,
That our *French* Gallants shall to day draw out,
And sheath for lack of Sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'er-turn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, Lords,
That our superfluous Lacqueys and our Peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of Battel, were enow
To purge this Field of such a hilding Poe.
Tho' we upon this Mountain's Basis by
Took stand, for idle Speculation :
But that our Honours must not. What's to say ?
A very little little let us do ;
And all is done ; then let the Trumpets sound
The Tucket sonuance, and the Note to mount :

For our approach shall so much dare the Field,
That *England* shall couch down in Fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Gran. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of *France*?
Yond Island Carrions, desperate of their Bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the Morning Field:
Their ragged Curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully,
Big *Mars* seems bankrupt in their beggar'd Host,
And faintly through a rusty Bever peeps.
The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,
With Torch-Staves in their Hand; and their poor Jades
Lob down their Heads, drooping the Hide and Hips:
The Gum down roping from their pale-dead Eyes,
And in their pale dull Mouths the Jymold Bitt
Lyes foul with chaw'd Grass, still and motionless;
And their Executors, the knavish Crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their Hour.
Description cannot suit it self in Words,
To demonstrate the Life of such a Battel,
In life so liveless as it shews it self.

Con. They have said their Prayers,
And they stay for Death.

Dau. Shall we go send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,
And give their fasting Horses Provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my Guard: On to the Field;
I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away,
The Sun is high, and we out-wear the Day. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all the
Host, Salisbury and Westmorland.

Glo. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their Battel.

West. Of fighting Men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one, besides they are all fresh.

Sal. God's Arm strike with us, 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you Princes all; I'll to my Charge:
If we no more meet 'till we meet in Heaven,

Then

Then joyfully, my noble Lord of *Bedford*,
My dear Lord *Gloſter*, and my good Lord *Exeter*,
And my kind Kinsmen, Warriors all adieu.

Bed. Farewel, good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with thee:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fam'd of the firm truth of Valour.

Exe. Farewel, kind Lord: Fight valiantly to day [*Ex. Sal.*

Bed. He is as full of Valour as of Kindness,
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those Men in *England*,
That do not work to Day.

K. Henry. What's he that wishes so?
My Cousin *Westmoreland*? No, my fair Cousin :)
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our Country loss; and if to live,
The fewer Men the greater share of Honour.
God's Will, I pray thee wish not one Man more.
By *Jove*, I am not covetous for Gold,
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost:
It yerns me not, if Men my Garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a Sin to covet Honour,
I am the most offending Soul alive.
No, faith, my Coz, wish not a Man from *England*:
God's Peace, I would not lose so great an Honour,
As one Man more methinks would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it (*Westmoreland*) through my Host,
That he which hath no Stomach to this Fight,
Let him depart, his Passport shall be made,
And Crowns for Convoy put into his Purse:
We would not die in that Man's Company
That fears his Fellowship to die with us.
This Day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian*:
He that out-lives this Day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the Name of *Crispian*:
He that shall see this Day, and live old Age,

Will

Will yearly on the Vigil feast his Neighbours,
 And say to morrow is Saint *Crispian*:
 Then will he strip his Sleeve, and shew his Scars:
 Old Men forget; yet all shall not be forgot,
 But he'll remember, with advantages,
 What Feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,
 Familiar in his Mouth as household words,
Harry the King, *Bedford*, and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Gloster*,
 Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
 This Story shall the good Man teach his Son:
 And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne'er go by,
 From this Day to the ending of the World,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 We few, we happy few, we band of Brothers:
 For he to day that sheds his Blood with me,
 Shall be my Brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This Day shall gentle his Condition.
 And Gentlemen in *England* now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accurst they were not here;
 And hold their Manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks,
 That fought with us upon St. *Crispian's* Day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Sovereign Lord, bestow yourself with Speed:
 The *French* are bravely in the Battles set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready if our Minds be so.

West. Perish the Man whose Mind is backward now.

K. Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from *England*,
 Coz?

West. God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
 Without more help, could fight this royal Battle.

K. Henry. Why now thou hast unwish'd five thousand
 Which likes me better than to wish us one. [Men:
 You know your Places; God be with you all.

A Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
 If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
 Before thy most assured overthrow:
 For certainly thou art so near the Gulf,

Thou

Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
 The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
 Thy Followers of Repentance; that their Souls
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
 From off these Fields; where, Wretches, their poor Bodies
 Must lye and fester.

K. Henry. Who hath sent thee now?

Mount. The Constable of France.

K. Henry. I pray thee bear my former Answer back,
 Bid them atchieve me, and then sell my Bones.
 Good God! why should they mock poor Fellowsthus?
 The Man that once did sell the Lion's Skin
 While the Beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
 And many of our Bodies shall, no doubt,
 Find native Graves; upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in Bräts of this Day's work.
 And those that leave their valiant Bones in France,
 Dying like Men, tho' buried in your Dunghils,
 They shall be fam'd; for there the Sun shall greet them
 And draw their Honours reeking up to Heaven,
 Leaving their earthly Parts to choak your Clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
 Mark then abounding Valour in our English:
 That being dead, like to the Bullets grasing,
 Break out into a second course of Mischief,
 Killing in relapse of Mortality.
 Let me speak proudly; tell the Constable,
 We are but Warriors for the working Day;
 Our Gayness and our Gilt are all be-smirch'd
 With rainy marching in the painful Field.
 There's not a piece of Feather in our Host;
 Good Argument, I hope, we will not flye:
 And Time hath worn us into slovenry
 But, by the Mass, our Hearts are in the trim:
 And my poor Soldiers tell me, yet ere Night
 They'll be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new Coats o'er the French Soldiers Heads,
 And turn them out of Service. If they do this,
 And if God please they shall, my Ransom then
 Will soon be levied.

Herald,

Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for Ransom, gentle Herald,
They shall have none, I swear, but these my Joints:
Which if they have, as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mon. I shall, King *Harry*: And so fare thee well.
Thou never shalt hear Herald any more. (*Exit.*

K. Henry. I fear thou wilt once more come again for a Ransom.

Enter York

York. My Lord, most humbly on my Knee I beg
The leading of the Vaward.

K. Henry. Take it, brave *York*.

Now Soldiers, march away;

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, Cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous estes le Gentill-homme de bone qualite.*

Pist. Quality clamy culture me, Art thou a Gentleman?
What is thy Name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: Perpend
my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark: O Signieur
Dewe, thou diest on point of Fox, except, O Signieur,
thou do give to me egregious Ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O prenez misericorde, ayez pitie de moy.*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty Moys; for
I will fetch thy rym out at thy Throat, in drops of Crim-
son Blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, Cur? thou damned and luxurious Moun-
tain Goat, offer'st me Brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a Ton of Moys?
Come hither, Boy, ask me this Slave in *French*, what is his
Name.

Boy. *Escoute comment estes vous appelle?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his Name is Mr. *Fer*

Pist.

Pist. Mr. Fer ! I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him ; Discus the same in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for fer, and ferret, and ferk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his Throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monsieur ?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez prest, car ce soldat icy est disposée tout a cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge parmafory peasant, unless thou give me Crowns, brave Crowns, or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.

Fr. Sol. *O je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner, je suis Gentilhomme de bonne maison, garde ma vie, & Je vous d'anneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words ?

Bey. He prays you to save his Life, he is a Gentleman of a good Houle, and for his Ransom he will give you two hundred Crowns.

Pist. Tell him my Fury shall abate, and I the Crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monsieur que dit-il ?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son Jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier : neant moins pour les escus que vout l'ay prometter, il est content de vous donner la liberté de franchise.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je voux donne milles remerciemens, & je me estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres estimée Seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, Boy.

Bey. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and esteems himself happy, that he hath fal'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Seigneur of England.

Pist. As I suck Blood, I will some Mercy shew. Follow me.

Boy. *Suivez le grand Capitain.*

I did never know so woful a Voice issue from so empty a Heart ; but the Song is true, the empty Vessel makes the greatest sound. *Bardolph* and *Nim* had ten times more Valour

lour than this roaring Devil i'th' old Play, that every one
may pair his Nails with a wooden Dagger, and they are
both hang'd, and so would this be, if he durst steal any
thing adventurously. I must stay with the Lackies, with
the luggage of our Camp, the *French* might have a good
Prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to Guard it
but Boys.

[Exit.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin and Ram-
Con. O Diable!

[bures.

O la. O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, toute est perdu.

Dau. Mrt de ma vie, all is confounded, all,

Reproach, and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

[A short Alarm.

O meschante Fortune, do not run away.

Con. Why, all our Ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selves:
Be these the Wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his Ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us fly in once more back again,

And he that will not follow *Bourbon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his Cap in hand,

Like a base Pander, hold the Chamber-door,

Whilst by a base Slave no gentler than my Dog,

His fairest Daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, Friend us now.

Let us on heaps go offer up our Lives.

Orl. We are a now yet living in the Field,

To smother up the *English* in our Throngs

If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The Devil take Order now, I'll to the throng;

Let Life be short, else shame will be too long.

[Exeunt.

Alarm. Enter the King and his Train, with Prisoners.

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice valiant Countryman,

But all's not don, yet keep the *French* in the Field.

Exe. The Duke of *Tork* commendshim to your Majesty.

K. Henry. Lives he, good Uncle; thrice within this

hour

I saw him down? thrice up again, and fighting:

From Helmet to the Spur all Blood he was.

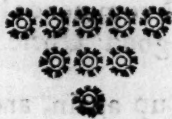
Exe.

Exe. In which array, brave Soldier, doth he lye
 Larding the Plain; and by his bloody side,
 (Yoak-fellow to his Honour-owing Wounds)
 The Noble Earl of *Suffolk* also lyes.
Suffolk first died, and *Turk* all hagled over
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
 And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes,
 That bloodily did yawn upon his Face,
 He cries aloud : Tarry, my Cousin *Suffolk*,
 My Soul shall thine keep Company to Heaven:
 Tarry, sweet Soul, for mine, then fly a-breast :
 As in this glorious and well-foughten Field
 We kept together in our Chevalry.
 Upon these Words I came, and cheer'd him up;
 He smil'd me in the Face, caught me in his Hand,
 And with a feeble gripe, says, dear my Lord,
 Commend my Service to my Sovereign;
 So did he turn, and over *Suffolk's* Neck
 He threw his wounded Arm, and kiss his Lips,
 And so espous'd to Death, with Blood he seal'd
 A Testament of Noble-ending Love :
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those Waters from me, which I would have stop'd,
 But I had not so much of Man in me,
 And all my Mother came into mine Eyes,
 And gave me up to Tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not,
 For hearing this I must perforce compound
 With mixtful Eyes, or they will issue too.
 But hark, what new Alarm is this same ?
 The *French* have re-inforc'd their scatter'd Men:
 Then every Soldier kill his Prisoners.
 Give the Word through.

[Alarm.

[Exeunt



A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. **K**ill the poyes and the luggage, 'tis expressly against the Law of Arms, 'tis as arrant a piece of Knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd in your Conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive, and the cowardly Rascals that ran away from the Battle ha' done this Slaughter; besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd every Soldier to cut his Prisoner's Throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, he was born at *Monmouth*, Captain *Gower*; what call you the Town's Name, where *Alexander* the pig was born?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think *Alexander* the Great was born in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is born: I tell you, Captain, if you look in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant that you shall find in the comparisons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the Situations, look you, is both alike. There is a River in *Macedon*, there is also moreover a River at *Monmouth*, it is called *Wye* at *Monmouth*; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other River, but 'tis all one, 'tis aslike as my fingers to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexander's* Life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth's* Life is come after it indifferent well, for there is Figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths,

wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in, his prains, did in his Ales and his Angers, look you, kill his best Friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his Friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the Tales out of my Mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the Figures, and Comparisons of it; as *Alexander* kill'd his Friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cups, so also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wits, and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly Doublet; he was full of jest, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks, I have forgot his Name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you, there is good Men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Bourbon with Prisoners, Lords and Attendants. *Fleurish*

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to *France*, Untill this instant. Take a Trumpet, Herald, Ride thou unto the Horsemen on yond Hill: If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the Field; they do offend our sight. If they'll do neither, we will come to them, And make them sker away, as swift as stones. Enforced from the old *Assyrian* Slings: Besides, we'll cut the Throats of those we have, And not a Man of them that we shall take, Shall taste our Mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the *French*, my Liege.

Glo. His Eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now, what means their Herald? Know'st thou not.

That I have find these Bones of mine for Ransom? Com'st thou again for Ransom?

Mount. No, great King:

I come to thee for charitable License,

That

K.

That we may wonder o'er this bloody Field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them:
To sort our Nobles from our common Men;
For many of our Princes, woe the while,
Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary Blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant Limbs
In blood of Princes, and with wounded Steeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead Masters,
Killing them twice. O give us leave, great King,
To view the Field in Safety, and dispose
Of their dead Bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, Herald,
I know not if the Day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your Horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the Field.

Mount. The Day is yours.

K. Henry. Praised be God, and not our strength for it:
What is this Castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mount. They call it *Agin-court*.

K. Henry. Then call we this the Field of *Agin-court*.
Fought on the Day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous Memory, an't please
your Majesty, and your great Uncle *Edward* the Plack
Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought
a most prave pattle here in *France*.

K. Henry. They did, *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majesty says very true: If your Majesties is
remembred of it, the *Welchmen* did good service in a Gar-
den where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their *Mon-*
mouth Caps, which your Majesty know to this hour is an
honourable Padge of the service; and I do believe your Ma-
jesty takes no scorn to waer the Leek upon St. *Tavie's* day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable houour:
For I am *Welch*, you know, good Countryman.

Flu. All the Water in *Wye* cannot wash your Majes-
ties *Welsh* blood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God
pleas, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and
his Majesty too.

K. Henry. Thanks, good Countryman.

Flu.

Flu. By Jeihu, I am your Majesty's Countryman, I care not who know it : I will confess it to all the Orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God, so long as your Majesty is an honest Man.

K. Henry. God keep me so.

Enter William.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me just notice of the Numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder Fellow hither.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

K. Henry. Soldier why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. And't please your Majesty, it is the Gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An *Englishman*?

Will. An't please your Majesty, a Rascal that swagger'd with me last Night ; who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glove, I have sworn to take him a Box o'th' ear ; or if I can see my Glove in his Cap, which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear, (if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Henry. What think you, Captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this Soldier keep his Oath?

Flu. He is a Craven and a Villain else, and't please your Majesty, in my Conscience.

K. Henry. It may be, his Enemy is a Gentleman of great Sort, quite from the Answer of his Degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the Devil is as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his Vow and his Oath : If he be perjur'd, see you now, his Reputation is as arrant as a Villain and a Jack sawce, as ever his black shoo trod upon God's Ground, and his Earth, in my Conscience, Law.

K. Henry. Then keep thy Vow, Sirrah, when thou meet'st the Fellow.

Will. So I will my Liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captain, and is good knowledge and literated in the Wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, Soldier.

Will.

Will. I will, my Liege.

[Exit.

K. Henry. Here *Fluellen*, wear thou this Favour for me, and stick it in thy Cap; when *Alanson* and my self were down together, I pluck'd this Glove from his Helm; if any Man challenge this, he is a Friend to *Alanson*, and an Enemy to our Persons; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me love.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great Honours, as can be desir'd in the Hearts of his Subjects: I would fain see the Man, that has but two Legs, that shall find himself aggriev'd at this Glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his Grace that I might see.

K. Henry. Know'st thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my dear Friend, and please you.

K. Henry. Pray thee go seek him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[Exit.

K. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the Heels,

The Glove which I have given him for a Favour

May haply purchase him a Box o'th' Ear,

It is the Soldier's; I by Bargain should

Wear it my self. Follow, good Cousin *Warwick*:

If that the Soldier strike him, as I judge

By this blunt bearing, he will keep his Word;

Some sudden mischief may arise of it:

For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,

And touch'd with Choler hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will return an Injury.

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.

Go you with me, Uncle of *Exeter*.

[Exeunt.

Enter *Gower* and *Williams*.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captain.

Enter *Fluellen*.

Flu. God's Will, and his Pleasure, Captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: There is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your Knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this Glove?

Flu. Know the Glove? I know the Glove is a Glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [Strikes him.

Flu.

Flu. 'Sbud, an arrant Traitor as any's in the Universal World, in *France*, or in *England*.

Gower. How now, Sir? you Villain.

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain *Gower*, I will give Treason his payment into Plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traitor.

Flu. That's a Lie in thy Throat. I charge you in his Majesty's Name apprehend him, he's a Friend of the Duke *Alanson's*.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, here is, praised be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a Summer's Day. Here is his Majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Henry. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a Villain and a Traitor, that look your Grace, ha's struck the Glove which your Majesty is take out of the Helmet of *Alanson*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glove, here is the Fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his Cap; I promis'd to strike him, if he did, I met this Man with my Glove in his Cap, and I have been as good as my Word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's Manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowfie Knave it is, I hope your Majesty is pear me Testimony and Witness, and will avouchment, that this is the Glove of *Alanson*, that your Majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy Glove, Soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I indeed thou promisedst to strike, And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please your Majesty, let his Neck answer for it, if there is any Marshal Law in the World.

K. Henry. How canst thou make me Satisfaction?

Will. All Offences, my Lord, come from the Heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your Majesty.

K. Henry

K. Hen. It was our self thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself? you appeared to me but as a common Man; Witness the Night, your Garments, your Lowliness: and what your Highness suffer'd under that Shape, I beseech you take it for your Fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no Offence; therefore I beseech your Highness pardon me,

K. Hen. Here, Uncle *Exeter*, fill this Glove with And give it to this Fellow. Keep it Fellow, (Crowns, And wear it for an Honour in thy Cap, 'Till I do challenge it. Give him the Crowns:

And, Captain, you must needs be Friends with him.

Flu. By this Day, and this Light, the Fellow has mettle enough in his Body; hold, there is Twelvepence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of Prawls and Prabbles, and Quarrels and Dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good Will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your Shoos; come, wherefore should you be so pashful; your Shoos is not so good? 'tis a good Silling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

K. Hen. Now Herald, are the dead numbred?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd *French*.

K. Hen. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Uncle?

Exe. *Charles Duke of Orleans*, Nephew to the King; *John Duke of Bourbon*, and Lord *Bouchiquald*: Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common Men.

K. Hen. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand *French*, That in the Field lye slain of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead One hundred twenty six; added to these, Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred: of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights; So that in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred Mercenaries: The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

D

And

And Gentlemen of Blood and Quality.
 The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead :
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of *France*,
Jaques of *Chatilion*, Admiral of *France*,
 The Master of the Cross-Bows, Lord *Rambures*,
 Great Master of *France*, the brave Sir *Guichard Dauphin*,
John Duke of *Alençon*, *Antonio* Duke of *Brabant*,
 The Brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*,
 And *Edward* Duke of *Barr* : Of lusty Earls,
Grandpree and *Roussie*, *Faulconridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Lestrale*.
 Here was a Fellowship of Death.

Where is the Number of our *English* dead ?
Edward the Duke of *York*, the Earl of *Suffolk*,
 Sir *Richard Ketley*, *Davy Gam* Esquire ;
 None else of Name : and of all other Men,
 But five and twenty.

O God thy Arm was here :
 And not to us, but to thy Arm alone,
 Ascribe we all. When, without Stratagem,
 But in plain Shock, and even Play of Battle,
 Was ever known so great and little Loss ?
 On one part and on th'other, take it, God,
 For it is none's, but thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful.

K. Hen. Come, go we in Procession to the Village:
 And be it Death proclaimed through our Host,
 To boast of this, or take that Praise from God,
 Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, and please your Majesty, to
 tell how many is kill'd ?

K. Hen. Yes, Captain ; but with this Acknowledg-
 ment,
 That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my Conscience, he did us great Good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy Rights ;
 Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.
 The dead with Charity enclos'd in Clay :
 And then to *Calais*, and to *England* then,
 Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy Men.

[*Exeunt.*
 A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them; and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' Excuse
Of Time, of Numbers, and due Course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper Life,
But here presented. Now we bear the King
Toward *Calais*: Grant him there; and there being
seen,

Heave him away upon you winged Thoughts,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the *English* Beach
Pales in the Flood, with Men, with Wives, and Boys,
Whose Shouts and Claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
Which like a mighty Whiffler 'fore the King, (Sea,
Seems to prepare his way; so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to *London*.

So swift a Pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-beath*:
Where that his Lords desire him, to have born
His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the City; he forbids it;
Being free from Vainness, and self glorious Pride:
Giving full Trophy, Signal, and Ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and Working-house of Thought,
How *London* doth pour out her Citizens,
The Mayor, and all his Brethren in best sort,
Like to the Senators of th' antique *Rome*,
With the *Plibeians* swarming at their Heels,
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring *Cesar* in:
As by a lower, but loving Likelihood,
Were now the General of our gracious Empress,
As in good time he may, from *Ireland* coming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peaceful City quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him.

As yet the Lamentation of the *French*
 Invites the King of *England's* Stay at home :
 The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France*,
 To order Peace between them ; and omit
 All the Occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
 'Till *Harry's* back Return again to *France* :
 There must we bring him, and myself have play'd
 The *interim*, by remembring you 'tis past.
 Then brook Abridgment, and your Eyes advance,
 After your Thoughts, strait back again to *France*. [Ex.
Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right ; but why wear you your
 Leek to-day ? *St. David's Day* is past.

Flu. There is Occasions and Causes why, and
 wherefore in all things ; I will tell you asse a
 Friend, Captain *Gower* ; the rascally, scauld, beggar-
 ly, lousie, praggings Knave, *Pistol*, which you, and
 your self, and all the World know to be no petter
 than a Fellow, look you now, of no Merits ; he is
 come to me, and prings me Pread and Salt yesterday,
 look you, and bid me eat my Leek ; it was in a
 Place were I could not breed no Contention with
 him ; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my Cap,
 till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a
 ittle Piece of my Desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a Turkey-
 Cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swelling, nor his Turkey
 cocks.

God plesse you aunchient *Pistol* : you scurvy lousy
 Knave, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha ! art thou *Bedlam* ? Dost thou thirst, base
Trojan, to have me fold up *Parcas* Fatal-web ?
 Hence, I am qualmish at the Smell of Leek.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scurvy lousy Knave,
 at my Desires. and my Requests, and my Petitions,
 to eat, look you, this Leek, because, look you, you
 do not love it, nor your Affection, and your Appa-
 rites, and your Digestions does not agree with it ; I
 would desire you to eat it.

Pist.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *[Strikes him.]*

Will you be so good, scald Knave, ai eat it?

Pist. Base *Trojan*, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald Knave, when God's Will is : I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your Viſtuals ; come, there is Sauce for it. You call'd me yesterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to-day a Squire of low Degree. I pray you fall to ; if you can mock a Leek, you can eat a Leek.

Gow. Enough, Captain, you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my Leek, or I will peat his Pate four Days : Pite, I pray you, it is good for your green Wound, and your bloody Coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite ?

Flu. Yes certainly and out of doubt, and out of question too. and ambiguities.

Pist. By this Leek, I will most horribly revenge ; I eat, and eat---- I swear----

Flu. Eat, I pray you, will you have some more Sawce to your Leek : there is not enough Leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgel, thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald Knave, heartily. Nay pray you throw none away, the Skin is good for your proken Coxcomb : when you take occasion to see Leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em, that's all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, Leeks is good : hold you, there is a Groat to heal your Pate.

Pist. Me a Groat?

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Leek in my Pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy Groat in earnest of Revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but Cudgels : God pe wi' you, and keep you, and heal your Pate.

*[Exit.
Pist]*

Pist. All Hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knave: Will you mock at an ancient Tradition, began upon an honourable Respect, and worn as a memorable Trophy of predeceased Valour, and dare not avouch in your Deeds any of your Words. I have seen you gleeking and galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak *English* in the native Garb, he could not therefore handle an *English* Cudgel? you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a *Welch* Correction teach you a good *English* Condition, fare ye well. [Exit.]

Pist. Doth Fortune play the Huswife with me now? News have I that my *Dol* is dead i'th' Spittle, of a Malády of *France*, and there my Rendezvous is quite cut off: Old I do wax, and from my weary Limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, Bawd, I'll turn, and something learn to cut-purse of quick Hand:

To *England* will I steal, and there I'll steal;
And Patches will I get unto these cudgel'd Scars,
And swore I got them in the *Gallia* Wars. [Exit.]

Enter at one Door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords: at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Hen. Peace to this Meeting; wherefore are we Unto our Brother *France*, and to our Sister, (met: Health and fair time of Day; Joy and good Wishes To our most fair and Princely Cousin *Katharine*; And as a Branch and Member of this Royalty, By whom this great Assembly is contriv'd, We do salute you Duke of *Burgundy*.

And Princes *French* and Peers, Health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your Facee Most worthy Brother *England*, fairly met. So are you Princes *English*, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the Issue, Brother *England*, Of this good Day, and of this gracious Meeting, As we are now glad to behold your Eyes: Your Eyes, which hitherto have born in them Against the *French*, that met them in their Bent, The fatal Balls of murdering Basilisks:

The

The Venom of such Looks we fairly hope
Have lost their Quality, and that this Day
Shall change all Grievs and Quarrels into Love.

K. Hen. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.

2. Isa. You *English* Princes all, I do salute you.

Burg. My Duty to you both, and equal Love;
Great Kings of *France* and *England*. That I have labour'd

With all my Wits, my Pains, and strong Endeavours,
To bring your most Imperial Majesties
Unto this Bar and Royal Interview,
Your Mightinesses on both parts best can Witness.

Since my Office hath so far prevail'd,
That Face to Face, and Royal Eye to Eye,
You have congregated: let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this Royal View,

What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear Nurse of Arts, Plenties, and joyful Births,
Should not, in this best Garden of the World,
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely Visage?

Alas! she hath from *France* too long been chafed,
And all her Husbandry doth lie in Heaps,
Corrupting in its own Fertility.

Her Vine, the merry Chearer of the Heart,
Unprun'd dies: her Hedges even pleach'd,
Like Prisoners wildly overgrown with Hair,
Put forth disorder'd Twigs: Her fallow Leas,
The Darnel, Hemlock, and rank Fumitory,
Doth root upon, while that the Culter rusts,
That should deracinate such Savagery:

The even Mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and green Clover,
Wanting the Scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by Idleness, and nothing teems,
But hateful Docks, rough Thistles, Kecksies, Burs,
Losing both Beauty and Utility;

And all our Vineyards, Fallows, Meads and Hedges,
Defective in their Natures, grow to Wildness.
Even so our Houses, and ourselves, and Children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,

The Sciences that should become our Country;
 But grow like Savages, (as Soldiers will,
 That nothing do but mediate on Blood)
 To Swearing, and stern Looks, diffus'd Attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former Favour,
 You are assembled; and my Speech intreats,
 That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
 Should not expel these Inconveniencies,
 And bless us with her former Qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the Peace,
 Whose Wart gives Growth to th' Imperfections
 Which you have cited; you must buy that Peace,
 With full accord to all our just Demands,
 Whose Tenures and particular Effects,
 You have enschedul'd briefly in your Hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which, as
 There is no Answer made. (yet,

K. Hen. Well then; the Peace, which you before
 Lyes in his Answer. (so urg'd,

Fr. King. I have but with a cursolary Eye
 O'er-glance the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace,
 To appoint some of your Council presently
 To sit with us, once more with better heed
 To re-survey them: we will suddenly
 Pass our Accept and peremptory Answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, Uncle *Exeter*,
 And Brother *Clarence*, and Brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick and *Huntingdon*, go with the King,
 And take with you free Power to ratifie,
 Augment, or alter, as your Wisdoms best
 Shall see advantageable for our Dignity,
 Any thing in or out of our Demands,
 And we will consign thereunto. Will you, fair Sister,
 Go with the Princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious Brother, I will go with them:
 Haply a Woman's Voice may do some good,
 When Articles too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our Cousin *Katherine* here with us,
 She is our Capital Demand, compris'd
 Within the Fore-rank of our Articles.

Q. Isa.

Q. *Isa.* She hath good leave.]Exeunt.

Manent King Henry, Katherine and a Lady.

K. *Hen.* Fair Katherine, most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Soldier Terms,
Such as will enter at a Lady's Ear,
And plead his Love-suit to her gentle Heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me, I cannot
speak your *Englond*.

K. *Hen.* O fair Katherine, if you will love me sound-
ly with your *French Heart*, I will be glad to hear
you confess it brokenly with your *English Tongue*.
Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is like me.

K. *Hen.* An Angel is like you, Kate, and you are
like an Angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il, que je suis semblable a les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy verament (sauf vestre Grace) ainsi dit-il.*

K. *Hen.* I said so, dear Katherine, and I must not
blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! *les langues des hommes sont plein de tromperies.*

K. *Hen.* What says she, fair One, that Tongues of
Men are full of Deceits?

Lady. *Ouy*, dat de Tongues of de Mans is be full
of Deceits: dat is de Princess.

K. *Hen.* The Princess is the better *English Woman*:
i'faith Kate, my Wooing is fit for thy Understanding.
I am glad thou canst speak no better *English*, for if
thou could'st, thou would'st find me such a plain
King, that thou would'st think, I had sold my Farm
to buy my Crown. I know no ways to mince it in
Love, but directly to say I love you: then if you
urge me farther, than to say, Do you in faith? I
swear out my Suit: give me your Answer, i'faith
do, and so clap Hands, and a Bargain; how say
you, Lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. *Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or
to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me; for
the one, I have neither Words nor Measure; and
for the orher, I have no Strength in Measure, yet

a reasonable Measure in Strength. If I could win a Lady at Leap-frog, or by vaulting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my Back ; under the Correction of Bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a Wife : or if I might buffet for my Love, or bound my Horse for her Favours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and sit like a Jack-an-Apes, never off. But before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out of my Eloquence, nor I have no cunning in Protestation ; only downright Oaths, which I never use 'till urg'd, nor never break for urging, If thou canst love a Fellow of this Temper, *Kate*, whose Face is not worth Sun-burning ; that never looks in his Glass, for love of any thing he sees there ; let thine Eye be thy Cook. I speak thee plain Soldier ; if thou canst love me for this, take me ; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true : but for thy Love, by the Lord, No : yet I love thee too : And while thou liv'st, dear *Kate*, take a Fellow of plain and uncoined Constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the Gift to woo in other Places : For these Fellows of infinite Tongue, that can rhyme themselves into Ladies Favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What ? a Speaker is but a Prater, a Rhime is but a Ballad : a good Leg will fall, a strait Back will stoop, a black Beard will turn white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a fair Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow ; but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sun and the Moon, or rather the Sun, and not the Moon ; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his Course truly. If thou would'st have such a one, take me : and take me, take a Soldier : take a Soldier, take a King : And what say'st thou then to my Love ? speak my Fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

(*France ?*)

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de Enemy of

K. Har. No, is it not possible that you should love the Enemy of *France*, *Kate* ; but in loving me, you should love the Friend of *France* : for I love *France* so well, that I will not part with a Village of it : I will have it all mine ; and *Kate* when *France* is mine, and I am yours ;

yours; then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell what is dat.

K. Hen. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in *French*, which I am sure will hang upon my Tongue, like a new married Wife about her Husband's Neck, hardly to be shook off: *Je quand sur le possession de France, & quand vous aves le possession de moy* (Let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed) *Donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdom, as to speak so much more *French*: I shall never move thee in *French*, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, il est mulier quel' Anglois le quel je parle.

K. Hen. No faith is't not, *Kate*; but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truly falsly, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, *Kate*, dost thou understand thus much *English*? Can'st thou love

Kath. I cannot tell.

(me?)

K. Hen. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at Night, when you come into your Closet, you'll question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her dispraise those Parts in me, that you love with your Heart; but, good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, *Kate*, as I have saving Faith within me tells me, thou shalt; I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good Soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I between St. Dennis and St. George, compound a Boy, half *French*, half *English*, that shall go to *Constantinople*, and take the Turk by the Beard. Shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair Flower-de-Luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise; do but now promise, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of such a Boy; and for my *English* Moiety, take the Word of a King, and a Batchelor. How answer you, "La plus belle Katherine du monde mon tres chere & divine deesse."

Kath.

Kath. Your Majestee ave fause Frenche enough to deceive de most sage Damoisel dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now fie upon my false French; by mine Honour, in true English, I love thee, *Kate*; by which Honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my Blood begins to flatter me, that thou do'st notwithstanding the poor and untempering Effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my Father's Ambition, he was thinking of Civil Wars, when he got me, therefore was I created with a stubborn Outside, with an Aspect of Iron, that when I come to woo Ladies, I fright them; but in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My Comfort is, that Old Age, that ill Layer up of Beauty, can do no more Spoil upon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair *Katherine*, will you have me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, avouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Looks of an Empress, take me by the hand, and say, *Harry of England*, I am thine; which Word thou shalt no sooner bless mine Ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, *Ireland* is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, tho' I speak it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best King of Good-fellows. Come, your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voice is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queen of all, *Katherine*, break thy Mind to me in broken English, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please *le Roy mon pere*.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*, it shall please him, *Kate*.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your Hand, and I call you my Queen.

Kath. *Laissez mon Seigneur, laissez, laissez, may soy: Je ne veus point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une vostre, Seigneur, indigne serviteur, excusez moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your Lips, *Kate*.

Kath.

Kath. *Les Dames and Damoisels pour estre basee devant leur nopces il n'e't pas le Coutume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam, my Interpreter, what says she?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashion pour le Ladies of France; I cannot tell what is *buisse* en English.

K. Hen. To kifs.

Lady. Your Majesty *entendre bettre que moy.*

K. Hen. Is it not a fashion for the Maids in France to kifs before they are married, would she say?

Lady. *Ouy verayment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice Customs curt'sie to great Kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak List of a Country's fashion; we are the Makers of Manners, Kate; and the Liberty that follows our Places, stops the Mouth of all Find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice Fashion of your Country, in denying me a Kifs; therefore patiently, and yielding. [*kissing her*] You have Witchcraft in your Lips, Kate; there is more Eloquence in a Sugar-touch of them, than in the Tongues of the French Council: and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general Petition of Monarchs. Here comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God save your Majesty, my Royal Cousin, teach you our Princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair Cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is she apt?

K. Hen. Our Tongue is rough, Coz, and my Condition is not smooth; so that having neither the Voice nor the Heart of Hatred about me, I cannot so conjure up the Spirit of Love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the Frankness of my Mirth, if I answer for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle: if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd over with the Virgin Crimson of Modesty, if she deny the Appearance of a naked blind Boy, in her naked

ked seeing self? It were, my Lord, a hard Condition for a Maid to confign to.

K. Hen. Yet do they wink and yield as Love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my Lord; teach your Cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my Meaning; Maids well summer'd, and warm kept, are like Flies at *Bartholomew-Tyde*, blind, though they have their Eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This Moral ties me over to time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flie, your Cousin, in the latter End, and she must be blind too.

Burg. As Love is, my Lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank Love for my Blindness, who cannot see many a fair French City for one fair French Maid, that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectively; the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all girdled with Maiden Walls, that War hath never entred.

K. Hen. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talk of may wait on her; so the Maid that stood in the way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my Will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my Lords of England?

West. The King hath granted every Article: His Daughter first? and then in sequel all, According to their firm propos'd Nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your Majesty demands, That the King of France having occasion to write for matter of Grant, shall name your Highness in this form, and with this Addition in French: "Nostre tres cher filz Henry " Roy d'Angleterre, Heretier de France;" and thus in

in Latin: " Præclarissimus Filius noster Henricus
" Rex Angliæ & Hæres Franciæ.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, Brother, so deny'd,
But your Request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in Love and dear Alliance,
Let that one Article rank with the rest,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair Son, and from her Blood
raile up

Issue to me, that the contending Kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very Shoars look pale,
With Envy of each others Happinefs,
May cease their Hatred; and this dear Conjunction
Plant Neighbourhood and Christian-like Accord
In their sweet Bosoms; that never War advance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and fair France.

Lords. Amen.

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate; and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her, as my Sovereign Queen. [*flourish*]

Q. Isa. God, the best Maker of all Marriages,
Combine your Hearts in one, your Realms in One,
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love
So be there 'twixt your Kingdoms such a Spousal,
That never may ill Office, or fell Jealousie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in between the Passion of these Kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen.

All. Amen.

K. H. Prepare we for our Marriage; on which Day,
My Lord of Burgundy we'll take your Oath,
And all the Peers, for surety of our Leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,
And may our Oaths well kept and prosp'rous be. [*Ex.*

Sonnet. Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough and all-unable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little Room confining mighty Men,
Mangling by starts the full Course of their Glory.
Small time, but in that small, most greatly lived,
The Star of England. Fortune made his Sword;

By which, the World's best Garden he atchieved,
And of it left his Son Imperial Lord.
Henry the Sixth, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed :
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed :
Which oft our Stage hath shown ; and for her sake,
In your fair Minds left this Acceptance take.

FINIS.







T I M O N

O F

A T H E N S.

A

T R A G E D Y.

By *SHAKESPEAR.*



L O N D O N:

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's Head* in *Turn-again-Lane*, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakespear's Head* in *'Change-Alley, Cornhill.*

M DCCXXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

TIMON, *A Noble Athenian.*
 Lucius, } *Two flattering Lords.*
 Lucullus, }

Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*

Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius,

Lucilius,

Servilius,

Caphis,

Varro,

Philo,

Titus,

Lucius,

Hortensius,

Ventidius, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

Cupid and Maskers.

Phrynia,

Timandra,

} *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer and Merchant ; with divers Servants and Attendants.

SCENE Athens, and the Woods not far from it.



TIMON



TIMON

O F

ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,
at several Doors.*

P O E T.



GOOD Day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad ye are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long, how goes
the World ?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular Rarity ? What so strange,
Which manifold record not matches : See
Magick of Bounty, all these Spirits, thy Power
Hath conjur'd to attend.

I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both, th' other's a Jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fixt.

6 TIMON of ATHENS.

Mer. A most incomparable Man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continue Goodness :
He passes —

Jew. I have a Jewel here.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Timon*, Sir ?

Jew. If he will touch the Estimate, but for that—

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the wild,
It stains the Glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the Good.

Mer. 'Tis a good Form.

Jew. And rich ; here is a Water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, Sir, in some Work, some Dedication to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our Poësie is as a Gown, which uses
From whence 'tis nourisht : The fire i' th' Flint
Shews not 'till it be struck : Our gentle Flame
Provokes itself, and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there ?

Pain. A Picture, Sir :— When comes your Book forth ?

Poet. Upon the Heels of my Presentment, Sir.
Let's see your Piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Piece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable ! How this Grace
Speaks his own standing ; what a mental Power
This Eye shoots forth ? How big Imagination
Moves in this Lip ; to th' dumbness of the Gesture,
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the Life :
Here is a touch— Is't good ?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors Nature, artificial Strife
Lives in these touches livelier than Life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed !

Poet. The Senators of *Athens*, happy Men.

Pain. Look, more.

Poet. You see this confluence, this great Flood of Visitors
I have, in this rough Work, shap'd out a Man.
Whom this beneath World doth embrace and hug

With

With amplest Entertainment : My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide Sea of Wax, no levell'd Malice
Infects one Comma in the Course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no Tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Minds,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of grave and austere Quality, tender down
Their Services to Lord *Timon* : His large Fortune,
Upon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and property's to his Love and Tendence
All sorts of Hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself, even he drops down
The Knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timon's* Nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant Hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throng'd. The base o'th' Mount
Is rank'd with all Deserts, all kind of Natures,
That labour on the Bosom of this Sphere,
To propagate their States ; amongst them all,
Whose Eyes are on this Sovereign Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timon's* Frame,
Whom Fortune with her Ivory Hand wafts to her,
Whose present Grace, to present Slaves and Servants
Translates his Rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill, methinks
With one Man beckn'd from the rest below,
Bowing his Head against the steepy Mount,
To climb his Happiness, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay, Sir, but hear me on :

All those which were his Fellows but of late,
Some better than his Value ; on the moment
Follow his Strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial Whisperings in his Ear,

8 TIMON of ATHENS.

Make sacred even his Stirrop, and through him
Drink the free Air.

Pain. Ay marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of Mood
Spurns down her late beloved; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountain's Top,
Even on their Knees and Hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining Foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune,
More pregnantly than Words. Yet you do well
To shew Lord *Timon*, that mean Eyes have seen
The Foot above the Head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Lord *Timon* addressing himself
courteously to every Suitor.

Tim. Imprisoned is he, say you? [To a Messenger]

Mes. Ay, my good Lord five Talents is his Debt,
His means most short, his Creditors most straight:
Your honourable Letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing to him,
Periods his Comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius*! well——

I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A Gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the Debt, and free him.

Mes. Your Lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his Ransom,
And being Enfranchized, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the Feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mes. All Happiness to your Honour. [Exit.]

Enter an Old Athenian.

O. Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good Father.

O. Ath. Thou hast a Servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

O. Ath. Most noble *Timon*, call the Man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no? *Lucilius*.

Enter

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your Lordship's Service.

O. Ath. This Fellow here, Lord *Timon*, this thy Creature
By Night frequents my House. I am a Man
That from my first have been inclin'd to Thrift,
And my Estate deserves an Heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well : What further ?

O. Ath. One only Daughter have I, no Kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got :
The Maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In Qualities of the best. This Man of thine
Attempts her Love : I pray thee, Noble Lord,
Join with me to forbid him her Resort ;
Myself have spoke in vain,

Tim. The Man is honest.

O. Ath. Therefore he will be, *Timon*,
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

O. Ath. She is young, and apt :
Our own precedent Passions do instinct us,
What levity's in Youth.

Tim. Love you the Maid ?

Luc. Ay, my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

O. Ath. If in her Marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will chuse
Mine Heir from forth the Beggars of the World,
And disposses her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal Husband ?

O. Ath. Three Talents on the Present, in future all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long ;
To build his Fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a Bond in Men. Give him thy Daughter :
What you bestow, in him I'll Counterpoise.
And make him weigh with her.

O. Ath. Most noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your Honour, she is his,

Tim. My Hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my Promise.

10 TIMON of ATHENS.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship ; never may
That State or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you. [Exit.

Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon :
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend ?

Pain. A piece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The Painting is almost the natural Man :
For since Dishonour trafficks with Man's Nature,
He is but Out-side : The Pensil'd Figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it : Wait Attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserve ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentlemen ; Give me your Hand,
We must needs dine together : Sir, your Jewel
Hath suffered under Praise.

Jew. What my Lord ? dispraise ?

Tim. A meer satiety of Commendations,
If I should Pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give : But you well know,
Things of like value differing in the Owners,
Are priz'd so by their Masters. Believe't, dear Lord,
You mend the Jewel by the wearing it,

Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter Apemantus.

Mer. No, my good Lord, he speaks the common
Tongue, which all Men speak with him.

Tim. Look who comes here, will you be chid ?

Jew. We'll bear with your Lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to the gentle *Apemantus*.

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timon's* Dog, and these Knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaves, thou know'st
them not ?

Apem. Are they not *Athenians* ?

Tim.

TIMON of ATHENS. II

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy Name.

Tim. Thou art Proud, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

Tim. Whither art thou going?

Apem. To knock out an Honest *Athenian's* Brains.

Tim. That's a Deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be Death by the Law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this Picture, *Apemantus*?

Apem. The best, for the Innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of Work.

Pain. Y'are a Dog.

Apem. Thy Mother's of my Generation: What's she, If I be a Dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus*?

Apem. No; I eat not Lords.

Tim. And thou should'st, thoud'st anger Ladies.

Apem. O, they eat Lords,

So they come by great Bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious Apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it.

Take it for thy Labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this Jewel, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Not so well as Plain-dealing, which will not cost a Man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.

How now, Poet?

Poet. How now, Philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art thou one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest:

Look in thy last Work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy Fellow.

12 TIMON of ATHENS.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy Labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o'th' Flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What would'st do then, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my Heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry Wit to be a Lord. Art thou not a Merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy God, and thy God confound thee.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty Horse, All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us; You must needs Dine with me: Go not you hence 'Till I have thank't you; and when Dinner's done, Shew me this Piece. I am Joyful of your Sights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome Sir.

Apem. So, so, their Aches contract, and starve your supple Joints: That there should be small Love amongst these sweet Knaves and all this Courtesie: The strain of Man's bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alc. You have sav'd my Longing, and I feed Most hungerly on your Sight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.

E'er we depart, we'll share a bounteous Time.

In different Pleasures. Pray you let us in. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.

Luc. What Time a Day is't, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be Honest.

Luc. That Time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou that still omit'st it.

Lucull. Thou art going to Lord *Timon's* Feast.

Apem. Ay, to see Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fooles.

Lucull.

TIMON of ATHENS:

13

Lucull. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a Fool to bid me Farewel twice.

Lucull. Why, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Thou should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding :
Make thy Requests to thy Friend.

Lucull. Away unpeaceable Dog,
O I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. No, I will fly, like a Dog, the Heels o'th As.

Luc. He's opposite to Humanity.

Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord *Timon's* Bounty? He outgoes
The very Heart of Kindness.

Lucull. He pours it out; *Plutus*, the God of Gold,
Is but his Steward: No Need but he repays
Seven-fold above itself; no Gift to him,
But breeds the Giver a return, exceeding
All use of Quittance.

Luc. The noblest Mind he carries,
That ever govern'd Man.

Lucull. Long may he live in Fortunes: Shall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you Company. [*Exeunt.*]

*Hautboys Playing, Loud Musick. A great Banquet serv'd in;
and then enter Lord Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Semprom-
nius and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Then
comes dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly like
himself.*

Ven. Most honoured *Timon*,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Father's Age,
And call him to long Peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then as in grateful Virtue I am bound
To your free Heart, I do return those Talents,
Doubled with Thanks and Service, from whose Help
I deriv'd Liberty.

Tim. O by no means,
Honest Ventidius: You mistake my Love,
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:

14 TIMON of ATHENS.

If our Betters play at that Game, we must not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are Rich are Fair.

Ven. A Noble Spirit.

Tim. Nay, my Lords, Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a Gloss on faint Deeds, hollow Welcomes,
Recanting Goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown :
But where there is true Friendship there needs none.
Pray, sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Than my Fortunes to me. [*They sit down.*]

Luc. My Lord, we always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it? Hang'd it? Have you not?

Tim. O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.

Apem. No: You shall not make me welcome.

I come to have thee thrust me out of Doors.

Tim. Fie, th'art a Churl; ye have got a Humour there
Does not become a Man, 'tis much to blame:
They say, my Lords, *Ira furor brevis est*,
But yond Man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a Table by himself:
For he does neither affect Company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine Apperil, *Timon*:
I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th'art an *Athenian*, there-
fore welcome, I myself would have no Power---prethee
let my Meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me: For I should
ne'er flatter thee. O Gods! What a number of Men
eat *Timon*, and he sees 'em not? It grieves me to see so
many dip their Meat in one Man's Blood, and all the
Madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder Men dare trust themselves with Men.
Methinks they should invite them without Knives,
Good for their Meat, and safer for their Lives.
There's much Example for't, the Fellow that sits next
him now, parts Bread with him, pledges the Breath of
him in a divided Draught, is the readiest Man to kill
him. 'T has been proved. If I were a huge Man I
should fear to drink at Meals,
Least they should spy my Wind-pipe's dangerous Notes:
Great Men should drink with Harness on their Throats.

Tim. My Lord in Heart; and let the Health go round.

Lucus.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good Lord.

Apem. Flow this way! — A brave Fellow! he keeps his Tides well; those Healths will make thee and thy State look ill, *Timon*.

Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner,
Honest Water, which ne'er left Man i'th Mire :
This and my Food are equal, there's no odds ;
Feasts are too Proud to give Thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's Grace.

Immortal Gods, I crave no Pelf;

I pray for no Man but myself;

Grant I may never prove so fond,

To trust Man on his Oath or Bond:

Or a Harlot for her Weeping,

Or a Dog that seems a Sleeping,

Or a Keeper with my Freedom,

Or my Friends if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall to't:

Rich Men Sin, and I eat Root.

Much good Dich thy good Heart, *Apemantus*.

Tim. Captain,

Alcibiades, your Heart's in the Field now.

Alc. My Heart is ever at your Service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a Breakfast of Enemies, than a Dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my Lord, there's no Meat like 'em, I could wish my Friend at such a Feast.

Apem. Would all these Flatterers were thine Enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

Luc. Might we but have the Happiness, my Lord, that you would once use our Hearts, whereby we might express some part of our Zeal, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh no doubt, my good Friends, but the Gods themselves have provided that I shall have as much help from you: How had you been my Friends else? Why have you that charitable Title from thousands? Did not you chiefly belong to my Heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with Modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh Gods,
think

16 TIMON of ATHENS.

think I, what need we have any Friends, if we should never have need of 'em? They were the most needless Creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: And would most resemble sweet Instruments hung up in Cases, that keep their Sounds to themselves. Why I have often wisht myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you: We are born to do Benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the Riches of our Friends? O what a precious Comfort 'tis to have so many like Brothers commanding one another's Fortunes! O Joy, e'en made away e'er't can be born; mine Eyes cannot hold Water, methinks: To forget their Faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, *Timon.*

Lucul. Joy had the like Conception in our Eyes, And at that instant like a Babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that Babe a Bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my Lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much.

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that Trump? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Please you, my Lord, there are certain Ladies Most desirous of Admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their Wills?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner, my Lord, Which bears that Office to signifie their Pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with a Mask of Ladies.

Cu. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all that of his Bounties taste: The five best Senses acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to Gratulate thy plenteous Bosom. There taste, touch, all pleas'd from thy Table rise: They only now come but to feast thine Eyes:

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance. Musick make their welcome,

Luc. You see, my Lord; how amply you're belov'd.

Apem. Hoyday! What a sweep of Vanity comes this way! They Dance, they are mad Women. Like Madnes is the Glory of this Life, As this Pomp shews to a little Oyl and Root. We make ourselves, Fools, to disport ourselves,

And

And spent our flatteries, to drink those Men,
 Upon whose Age we void it up again,
 With poisonous Spight and Envy.
 Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?
 Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their Graves
 Of their Friends Gift?

I should fear, those that dance before me now,
 Would one Day stamp upon me: 'T has been done,
 Men shut their Doors against a setting Sun.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to shew their Loves, each single out an Amazon, and all Dance, Men with Women, a lusty strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our Pleasures,
 Much Grace, fair Ladies,
 Set a fair fashion on our Entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind:
 You have added worth unto't, and lively Lustre,
 And entertain'd me with mine own Device.
 I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My Lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold
 taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle Banquet attends you.
 Please you to dispose yourselves.

All. La. Most thankfully, my Lord. [Exeunt.]

Tim. Flavius.

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?

There is no crossing him in's humour,
 Else I should tell him——well——i' faith I should,
 When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, and he could:
 'Tis pity Bounty has not Eyes behind,
 That Man might ne'er be wretched for his Mind.

Luc. Where be our Men?

Ser. Here, my Lord, in readiness.

Lucul. Our Horses.

Tim. O my good Friends?

I have one word to say to you: Look you, my good Lord,
 I must entreat you, honour me so much,

As

18 TIMON of ATHENS.

As to advance this Jewel, accept, and wear it,
Kind my Lord.

Luc. I am so far already in your Gifts.

All. So are we all. [*Exe. Lucius and Lucullus.*]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Enter Flavivus.

Flav. I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word, it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! Why then another time I'll hear thee. I prithee let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your Honour, Lord *Lucius*, Out of his free Love, hath presented to you Four Milk-white Horses trapt in Silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: Let the Presents Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What News?

3 Serv. Please you, my Lord, that honourable Gentleman, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your Company to-morrow, to hunt with him, and has sent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd, not without fair Reward.

Flav. What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great Gifts, and All out of an empty Coffer:
Nor will he know his Purse, or yield me this,
To shew him what a Beggar his Heart is;
Being of no Power to make his Wishes good,
His Promises fly so beyond his State,
That what he speaks is all in debt, owes for ev'ry word:
He is so kind, that he now pays interest for't;
His Land's put to their Books. Well, would I were Gently put out of Office, e'er I were forc'd:
Happier is he that has no Friend to feed,
Than such that do-e'en Enemies exceed
I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

[*Exit.*
Tim.]

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong,
You bate too much of your own Merits.
Here, my Lord, a trifle of our Love.

1 *Lord.* With more than Common thanks.
I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O ha's the very Soul of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my Lord, you gave good words the other Day of a Bay Courser I rode on. 'Tis your's, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* Oh I beseech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my Lord: I know no Man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh my Friends affection with my own; I'll tell you true, I'll call to you.

All. Lords. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several Visitations
So kind to Heart, 'tis not enough to give,
Methinks I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades.*

Thou art a Sodier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in Charity to thee; for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the Lands thou hast
Lye in a Pitcht Field.

Alc. I desire Land, my Lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so vertuously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd——

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights, more Lights.

3 *Lord.* The best of Happiness, Honour and Fortunes,
Keep with you Lord *Timon.*

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt Lords.

Apem. What a coil's here,

Serving of Becks and jutting out of Bums?
I doubt whether their Legs be worth the Sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of Dregs:
Methinks false Hearts should never have sound Legs.
Thus honest Fools lay out their wealth on Court'ries.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not fullen,
I wou'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou
wouldst

20 TIMON of ATHENS.

wouldst Sin the faster, Thou giv'st so long *Timon*, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in Paper shortly. What need these Feasts, Poms, and Vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, and you begin to rail on Society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell, and come with better Musick. [Exit.

Apem. So——Thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then. I'll lock thy Heav'n from thee :

Oh that Mens Ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to Flattery.

[Exit.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A publick Place in the City.*

Enter a Senator.

AND late five thousand : To *Varro* and to *Isidore*.
He owes nine thousand, besides my former Sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging Waste ? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steal but a Beggar's Dog,
And give it *Timon*, why the Dog coins Gold
If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he ; why give my Horse to *Timon* ;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
An able Horse. No Porter at his Gate,
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can found his State in safety. *Caphis*, ho !
Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir, what is your Pleasure ?

Sen. Get on your Cloak and haste you to Lord *Timon* ;
Importune him for my Monies, be not ceast
With slight denial ; nor then silenc'd, with——
Commend me to your Master——and the Cap
Plays in the right Hand——thus : but tell him Sirrah,
My uses cry to me ; I must serve my turn
Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,

And

And my Reliances on his fractured dates
 Have smit my Credit. I love and honour him;
 But must not break my Back, to heal his Finger.
 Immediate are my Needs, and my Relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in Words,
 But find Supply immediate. Get you gone.
 Put on a most importunate Aspect,
 A Visage of demand: For I do fear
 When every Feather flicks in his own Wing,
 Lord *Timon* will be left a naked Gull,
 Which flashes now a Phoenix: Get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir?

Take the Bonds along with you,
 And have the Dates in. Come.

Cap. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Timon's Hall.

Enter Flavius, with many Bills in his Hand.

Flav. No care, no stop, so senseless of expence,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no account
 How things go from him, nor resumes no Care
 Of what is to continue: Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done?—he will not hear, 'till feel:
 I must be round with him, now he comes from Hunting.
 Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good Evening, *Varro*; what, you come for Money?

Var. Is't not your Business too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Isidore*?

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd,

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the Lord,

Enter Timon, and his Train.

Tim. So soon as Dinner's done, we'll forth again,

My

22 TIMON of ATHENS.

My *Alcibiades*. With me, what's your will?

[*They Present their Bills.*]

Cap. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Cap. Of *Athens* here; my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off,
To the Succession of new Days, this Month:
My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble Parts, you'll suit,
In giving him his Right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,

I prithee but repair to me next Morn'ing.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord——

Tim. Contain thyself, good Friend.

Var. One *Varro's* Servant, my good Lord——

Isid. From *Isidore*, he humbly pray your speedy payment——

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Master's wants——

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, six Weeks,
and past——

Isid. Your Steward put me off, Lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:

[*To the Lords.*]

I do beseech you, good my Lords, keep on, [*Exe. Lords.*]
I'll wait upon you instantly. Come hither, pray you.
How goes the World that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of Debt, broken Bonds,
And the Detention of long since due Debts,
Against my Honour?

Fla. Please you Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this Business:
Your Importunacy cease, 'till after Dinner,
That I may make his Lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my Friends; see them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw near.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Cap. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with *Apemantus*,
let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

TIMON of ATHENS. 23

Id. A Plague upon him, Dog.

Var. How dost, Fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy Shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. Come away.

Id. There's the Fool hangs on your Back already.

Apem. No, thou standst single, thou art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the Question. Poor Rogues and Usurers Men, Bawds between Gold and Want.

All. What are we, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That thou ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, Fool.

Fool. How do you, Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good Fool:

How does your Mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on Water to scald such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at *Corinth*.

Apem. Good! Gramercy!

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my Master's Page.

Page. Why how now, Captain? What do you in this wise Company?

How dost thou, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Would I had a Rod in my Mouth, that I might answer the profitably.

Page. Prethee, *Apemantus*, read me the Supercription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not Read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little Learning die then that Day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go, thou wast born a Bastard, and thou'lt die a Bawd.

Page. Thou wast welpt a Dog, and thou shalt famish, a Dog's death.

Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit.]

Apem. Ev'n so thou out-run'st Grace.

Fool, I will go with you to Lord *Timon*'s.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem.

Apem. If *Timon* stay at Home.

You three serve three Usurers?

All. I would they serv'd us.

Apem. So would I——

As good a Trick as ever Hangman serv'd Thief.

Fool. Are you three Usurers Men?

All. Ay; Fool.

Fool. I think no Usurer but has a Fool to his Servant. My Mistress is one, and I am her Fool; when Men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my Master's House merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whore-master, and a Knave, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. What is a Whore-master, Fool?

Fool. A Fool in good Cloaths, and something like thee. 'Tis a Spirit; sometime't appears like a Lord, sometimes like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two Stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a Knight; and generally, in all Shapes that Man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this Spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise Man;

As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, here comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, Fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow Lover, elder Brother, And Woman; sometime the Philosopher.

Fla. Pray you walk near,

I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt.*]

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, e'er this time, Had you not fully laid my State before me?

That I might so have rated my Expence, As I had leave of Means.

Fla. You would not hear me:

At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to

Perchance some single Vantages you took.

When my Indisposition put you back:

And

And that unaptness made you minister
Thus to excuse yourself.

Fla. O my good Lord,
At many Times I brought in my Accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine Honesty.
When, for some trifling Present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my Head, and wept;
Yea against th' Authority of Manners, pray'd you
To hold your Hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight Checks, when I have
Prompted you in the Ebb of your Estate,
And your great flow of Debts; my dear lov'd Lord,
Though you hear now, too late, yet now's a Time,
The greatest of your having, lacks a Half,
To pay your present Debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Fla. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the Mouth
Of present Dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the Interim, and at length
How goes our Reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Fla. O my good Lord, the World is but a World,
Were it all yours, to give it in a Breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Fla. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And set me on the Proof. So the Gods bless me,
When all our Offices have been oppress'd
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept
With drunken Spilth of Wine; when every Room
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and bray'd with Minstrelsie,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful Cock,
And set mine Eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithce no more.

Fla. Heav'ns! have I said, the Bounty of this Lord!
How many prodigal Bits have Slaves and Peasants
This Night englutted! Who is not *Timon's*?
What Heart, Head, Sword, Force, Means, but is Lord

Timon's?

Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royal *Timon's*? Ah!

26 TIMON of ATHENS.

Ah ! When the Means are gone, that buy this Praise,
The Breath is gone whereof this Praise is made :
Feast won, Fast lost ; one Cloud of Winter Showers,
These Flies are coucht.

Tim. Come Sermon me no further,
No villainous Bounty yet hath past my Heart ;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep, can't thou the Conscience lack,
To think I shall lack Friends ? Secure thy Heart,
If I would broach the Vessels of my Love,
And try the Arguments of Hearts, by borrowing,
Men and Mens Fortunes could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Stew. Assurance blefs your Thoughts.

Tim. And in some Sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them Blessings : For by these
Shall I try Friends. You shall perceive
How you mistake my Fortunes :
I am wealthy in my Friends.
Within there, *Flaminius, Servilius ?*

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Serv. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.
You to Lord *Lucius* !——to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted
with his Honour to Day——you to *Sempronius*——com-
mend me to their Loves, and I am proud, say, that my
Occasions have found Time to use 'em toward a Supply
of Money ; let the Request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Fla. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus* ? Hum——

Tim. Go you, Sir, to the Senators ; [To Flavius.]
Of whom, even to the States best Health, I have
Deserv'd this Hearing ; bid 'em send o'th' instant
A thousand Talents to me.

Fla. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general Way,
To them to use your Signet and your Name,
But they do shake their Heads, and I am here
No Richer in return.

Tim. It's true ? Can't be ?

Fla. They answer in a joint and corporate Voice,

That

That now they are at fall, want Treasure, cannot
 Do what they would, are sorry,---you are Honourable--
 But yet they could have wish'd---they know not---
 Something hath been amiss---a noble Nature
 May catch a Wench---would all were well---tis pity---
 And so intending other serious Matters,
 After distastful Looks, and these hard Fractions,
 With certain half Caps, and cold moving Nods,
 They froze me into silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them :

Prithee Man, look cheerly. These old Fellows
 Have their Ingratitude in them Hereditary :
 Their Blood is cak'd, tis cold, it seldom flows,
 Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
 And Nature, as it grows again toward Earth,
 Is fashioned for the Journey, dull and heavy.
 Go to *Ventidius* --- prithee be not sad,
 Thou art true, and honest ; ingenuously I speak,
 No blame belongs to thee : *Ventidius* lately
 Bury'd his Father, by whose Death he's stepp'd
 Into a great Estate ; when he was poor,
 Imprisoned, and in scarcity of Friends,
 I clear'd him with five Talents. Greet him from me.
 Bid him suppose, some good Necessity
 Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembred
 With those five Talents ; that had, give't these Fellows
 To whom tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think ;
 That *Timon's* Fortunes 'mong his Friends can sink.

Stevo. I would I could not think it ;

That thought it bounties Foe :

Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*]

C A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E the City.

Flaminius waiting to speak with Lucullus from his Master.

Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. **I** Have told my Lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my Lord.

Lucul. One of Lord *Timon's* Men? A Gift I warrant-- Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a Silver Bason and Ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are very respectfully welcome, Sir; fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleat, Free-hearted Gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good Lord and Master?

Flam. His Health is we'll, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his Health is well, Sir; And what hast thou there under thy Cloak, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty Box, Sir, which, in my Lord's behalf, I come to intreat your Honour to supply; who having great and instant Occasion to use fifty Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present Assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,----Nothing doubting, says he? Alas, good Lord, a noble Gentleman tis, if he would not keep so good a House. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't, and come again to Supper to him on purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no Counsel, take no warning by my coming; every Man hath his Fault, and Honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a Servant with Wine.

Serv. Please your Lordship here is the Wine.

Lucul. *Flaminius*, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam.

Flam. Your Lordship speaks your Pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt Spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone, Sirrah. Draw nearer, honest *Flaminius*; thy Lord's a bountiful Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough (altho' thou comest to me) that this is no time to lend Money, especially upon bare Friendship without Security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the World should so much differ, And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the Money away.*]

Lucul. Ha? Now I see thou art a Fool, and fit for thy Master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the Number that may scald Let molten Coin be thy Damnation, (thee: Thou disease of a Friend, and not himself. Has Friendship such a faint and milky Heart, It turns in less than two Nights? O you Gods! I feel my Master's Passion. This Slave unto his Honour Has my Lord's Meat in him: Why should it thrive, and come to Nutriment, When he is turn'd to Poison? O may Diseases only work upon't: And when he's sick to Death, let not that part of Nature, Which my Lord paid for, be of any Power To expel Sicknes, but prolong his Hour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lucius with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good Friend, and an honourable Gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no less, tho' we are but Strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my Lord, and which I hear from common Rumours, now Lord *Timon's* happy Hours are done and past, and his Estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, do not believe it: He cannot want for Money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my Lord, that not long ago, one of his Men was with the Lord *Lucullus*,

to borrow so many Talents, nay, urg'd-extreamly for't, and shewed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How!

2. Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my Lord.

Luc. What a strange Case was that? Now before the Gods I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable Man? There was very little Honour shew'd in that. For my own Part, I must needs confess, I have received some small Kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him, and sent him to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap yonder's my Lord, I have sweat to see his Honour.---My honour'd Lord--- [*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir; Fare thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquisite Friend.

Ser. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent--

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so endeared to that Lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. H'as only sent his present Occasion now, my Lord; requesting your Lordship to supply his instant Use, with fifty Talents

Luc. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty-five hundred Talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my Lord. If his Occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius*?

Ser. Upon my Soul tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked Beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shewn myself honourable; How unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the Day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of Honour? *Servilius*, now before the Gods, I am not able to do---(the more Beast I say)---I was sending to *my Lord Timon* myself, these Gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of *Athens*, I had don't now

Com-

Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no Power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest Afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable Gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own Words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall. [Exit *Servilius*.]

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, *Servilius*. True as you said, *Timon* is shrunk indeed; And he that's once deny'd will hardly speed. [Exit.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, *Hyllius*?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the World's Soul; And just of the same Piece Is every Flatterer's Sport: Who can call him his Friend That dips in the same Dish? For in my knowing, *Timon* has been this Lord's Father, And kept his Credit with his Purse: Supported his Estate; nay, *Timon's* Money Has paid his Men their Wages. He ne'er drinks, But *Timon's* Silver treads upon his Lip; And yet, Oh see the monstrousness of Man! When he looks out in an ungrateful Shape, He does deny him (in respect of this) What charitable Men afford to Beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own Part

I never tasted *Timon* in my Life, Nor came any of his Bounties over me, To mark me for his Friend. Yet I protest, For his right noble Mind, illustrious Virtue, And honourable Carriage, Had his Necessity made use of me, I would have put my Wealth into Donation, And the best half should have return'd to him, So much I love his Heart: But I perceive, Men must learn now with pity to dispense, For Policy sits above Conscience. [Exit.]

Enter a third Servant with *Sempronius*.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum—
'Bove all others? —

30 TIMON of ATHENS.

He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from Prison. All three
Owe their Estates unto him.

Ser. My Lord,
They have all been touch'd, and are all found base Metal,
For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? Have they deny'd him?

Has *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* deny'd him?

And does he send to me? Three! Hum——

It shows but little Love or Judgment in him.

Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends, like Physicians,

That thriv'd, give him over. Must I take the Cure upon

H'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry at him, (me?)

That might have known my Place, I see no sense for't,

But his Occasions might have woo'd me first:

For, in my Conscience, I was the first Man

That e'er received Gift from him.

And does he think so backwardly of me now,

That I'll requite it last? No:

So it may prove an Argument of Laughter

To th'rest, and 'mongst Lords I be thought a Fool:

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the Sum,

H'ad sent to me first, but for my Mind's sake:

I'd such a Courage to do him good. But now return,

And with their faint Reply this Answer join;

Who bates mine Honour, shall not know my Coin [*Ex.*

Ser. Excellent! Your Lordship's a goodly Villain. The
Devil knew not what he did, when he made Man Poli-
tick; he cross'd himself by't; and I cannot think, but
in the end the Villanies of Man will set him clear.
How fairly this Lord strives to appear foul? Takes vir-
tuous Copies to be wicked: Like those that under hot,
ardent Zeal, would set whole Realms on Fire; of such
a nature is his politick Love.

This was my Lord's best hope, now all are fled,

Save only the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,

Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their Wards,

Many a bounteous Year, must he employ'd

Now to guard sure their Master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his Wealth, must keep his House [*Ex.*

SCENE

SCENE II. Timon's Hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other Servants of Timon's Creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met, Good-morrow, *Titus* and *Hortensius*.

Tit. The like to you, kind *Varro*.

Hor. *Lucius*, what do we meet together?

Luc. Ay, and I think one Business does command us all. For mine is Money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours,

Enter Philo.

Luc. And Sir *Philo's* too.

Phi. Good-day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good Brother.

What do you think the Hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my Lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't, he was won't to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the Days are wax'd shorter with him: You must consider that a prodigal Course is like the Sun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear: 'Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timon's* Purse; that is, one may reach deep enough, and yet find little,

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you t'observe a strange Event: Your Lord sends now for Money?

Hor. Most true, he does,

Tit. And he wears Jewels now of *Timon's* Gift, For which I wait for Money.

Hor. It is against my Heart.

Luc. Mark how strange it shews, *Timon* in this should pay more than he owes: And e'en as if your Lord should wear rich Jewels And send for Money for 'em,

Hor. I am weary of this Charge, the Gods can witness: I know my Lord hath spent of *Timon's* Wealth, And now Ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's Three Thousand Crowns :
What's yours ?

Luc. Five Thousand, mine.

Var. 'Tis much deep, and it should seem by th' Sum,
Your Master's Confidence was above mine,
Else surely his had equal'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's Men.

Luc. Flaminius ! Sir, a Word : Pray is my Lord
ready to come forth ?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship ; pray signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are
too diligent.

Enter Flavius in a Cloak muffled.

Luc. Ha ! is not that his Steward muffled so ?
He goes away in a Cloud : Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir ———

Var. By your Leave, Sir.

Flav. What do you ask of me, my Friend ?

Tit. We wait for certain Money here, Sir.

Flav. If Money were as certain as your Waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then prefer'd you not your Sums and Bills,
When your false Masters ate of my Lord's Meat ?
Then they would smile, and fawn upon his Debts,
And take down th' Interest into their glutt'ous Maws.
You do yourselves but Wrong to stir me up,
Let me pass quietly :
Believe't, my Lord and I have an End,
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this Answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you.
For you serve Knaves. [*Exit Flavius.*]

Var. How ! what does his cashier'd Worship mutter ?

Tit. No matter what ——— he's poor, and that's
Revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he
that has no House to put his Head in ? Such may rail
against great Buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius* ; now we shall have some
Answer.

Serv.

Ser. If I might beseech you, Gentlemen, to repair some other Hour, I should derive much from't. For tak't of my Soul, my Lord leans wonderously to Discontent: His comfortable Temper has forsook him, he's much out of Health, and keeps his Chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their Chambers, are not sick: And if he be so far beyond his Health, Methinks he should the sooner pay his Debts, And make a clear Way to the Gods.

Seruo. Good Gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an Answer.

Flam. [within.] *Servilius*, help-- my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Timon in a Rage.

Tim. What, are my Doors oppos'd against my Passage? Have I been ever free, and must my House Be my retentive Enemy? my Goal? The Place which I have feasted, does it now, Like all Mankind, shew me an Iron Heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus*.

Tit. My Lord, here's my Bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my Lord.

Cap. And ours, my Lord.

Phi. And our Bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em -- cleave me to the Girdle.

Luc. Alas! my Lord.

Tim. Cut out my Heart in Sums.

Tit. Mine fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my Blood.

Luc. Five Thousand Crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five Thousand Drops pays that.

What yours? — and yours?

Var. My Lord —

Cap. My Lord —

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the Gods fall upon you.

[Exit Timon.]

Hor. Faith, I perceive our Masters may throw their Caps at their Money; these Debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a Madman owes 'em.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my Breath from me, the

Slaves.

B 5

Cre-

Creditors! ——— Devils!

Flav. My dear Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so ———

Flav. My dear Lord.

Tim. I'll have it so ——— My Steward!

Flav. Here, my Lord.

Tim. So fitly! ——— Go, bid all my Friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus and Sempronius; All ———
I'll once more feast the Rascals.

Flav. O my Lord! you only speak from your distracted Soul; there's not so much left as to furnish out a moderate Table.

Tim. Be it not in thy Care:

Go, I charge thee, invite them all; let in the Tide
Of Knaves once more: my Cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The City.

Enter three Senators at one Door, Alcibiades meeting them with Attendants.

1 *Sen.* My Lord, you have my Voice to't, the Fault's
Tis necessary he should die: (bloody;
Nothing emboldens Sin so much as Mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the Law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Honour, Health and Compassion to the Senate.

1 *Sen.* Now, Cap ain.

Alc. I am an humble Suitor to your Virtues,
For Pity is the Virtue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases Time and Fortune to lie heavy
Upon a Friend of mine, who in hot Blood
Hath stept into the Law, which is fast Depth
To those that without Heed do plunge into't.
He is a Man, setting his Fate aside, of comely Virtues,
And Honour in him, which buys out his Fault;
Nor did he soil the Fact with Cowardice,
But with a noble Fury, and fair Spirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to Death,
He did oppose his Toe;
And with such sober and unnoted Passion,
He did have his Anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an Argument.

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a Paradox,
 Striving to make an ugly Deed look fair;
 Your Words have took such Pains, as if they labour'd
 To bring Manlaughter into Form, and set Quarrelling
 Upon the Head of Valour; which indeed
 Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the World
 When Sects and Factions were newly born.
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that Man can breathe,
 And make his Wrongs his Outfides,
 To wear them like his Rayment carelessly,
 And ne'er prefer his Injuries to his Heart,
 To bring it into Danger.
 If Wrongs be Evils, and enforce us kill,
 What Folly 'tis to hazard Life for Ill.

Alc. My Lord! —

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross Sins look clear,
 To revenge is no Valour, but to bear.

Alc. My Lords, then under Favour, pardon me;
 If I speak like a Captain.
 Why do fond Men expose themselves to Battel,
 And not endure all Threats? Sleep upon't,
 And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
 Without Repugnancy? If there be
 Such Valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad? Why then Women are more valiant
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
 And the Ass, more Captain than the Lion? The Fellow
 Loaden with Irons, wiser than the Judge,
 If Wisdom be in suffering. O my Lords,
 As you are great, be pitifull good:
 Who cannot condemn Rashness in cold Blood?
 To kill, I grant, is Sin's extremeest Guilt,
 But in Defence, by Mercy 'tis most just.
 To be in Anger is Impiety:
 But who is Man, that is not angry?
 Weigh but the Crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain;

His Service done at *Lacedæmon* and *Byzantium*,
 Were a sufficient Briber for his Life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc.

Alc. Why, I say my Lords, h'as fair Service,
And slain in Fight many of your Enemies;
How full of Valour did he bear himself
In the last Conflict, and made plenteous Wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much Plenty with 'em,
He's a sworn Rioter; he has a Sin
That often drowns him, and takes his Valour Prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that beastly Fury
He has been known to commit Outrages,
And cherish Factions. 'Tis infer'd to us,
His Days are foul, and his Drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alc. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd in War.
My Lords, if not for any Parts in him,
Though his Right-Arm might purchase his own Time,
And be in Debt to none; yet more to move you,
Take my Deserts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know your Reverend Ages love Security,
I'll pawn my Victories, all my Honours to you,
Upon his good Returns.

If by this Crime he owes the Law his Life,
Why let the War receive it in valiant Gore;
For Law is strict, and War is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for Law, he dies, urge it no more,
On Height of our Displeasure: Friend, or Brother.
He forfeits his own Blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? It must not be:
My Lords, I do beseech you know me.

1 Sen. How?

Alc. Call me to your Remembrance.

3 Sen. What! —————

Alc. I cannot think but your Age hath forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so base
To sue, and be deny'd such common Grace.
My Wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our Anger?
'Tis in few Words, but spacious in Effect.
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me! banish your Detage, banish Usury,
That makes the Senate ugly.

1 Sen. If after two Days shine, Athens contains thee,
Attend

Attend our weightier Judgment.

And, not to swell our Spirit,

He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alc. Now the Gods keep you old enough,

That you may live

Only in Bone, that none may look on you.

I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their Foes

While they have told their Money, and let out

Their Coin upon large Interest; I myself

Rich only in large Hurts, --- All those, for this?

Is this the Balsam that the usuring Senate

Pours into Captains Wounds? Ha! Banishment!

It comes not ill: I hate not to be banish'd,

It is a Cause worthy for Spleen and Fury,

That I may strike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up

My discontented Troops, and lay for Hearts:

'Tis Honour with moist Lands to be at Odds,

Soldiers should brook as little Wrongs as Gods. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Timon's House.

Enter divers Senators at several Doors.

1 *Sen.* The good Time of the Day to you, Sir.

2 *Sen.* I also wish it to you: I think this honourable Lord did but try us this other Day.

1 *Sen.* Upon that were my Thoughts tiring when we encountred. I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the Tryal of his several Friends.

2 *Sen.* It should not be, by the Perswasion of his new feasting.

1 *Sen.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near Occasions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in Debt to my importunate Business; but he would not hear my Excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my Provision was out.

1 *Sen.* I am sick of that Grief too, as I understand how all Things go.

2 *Sen*

2 Sen. Every Man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 Sen. A Thousand Pieces.

2 Sen. A Thousand Pieces!

1 Sen. What of you?

3 Sen. He sent to me, Sir --- here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my Heart, Gentlemen both ---- and how fare you?

1 Sen. Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 Sen. The Swallow follows not Summer more willingly, than we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer-Birds are Men. Gentlemen, our Dinner will not recompence this long Stay: Feast your Ears with the Musick a while; if they will fare so harshly as o' th' Trumpet's Sound: We shall to't presently.

1 Sen. I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Sen. My noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what Cheer?

The Banquet brought in.

2 Sen. My most honourable Lord, I'm e'en sick of Shame, that when your Lordship t'other Day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 Sen. If you had sent but two Hours before ----

Tim. Let it not cumber your better Remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 Sen. All cover'd Dishes!

1 Sen. Royal Cheer, I warrant you.

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if Money and the Season can yield it.

1 Sen. How do you? What's the News?

3 Sen. Alcibiades is banish'd: Heard you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 Sen. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? How?

2 Sen. I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will ye draw near?

3 Sen.

3 Sen. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble Feast

2 Sen. This is the Old Man still. (toward.

3 Sen. Wilt hold?

2 Sen. It does, but Time will, and so ---

3 Sen. I do conceive.

Tim. Each Man to his Stool, with that Spur as he would to the Lip of his Mistress; Your Diet shall be in all Places alike. Make not a City-Feast of it, to let the Meat cool, e'er we can agree upon the first Place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our Thanks.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankfulness. For your own Gifts, make yourselves prais'd: But reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despised. Lend to each Man enough, that one need not lend to another. For, were your Godheads to borrow of Men, Men would forsake the Gods. Make the Meat be beloved more than the Man that gives it. Let no Assembly of Twenty be without a Score of Villains. If there sit Twelve Women at the Table, let a Dozen of them be as They are --- The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common Lag of People, what is amiss in them, you Gods, make suitable for Destruction. For these my present Friends --- as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover Dugs, and lap.

Some speak. What does his Lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold,
You Knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, and lukewarm
Is your Perfection. This is Timon's last, (Water
Who stuck, and spangled you with Flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your Faces
Your reeking Villany. Live bath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Courteous Destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher-Friends, Time-Flies,
Cap and Knee-Slaves, Vapours, and Minute Jacks
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Malady
Crust you quite o'er. What, do'st thou go?

Soft, take thy Physick first --- thou too --- and thou ---

[*Throwing the Dishes at them, and drives 'em out.*

Stay, I will lend thee Money, borrow none.

What!

What! what, all in Motion! Henceforth be no Feast,
Whereat a Villain's not a welcome Guest.
Burn House, sink Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon, Man, and all Humanity. [Exit.

Enter the Senators.

- 1 Sen. How now, my Lords?
2 Sen. Know you the Quality of Lord Timon's Fury?
3 Sen. Puff, did you see my Cap?
4 Sen. I have lost my Gown.
1 Sen. He's but a mad Lord, and nought but Humour sways him. He gave me a Jewel th'other Day, and now he has beat it out of my Hat.
Did you see my Jewel?
2 Sen. Did you see my Cap?
3 Sen. Here 'tis.
4 Sen. Here lyes my Gown.
1 Sen. Let's make no Stay.
2 Sen. Lord Timon's mad.
3 Sen. I feel't upon my Bones.
4 Sen. One Day he gives us Diamonds, next Day Stones. [Exeunt Senators.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. **L**ET me look back upon thee, O thou Wall,
That girdlest in those Wolves, dive in the Earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obed'ence fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their Steads to general Filths.
Convert o'th' instant green Virginity,
Do't it in your Parents Eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast,
Rather than render back; out with your Knives,
And cut your Trustees Throats. Bound Servants, steal;
Large-handed Robbers, your grave Masters are,
And Pill by Law. Maid, to thy Master's Bed;
Thy Mistress is o'th Brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire.

With

With it beat out his Brains. Piety and Fear,
 Religion to the Gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,
 Domestick Awe, Night-rest, and Neighbourhood,
 Instruction, Manners, Mysteries and Trades,
 Degrees, Observances, Customs and Laws,
 Decline to your confounding Contraries.
 And yet Confusion live : Plagues incident to Men,
 Your potent and infectious Fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
 Cripple our Senators, that their Limbs may halt
 As lamely as their Manners. Lust and Liberty
 Creep in the Minds and Marrows of our Youth,
 That 'gainst the Stream of Virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in Riot : Itches, Blains,
 Sow all the Athenian Bosoms, and their Crop
 Be general Leprosy : Breath infect Breath,
 That their Society (as their Friendship) may
 Be merely Poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But Nakedness, thou detestable Town.
 Take thou that too, with multiplying Banns :
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall find
 Th' unkindest Beast much kinder than Mankind.
 The Gods confound (hear me you good Gods all)
 Th' Athenians both within and out that Wall;
 And grant, as *Timon* grows, his Hate may grow,
 To the whole Race of Mankind, high and low.
Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Timon's House.*

Enter Flavius with two or three Servants.

1 *Ser.* Hear you, Master Steward, where's our Master?
 Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my Fellows, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the Righteous Gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 *Ser.* Such a House broke!
 So noble a Master fall'n all gone! and not
 One Friend to take his Fortune by the Arm,

And

And go along with him ?

2 *Ser.* As we do turn our Backs

From our Companion, thrown into his Grave,

So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes

Sink all away, leave their false Vows with him

Like empty Purfes pick'd. And his poor self

A dedicated Beggar to the Air,

With his Disease, of all shun'd Poverty.

Walks like Contempt alone. More of our Fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken Implements of a ruin'd House.

3 *Ser.* Yet do our Hearts wear *Timon's* Livery,

That see I by our Faces ; we are Fellows still,

Serving alike in Sorrow ; leak'd is our Bark,

And we, poor Mates, stand on the dying Deck,

Hearing the Surges threat : We must all part

Into the Sea of Air.

Flav. Good Fellows all,

The latest of my Wealth I'll share amongst you.

Where-ever we shall meet, for *Timon's* sake,

Let's yet be Fellows. Let's shake our Heads, and say,

As 'twere a Knell unto our Master's Fortunes,

We have seen better Days. Let each take some ;

Nay, put out all your Hands ; not one Word more,

Thus part we rich in Sorrow, parting poor.

[*He gives them Money, they embrace,*

and part several ways.

Oh the fierce Wretchedness that Glory brings us !

Who would not wish to be from Wealth exempt,

Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt ?

Who would be so mock'd with Glory, as to live

But in a Dream of Friendship ?

To have his Pomp, and all what State compounds,

But only painted like his varnish'd Friends :

Poor honest Lord ! brought low by his own Heart,

Undone by Goodness : Strange unusual Blood,

When Man's worst Sin is, he does too much Good,

Who then dares to be half so kind again ?

For Bounty that makes Gods, does still marr Men.

My dearest Lord, best to be most accurs'd,

Rich only to be wretched ; thy great Fortunes

Are made thy chief Afflictions. Alas, kind Lord !

Exit

He's

He's flung in a Rage from this ungrateful Seat
Of monstrous Friends:

Nor has he to supply his Life,
Or that which can command it:

I'll follow and enquire him out.

I'll ever serve his Mind, with my best Will,

Whilst I have Gold, I'll be his Steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Woods.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the Earth
Ro ten Humidity: Below thy Sister's Orb
Infect the Air, Twin'd Brothers of one Womb,
Who'e Procreation, Residence, and Birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several Fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser. Not Nature,
To whom all Sores lay Siege, can bear great Fortune
But by Contempt of Nature.

Raise me this Beggar, and deny't that Lord,

The Senator shall bear Contempt hereditary,

The Beggar native Honour:

It is the Pasture lards the Beggar's Sides,

The Want that makes him lean. Who dares? who dares,

In purity of Manhood, stand upright,

And say, this Man's a Flatterer? If one be,

So they are all, for every grize of Fortune

Is smooch'd by that below. The learned Pate

Ducks to the golden Fool. All's Obloquy:

There's nothing level in our cursed Natures

But direct Villany. Therefore be abhorr'd,

All Feasts, Societies and Throngs of Men.

His semblable, yea himself *Timon* disdains,

Destruction phang Mankind, Earth yield me Roots,

[Digging the Earth.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his Pallate

With thy most operant Poison. What is here?

Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?

No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,

Roots you clear Heav'ns. Thus much of this will make

Black, White; Foul, Fair; Wrong, Right;

Base, Noble; Old, Young; Coward, Valiant. (this

Ha, you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why,

Will

Will lug your Priests and Servants from your Sides;
Puck stout Mens Pillows from below their Heads.

This yellow Slave
Will knit and break Religions, bless th' accurs'd,
Make the hoar Leprosy; ador'd, place Thieves,
And give them Title, Knee, and Approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widow wed again;
She, whom the Spittle-House, and ulcerous Sores,
Would cast the Gorge at; this embalms and spices
To th' April-Day again. Come, damnd Earth,
Thou common Whore of Mankind; that puttest odds
Among the Rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. [March afar off.]
Ha! a Drum? Th' art quick,
But yet I'll bury thee. — Thou' ego (strong Thiet).
When gouty Keepers of thee cannot stand;
Nay, I lay thou out for earnest.

*Enter Alcibiades with Drum and Fife in warlike
manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.*

Alc. What art thou here? speak.

Tim. A Beast, as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy
For shewing me again the Eyes of Man. (Heart)

Alc. What is thy Name? is Man so hateful to thee;
That art thyself a Man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a Dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:

But in thy Fo. tunes am unlearn'd and strange,

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know thee
With Man's Blood paint the Ground, Gules, Gules,
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel,
Then what should War be? This fell Whore of thine,
Hath in her more Destruction than thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin Look.

Phry. Thy Lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the Rot returns
To thine own Lips again.

Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this Change?

Tim. As the Moon does, by wanting Light to give:

But

But then renew I could not, like the Moon;
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what Friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my Opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but perform none.

If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a Man: If thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a Man.

Alc. I have heard in some Sort of thy Miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had Prosperity.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed Time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a Brace of Harlots.

Timan. Is this th' *Athenian* Minion, whom the World voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a Whore still, they love thee not that use thee, give them Diseases, leaving with thee their Lust. Make use of thy salt Hours, sea on the Slaves for Tubs and Baths, bring down Rose-cheek'd Youth to the Fubfast, and the Diet.

Timan. Hang thee, Monster.

Alc. Pardon him, sweet *Timandra*, for his Wits Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.

I have but little Gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The Want whereof doth daily make Revolt
In my penurious Band. I heard and griev'd,
How curst *Athens*, mindless of thy Worth,
Forgetting thy great Deeds, when Neighbour-States,
But for thy Sword and Fortune, trod upon them —

Tim. I prithee beat thy Drum, and get thee gone,

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well:
Here is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a Heap---

Tim. War'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And

And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd.

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of Villains

Thou wast born to conquer my Country.

Put up thy Gold. Go on, here's Gold, go on;

Be as a Planetary Plague, whom *Jove*

Will o'er some high-vic'd City, hang his Poison

In the sick Air: Let not thy Sword skip one.

Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,

He is an Usurer. Strike me the counterfeit Matron,

It is her Habit only that is honest,

Herself's a Bawd. Let not the Virgin's Cheek

Make soft thy trenchant Sword; for those Milk-Paps

That through the Window-Pan bore at Mens Eyes,

Are not within the Leaf of Pity writ,

But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe

Whose dimpled Smiles from Fools exhaust their Mercy;

Think it a Bastard, whom the Oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounced; the Throat shall cut,

And mince it *sans* Remorse. Swear against Objects,

Put Armour on thine Ears, and on thine Eyes,

Whose Proof, nor Yells of Mothers, Maids, nor Babes,

Nor Sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a Jot. There's Gold to pay thy Soldiers.

Make large Confusion; and thy Fury spent,

Confounded be thyself. Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou Gold yet? I'll take the Gold thou givest me, not all thy Counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, Heav'n's Curse upon thee.

Both. Give us some Gold, good *Timon*, hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,

And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold up, you Sluts,

Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,

Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear,

Into strong Shudders, and to heavenly Agues

Th' immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your Oaths;

I'll trust to your Conditions, be Whores still.

And he whose pious Breath seeks to convert you,

Be strong in Whore, allure him, burn him up.

Let your close Fire predominate his Smoak,

And be no Turn-coats: Yet may your Pains fix Months

Be

Be quite contrary. And thatch
Your poor thin Roofs, with Burthens of the Dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Wear them, betray with them; whore fill,
Paint till a Horse may mire upon your Face;
A Pox of Wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold——what then?
Believe that we'll do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow Bones of Man, strike their sharp Shins,
And mar Mens spurring. Crack the Lawyer's Voice,
That he may never more false Title plead:
Nor sound his Quillets shrilly. Hoar the *Flamer*,
That scolds against the Quality of Flesh,
And not believes himself: Down with the Nose,
Down with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee [bald
Smells from the general Weal. Make curl'd-pate Ruffians
And let the uncarr'd Braggarts of the War
Derive some Pain from you. Plague all
That your Activity may defeat, and quell
The source of all Erection: There's more Gold.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And Ditches grave you all. [mon.

Both. More Counsel with more Money, bounteous *Ti-*

Tim. More Whore, more Mischief first; I have given
you Earnest.

Alc. Strike up the Drum towards *Athens*; farewell *Ti-*
mon: If I thrive well I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope wel', I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that Harm?

Tim. Men dai'y find it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, strike. [Exeunt.

Tim. That Nature being sick of Man's Unkindness
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose Womb unmeasurable, and infinite Breast
Teems and feeds all; whose self-same Mettle
Whereof thy proud Child, arrogant Man, is puffed,
Engenders the black Toad, and Adder blue,

The

The gilded Newt, and eyeless venom'd Worm,
 With all the abhorred Births below crisp Heav'n,
 Whereon *Hyperions* quickening Fire doth shine;
 Yield him, who all the human Sons do's hate,
 From forth thy plenteous Bosom, one poor Root.
 Ensear thy Fertile, and conception Womb;
 Let it no more bring out ingratel Man.
 Go great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves and Bears,
 Teem with new Monsters, whom thy upward Face
 Hath to the marbled Mansion all above
 Never presented. Oh, a Root——dear Thanks:
 Dry up thy Marrows, Veins, and Plough-torn Leas,
 Whereof ingratel Man with Liquorish Draughts
 And Morfels unctious, greases his pure Mind,
 That from it all Consideration slips ——

Enter Apemantus.

More Man? Plague, Plague.

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
 Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a Dog
 Whom I would imitate; Consumption catch thee.

Apem. This is in thee a Nature but affected,
 A poor unmanly Melancholy, sprung
 From Change of Fortune. Why this Spade? this Place?
 This Slave-like Habit, and these Looks of Care?
 Thy Flatterers yet wear Silk, drink Wine, lye soft,
 Hug their diseased Perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
 By putting on the Cunning of a Carper.
 Be thou a Flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee; hinge thy Knee,
 And let his very Breath whom thou'lt observe
 Blow off thy Cap; praise his most vicious Strain,
 And call it excellent; thou wast told thus:
 Thou gav'st thine Ears, like Tapsters, that bid welcome,
 To Knaves, and all Approachers: 'Tis most just
 That thou turn Rascal, hadst thou Wealth again,
 Rascals shou'd have't. Do not assume my Likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,

A Mad-man so long, now a Fool: What think'st
That the bleak Air, thy boisterous Chamberlain,
Will put thy Shirt on Warm? will these moist Trees
That have out-liv'd the Eagle, page thy Heels,
And Skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold Brook
Candied with Ice, cawdle thy Morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's Surfeit? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful Heav'n, whose bare unhoused Trunks,
To the consoling Elements expos'd,
Answer meer Nature; bid them flatter thee;
Oh! thou shalt find -----

Tim. A Fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st Misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villain's Office, or a Fools.
Dost please thy self in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a Knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sowre cold Habit on
To castigate thy Pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Courtier be again,
Wert thou not a Beggar; willing Misery
Out-lives incertain Pomp; is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never Compleat:
The other, at high wish, best state Contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched Being,
Worse than the worst, Content.
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his Breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a Slave, whom Fortune's tender Arm
With Favour never clasp; but bred a Dog.
Hadst thou like us from our first swarth proceeded,
Through sweet Degrees that this brief World affords
To such as may the passive Drugs of it (self
Freely command; thou would'st have plung'd thy
In general Riot, melted down thy Youth

In different Beds of Lust, and never learned
 The icy Precepts of Respect, but followed
 The Sugared Game before thee. But my self,
 Who had the World as my Confectionary, (Men,
 The Mouths, the Tongues, the Eyes, the Hearts of
 At Duty more than I could frame Employments ;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the Oak, have with one Winters brush
 Fall'n from their Boughs, and left me open, bare,
 For every Storm that blows. I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burthen.
 Thy Nature did commence in Sufferance, Time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men
 They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given ?
 If thou wilt Curse ; thy Father, that poor Rag,
 Must be thy Subject ; who in spight put stuff
 To some She-Beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor Rogue, hereditary. Hence ! be gone -----
 If thou hadst not been the worst of Men,
 Thou hadst been a Knave and Flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet ;

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no Prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the Wealth I have shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
 That the whole Life of *Athens* were in this,
 Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a Root.*]

Apem. Here will I mend thy Feast.

Tim. First mend thy Company, take away thy self.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by th'lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht ;
 If not, I would it were

Apem. What would'st thou have to *Athens* ?

Tim. The thither in a Whirlwind ; if thou wilt.
 Tell them there I have Gold, look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for Gold.

Tim. The best and truest :

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st a Nights, *Timon* ?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou a Days, *Apemantus* ?

Apem. Where my Stomach finds Meat, or rather
 where I eat it.

Tim.

Tim. Would Poison were obedient, and knew my Mind

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To savce thy Dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both Ends. When thou wast in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee, for too much curiosity; in thy Rags thou knowest none, but are despis'd for the contrary. There's a Medler for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a Medler?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. And th' hadst hated Medlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thy self better now. What Man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his Means?

Tim. Who without those Means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. My self.

Tim. I understand thee, thou hadst some Means to keep a Dog.

Apem. What things in the World canst thou nearest compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but Men, Men are the things themselves. What would thou do with the World, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy Power?

Apem. Give it the Beasts, to be rid of the Men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thy self fall in the confusion of Men, and remain a Beast with Beasts?

Apem. Ay, *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Gods grant thee t'attain to. If thou wert the Lion, the Fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the Lamb, the Fox would eat thee, if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Ass; if thou wert the Ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'st but as a Breakfast to the Wolf. If thou wert the Wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy Life for thy Dinner. Wert thou the Unicorn, Pride and Wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the Conquest of thy Fury. Wert thou a

Bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the Horse ; wert thou a Horse thou wouldst be seized by the Leopard ; wert thou a Leopard, thou wert German to the Lion, and the spots of thy Kindred, were Jurors on thy Life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy Defence absence. What Beast could thou be, that were not subject to a Beast ; and what a Beast art thou already, and see'st not thy Loss in Transformation.

Apem. If thou could please me
With speaking to me, thou might'st
Have hit upon it here.

The Commonwealth of *Athens* is become
A Forest of Beasts.

Tim. How has the Ass broke the Wall, that thou
art out of the City ?

Apem. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter ----
The Plague of Company light upon thee ;
I will fear to catch it, and give way.
When I know not what else to do,
I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggar's Dog
Than *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough
To spit upon.

Apem. A Plague on thee.
Thou art too bad to Curse:

Tim. All Villains
That do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no Leprosie
But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, I'll beat thee :
But I should infect my Hands.

Apem. I would my Tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangy Dog !
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive ;
I swound to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst.

Tim.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a Stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! Rogue! Rogue!

I am sick of this false World, and will love nought But even the meer necessities upon't;

Then *Timon* presently prepare thy Grave;

Lye where the Light Foam of the Sea may beat

Thy Graverstone daily; make thine Epitaph.

That Death in me, at others Lives my laugh.

O thou sweet King-Killer, and dear Divorce

'Twixt natural Son and Sire; thou bright defiler

Of *Hymen's* purest Bed; thou valiant *Mars*,

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate Wooer,

Whose Blush doth thaw the consecrated Snow,

That lies on *Dian's*-Lap. Thou visible God,

That souldrest close Impossibilities,

And mak'st them kifs; that speak'st with every Tongue

To every purpose; or thou touch of Hearts,

Think slave Man Rebels, and by thy Virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that Beasts

May have the world in Empire.

Apem. Would 'twere so,

But not till I am dead. I'll say th'hast Gold;

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy Back, I prethee.

Apem. Live and love thy Misery,

Tim. Long live so, and so die. I am quit.

Apem. Mo things like men-----

Eat, *Timon*, and abhor them.

[Exit Apeman.]

Enter the Banditti.

1 *Band.* Where should he have this Gold? It is some poor Fragment, some slender Ort of his Remainder: The meer want of Gold, and the falling from off his Friends, drove him into this Melancholy

2 *Band.* It is nois'd
He hath a Mass of Treasure.

3 *Band.* Let us make the assay upon him, if he care not for't, he will supply us easily : If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it ?

2 *Band.* 'True ; for he bears it not about him. 'Tis hid.

1 *Band.* Is not this he ?

All. Where ?

2 *Band.* 'Tis his Description.

3 *Band.* He : I know him,

All. Save thee, *Timon*.

Tim. Now Thieves.

All. Soldiers not Thieves.

Tim. Both too, and Womens Sons.

All. We are not Thieves but Men

That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of Meat. Why should you want ? Behold, the Earth hath Roots, Within the Mile break forth an hundred Springs ; The Oaks bear Masts, the Briers Scarlet Hips, The bounteous Hufwife Nature, on each Bush, Lays her full Mefs before you, Want ? why want ?

1 *Band.* We cannot live on Grass, on Berries, Water, As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes, (Fishes,

Tim. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds and You must eat Men. Yet thanks I must you con, That you are Thieves profess ; that you work not In holier Shapes ; for there is boundless Theft In limited Professions, Rascal Thieves, Here's Gold. Go, suck the subtle Blood o'th' Grape, 'Till the high Feaver seeth your Blood to Froth, And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physician, His Andidotes are Poison, and he slays More than you Rob : Take wealth, and live together, Do Villany do, since you protest to do't, Like Workmen, I'll Example you with Thievery : The Sun's a Thief, and with his great Attraction Robs the vast Sea. The Moon's an Arrant Thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the Sun. The Sea's a Thief, whose liquid Surge resolves The Moon into Salt Tears. The Earth's a Thief, That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln From gen'ral Excrement : Each thing's a Thief.

The

The Laws, your curb and whip, in their rough Power
Has uncheck'd theft. Love not your selves, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold; Cut Throats;
All that you meet are Thieves: To *Athens* go,
Break open Shops, nothing can you Steal (give you
But Thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this I
And Gold confound you howsoever. *Amen.* (*Exit.*

3 *Band.* He's almost charm'd me from my Profession,
by perswading me to it.

1 *Band.* 'Tis in the malice of Mankind, that he thus
advises us, not to have us thrive in our Mystery.

2. *Band.* I'll believe him as an Enemy.
And give over my Trade. (time

1 *Band.* Let us first see Peace on *Athens*, there is no
so miserable but a Man may be true [*Exeunt Thieves.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE the Woods and Timon's Cave.

Enter Flavius to Timon.

Flav. O H you Gods!
Is yond despis'd and ruinous Man my Lord
Full of decay and failing? Oh Monument
And wonder of good Deeds, evilly bestow'd! made
What an alteration of honour has desp'rate want
What viler thing upon the Earth, than Friends,
Who can bring noblest Minds to basest Ends,
How rarely does it meet with this times guise,
What Man was wisht to love his Enemies:
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do,
Ha's caught me in his Eye, I will present my honest
Grief Unto him; and, as my Lord, still serve him
with my Life, my dearest Master.

Tim. Away: What art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me Sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all Men.
Then if thou grun'st th'art a Man.

I have forgot thee. C. 4. *Flav*

Flav. An honest poor Servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :

I ne'er had an honest Man about me, I, all
I kept were Knaves, to serve in Meat to Villains.

Flav. The Gods are witness,
Never did poor Steward wear a truer Grief
For his undone Lord, than mine Eyes for you.

Tim. What dost thou weep? Come nearer, then I
love thee

Because thou art a Woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty Mankind; whose Eyes do never give,
But through Lust and Laughter. Pity's Sleeping;
Strange times that weep with laughing, not with
weeping.

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my Grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous Nature wild.
Let me behold thy Face: Surely, this Man
Was born of Woman.

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual sober Gods. I do proclaim
One honest Man; Mistake me not, but one.
No more I pray, and he's a Steward.
How fain would I have hated all Mankind,
And thou redeem'st thy self: but all to save thee,
I fell with Curses:

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another Service,
For many so arrive at second Masters,
Upon their first Lord's Neck. But tell me true,
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, (Gifts,
Is't not a usuring Kindness, and as rich Men deal
Expecting in return twenty for one? (Breast

Flav. No, my most worthy Master, in whose
Doubt and Suspect, alas, are plac'd too late, (feast;
You should have fear'd false times, when you did
Suspect still comes where an Estate is least.

That

That which I shew, Heav'n knows, is meerly Love,
Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched Mind,
Care of your Food and Living : And believe it,
My most honour'd Lord,

For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one Wish, that you had power and Wealth
To requite me, by making rich your self,

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so ; thou singly honest Man:
Here take ; the Gods out of my Misery,
Have sent thee Treasure. Go, live rich and happy.
But thus condition'd ; thou shalt build from Men:
Hate all, Curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famish'd Flesh slide from the Bone,
Ere thou relieve the Beggar. Give to Dogs
What thou deny'st to Men. Let Prisons swallow 'em
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be Men like blasted
Woods,

And may Diseases lick up their false Bloods,
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O let me stay and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st Curses,
Stay not ; Fly, whilst thou art blest and free ;
Ne'er see thou Man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far
Where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him ?
Does the Rumour hold for true,
That he's so full of Gold ?

Pain. Certain
Alcibiades reports it : *Phrynia* and *Timandra*
Had Gold of him, he likewise enrich'd
Poor stragling Soldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis said, he gave unto his Steward
A mighty Sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his
Has been but a try for his Friends ?

Pain. Nothing else :
You shall see him a Palm in *Athens* again,
And flourish with the highest.

Therefore,

Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our Loves
To him, in this suppos'd distress of his:
It will shew honestly in us,
And is very likely to load our purposes
With what they travel for,
If it be a just and true Report, that goes
Of his having.

Poet. What have you now
To present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time
But my Visitation: Only I promise him
An excellent Piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too;
Tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best,
Promising is the very Air o' th' Time;
It opens the Eyes of Expectation.
Performance is ever the duller for his act.
And but in the plainer and simpler kind of People,
The deed of Saying is quite out of use.
To promise, is most Courtly and Fashionable,
Performance is a kind of Will or Testament,
Which argues a great Sickness in his Judgment.
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cave.

Tim. Excellent Workman,
Thou canst not paint a Man so bad
As is thy self.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I have provided for him:
It must be a personating of him himself;
A Satyr against the softness of Prosperity,
With a Discovery of the infinite Flatteries
That follow Youth and Opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs
Stand for a Villain in thine own Works?
Wilt thou whip thine own Faults in other Men?
Do so, I have Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seek him.
Then do we. Sin against our own Estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True :

When the Day serves before black corner'd Night ;
Bind that thou wantest' by free and offer'd light
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn ,
What a God's Gold, that he is worship'd
In a baser Timple, than where Swine feed ?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the Bark, and plow'st the Foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a Slave,
To thee be worship, and thy Saints for aye
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obey.
'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail ! worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late noble Master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest Men ?

Poet. Sir, having often of your Bounty tasted,
Hearing you were tetir'd, your Friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless Natures, Oh abhorred Spirits!
Not all the Whips of Heav'n are large enough -----
What ! to you !

Whose Star-like Nobleness gave Life and Influence
To their whole Being ! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this Ingratitude
With any size of Words.

Tim. Let it go,

Naked Men may see't the better :
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He, and my self,
Have travell'd in the great Shower of your Gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tom. Ay, you are honest Men.

Pain. We are hither come
To offer you our Service.

Tim. Most honest Men !
Why how shall I requite you ?
Can you eat Roots, and drink cold Water ? no !

Both. What we can do,
We'll do, to do you Service.

Tim. Y'are honest Men ;
You've heard that I have Gold,
I am sure you have, speak Truth, y'are honest Men.

Pain.

Pain. So it is said, my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest Man; thou draw'st a Counterfeit
Best in all *Athens*, thou'rt indeed the best,
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. E'en so, Sir, as I say. And for thy Fiction,
Why thy Verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even Natural in thine Art.
But for all this, my honest natur'd Friends,
I must needs say you have a little Fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy Lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a Knave.
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep him in your Bosom, yet remain assur'd
That he's a made up Villain.

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you,
I love you well, I'll give you Gold;
Rid me these Villains from your Companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in the draught
Confound them by some Course, and come to me,
I'll give you Gold enough.

Both. Name them, my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this;
But two in Company:
Each Men apart, all single and alone,
Yet an Arch Villain keeps him Company:
If where thou art, two Villains shall not be,

Come

Come not near him. If thou would'st not reside
 But where one Villain is, then him abandon.
 Hence, pack, there's Gold, ye came for Gold, ye Slaves
 You have work for me; there's Payment, thence,
 You are an Alchymist, make Gold of that :
 Out Rascal Dogs. *[Beating and driving e'm out*

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with *Timon*,
 For he is set so only to himself,
 That nothing but himself, which looks like Man,
 Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his Cave.

It is our part and promise to th' *Athenians*
 To speak with *Timon*.

2 Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same; 'twas Time and Griefs
 That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer Hand,
 Offering the Fortunes of his former Days,
 The former Man may make him; bring us to him.
 And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his Cave:

Peace and Content be here, *Timon*! *Timon*!
 Look out, and speak to Friends: Th' *Athenians*
 By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee;
 Speak to them, Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sun that comfort burn,
 Speak and be hang'd:
 For each true Word a Blister, and each false
 Be as a Cauterizing to the root o'th' Tongue,
 Consuming it with speaking.

1 Sen. Worthy *Timon*.

Tim. Of none but such as you,
 And you of *Timon*.

2 Sen. The Senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon*!

Tim. I thank them.

And would send them back the Plague,
 Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O forget

What we are sorry for our selves in thee:
 The Senators, with one consent of Love,

Intreat

Intreat thee back to *Athens* who have thought
On special Dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2. *Sen.* They confess

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general gross,
Which now the publick Body, which doth seldom
Play the Recanter, feeling in it self
A lack of *Timon's* Aid, hath Sense withal
Of it's own fail, restraining Aid to *Timon*,
And sends forth us to make their sorrowed render
Together with a Recompence more fruitful
Than their Offence can weigh down by the Dram,
Ay, even such heaps and sums of Love and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what Wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the Figures of their Love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it.

Surprize me to the very brink of Tears :
Lend me a Fool's Heart, and a Woman's Eyes,
And i'll bewEEP these Comforts, worthy Senators.

1. *Sen.* Therefore so please thee to return with us,
And of our *Athens*, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with Thanks,
Allowed with absolute Power, and thy good Name
Live with Authority? so soon we shall drive back
Of *Alcibiades* the approaches wild,
Who like a Boar too savage, doth root up
His Country's Peace.

2. *Sen.* And shakes his threatening Sword
Against the Walls of *Athens*.

1. *Sen.* Therefore, *Timon* ----

Tim. Well Sir, I will? therefore I will Sir thus--
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged Men by th' Beards,
Giving our Holy Virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly mad-brain'd War;
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speaks it,
In pity of our Aged, and our Youth.
I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not,

And

And let him take't at worst ; for their Knives care not
While you have Throats to answer. For my self,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly Camp,
But I do prize it at my Love, before
To reverend'st Throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
To the Protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Thieves to Keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why I was writing on my Epitaph.
It will be seen to Morrow. My long sickness
Of Health and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still.
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague ; you his ;
And last so long enough.

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common Brute doth put it,

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving Countrymen.

1 Sen. These Words become your Lips, as they pass
thro' them.

2. Sen. And enter into our Ears like great Triumphers
In their applauding Gates.

Tim. Commend me to them.

And tell them, that to cease them of their Grievs,
Their fears of Hostile Strokes, their Aches, Losses,
Their Pangs of Love, with other incident throws
That Nature's fragile Vessel doth sustain
In Life's uncertain Voyage, I will some kindness do
them.

I'll teach them to prevent wild *Alcibiades*'s Wrath.

2. Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my Close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the frequency of decree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop Affliction, let him take his taste ;
Come hither e'er my Tree hath felt the Ax,
And hang himself. I pray you do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
Find him.

Tim.

Tim. Come not to me again, but say to *Athens*,
Timeon hath made his Everlasting Mansion
 Upon the beached Verge of the salt Flood,
 Which once a Day with his embossed Froth
 The turbulent Surge shall cover, thither come,
 And let my Grave-stone be your Oracle :
 Lips, let four words go by, and Language end :
 What is amiss, Plague and Infection mend,
 Graves only be Mens Works, and Death their Gain.
 Sun, hide thy Beams, *Timon* hath done his Reign.

[Exit *Timon*.]

1 *Sen.* His Discontents are unremoveably coupled
 to Nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead ; let us return,
 And strain what other means is left unto us
 In our dead Peril.

1 *Sen.* requires swift foot

[Exeunt.]

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd ; are Files
 As full as they report ?

Mes. I have spoke the least.

Besides his Expedition promises present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mes. I met a Courier, one mine ancient Friend,
 Whom though in general part we were oppos'd,
 Yet our old love made a particular force,
 And made us speak like Friends. This Man was riding
 From *Alcibiades* to *Timon's* Cave,
 With Letters of Intreaty, which imported
 His Fellowship i'th' cause against your City.
 In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our Brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
 The Enemies Drum is heard, and fearful scouring
 Doth choak the Air with Dust. In, and prepare,
 Ours is the Fall, I fear, our Foes the Snare [Exeunt.]

Enter a Soldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all Description this should be the Place.

Who's

Who's hear? Speak ho.---No answer?---What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his Span,
 Some Beast read this; there does not live a Man.
 Dead sure, and this his Grave; what's on his Tomb?
 I cannot read; the Character I'll take with Wax;
 Our Captain hath in every Figure skill,
 An aged Interpreter, tho' young in Days:
 Before proud *Athens* he's set down by this,
 Whose Fall the mark of his Ambition is. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Power.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious Town,
 Our terrible approach.

[Sound a Parley. The Senators appear upon the Walls.]

'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the Time
 With all licentious Measure, making your Wills
 The scope of Justice. 'Till now my self, and such
 As slept within the shadow of your Power,
 Have wander'd with our travest Arms, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
 When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
 Cries, of it self, no more: Now breathless wrong,
 Shall sit and pant in your great Chairs of ease,
 And purfy Insolence shall break his Wind
 With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young;
 When thy first Grievs were but a meer Content-
 Ere thou hadst Power, or we had cause to fear,
 We sent to thee, to give thy Rages Balm,
 To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loves
 Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
 Transformed *Timon* to our City's Love
 By humble Message, and by promis'd Means:
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of War.

1 Sen. These Walls of ours
 Were not erected by their Hands, from whom
 You have receiv'd your Grief: Nor are they such

That

That these great Towers, Trophies, and Schools
should fall

For private Faults in them.

^{2 Sen.} Nor are they living
Who were the Motives that you first went out,
Shame, that they wanted Cunning in excess,
Hath broke their Heart. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spread,
By Decimation and a tithed Death;
If thy Revenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loaths, take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

^{1 Sen.} All have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands,
Are not inherited. Then dear Countrymen,
Bring in thy Ranks, but leave without thy Rage,
Spare thy *Athenian* Cradle, and those Kin
With those that have offended, like a Shepherd,
Approach the Fold, and cull th' Infected forth,
But kill not all together.

^{2 Sen.} What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy Smile,
Then hew to't with thy Sword.

^{1 Sen.} Set but thy Foot
Against our rampir'd Gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle Heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

^{2 Sen.} Throw thy Glove,
Or any token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt use the Wars as thy Redress,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Town, 'till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Glove,
Descend, and open your uncharged Ports,
Those Enemies of *Timon's*. and mine own,
Whom you your selves shall set out for Reproof,
Fall, and no more; and to atone your Fears
With my more noble Meaning, not a Man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the Stream

Of regular Justice in your City's bounds
But shall be remedied by your publick Laws,
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your Words.

Enter a Messenger.

M. My noble General, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' Sea,
And on his Gravestone, this Insculpture, which
With Wax I brought away; whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poor Ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.*]

*Here lyes a wretched Course, of wretched Soul bereft,
Seek not my Name: A Plague consume you Caitiffs left.
Here lye I Timon, who all living Men hate,
Pass by, and curse thy fill, but stay not here thy Gate.*

These well express in thee thy latter Spirits:
Tho' thou abhorr'd'st in us our human Grievs,
Scorn'dst our Brains flow, and those our drople's,
From niggard Nature fall; yet rich Conceit (which
Taught thee to make vast *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low Grave; on Faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble *Timon*, of whose Memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your City,
And I will use the Olive with my Sword,
Make War breed Peace; make Peace stint War,
make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's Leach.
Let our Drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]



Advertisement

Advertisement for the play "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London. The advertisement mentions the names of the actors and the date of the performance.



Advertisement for the play "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London. The advertisement mentions the names of the actors and the date of the performance.



Advertisement.

*W*HEREAS J. Tonson, and his Accomplices, have undertaken to print, or more properly pirate all Shakespear's PLAYS, and have publish'd several of the said PLAYS in a very incorrect and imperfect Manner, printed on a very bad Letter, in the major Part of which there are a great Number of Omissions, occasioned thro' Carelessness or Ignorance, and in all Probability by both, whereby the PLAYS so pirated by the said J. Tonson in Conjunction with his Accomplices are render'd unintelligible and of no Service. Yet in order to cast the same Odium on the PLAYS Beautifully and correctly printed by R. WALKER, which J. Tonson's maim'd Edition justly deserve, they have caused an Advertisement to be signed by Mr. Chetwood, Prompter of Drury-Lane Play-house, which is so absurd and impertinent, that it is thought very proper to make the following Answer.

*W*HEREAS an Advertisement was inserted in several of the News Papers, signed William Chetwood, in Relation to R. Walker's Edition of Shakespear, I think my self obliged to shew the Publick, that the said Advertisement is Foolish, False and Scandalous; and a Gross Imposition on the Publick.

Foolish in a Fellow to thrust himself officiously and impertinently in a Business which no ways concerns him, and that too at the Expence of that Modesty, which he has, with a great deal of Affectation, always pretended to; for nothing can certainly be so vain or impudent as this Prompter's answering publickly to a Charge that was never brought against him; no such Thing having been ever insinuated by Mr. Walker, as that he made use of any Copy obtained from him, for it would be of no more Service to have his Marks of Exits, Entrances, Properties, &c. than it would be to print any of the Drolls, or other Rubbish written by himself.

False

False in saying Mr. Walker's Edition has innumerable Errors in it, and is not as acted at the Theatres: but this is a Falshood that almost every Reader is able to discover, who, without doubt, can judge of this as well as the Prompter, the Candle-Snuffer, or any other Servant in the House.

And Scandalous, in saying, The Right of the Proprietors is basely invaded; for if they had any Right they would try it, which they have been oftentimes call'd upon to do, by R. Walker.

And lastly. A Gross Imposition on the Publick, for he denies, that he ever compared the Plays printed by Mr. Walker with those printed by Mr. Tonson; and as Chetwood says himself, that he has a Share in some of Shakespear's Plays, I submit it to the Publick, whether he did not sign that Advertisement on Purpose to serve a Turn.

A Specimen of some of Tonson's Omissions and Blunders in the Tragedy of King Lear, which render the same useless and unintelligible.

IN the first Place he is wrong in his Title; he calls it the Life and Death of King Lear; the original Title by Shakespear, was only King Lear, a Tragedy, and when alter'd and reviv'd by N Tate, Esq; The History of King Lear, and his three Daughters; how can it be called The Life and Death of King Lear, when in the Play as it has been acted for near fifty Years last past (tho' Tonson's spurious Edition kills him on the Stage) King Lear, at the Conclusion of the Play remains alive, and gives his Daughter Cordelia in Marriage to Edgar, Son to Gloucester.

In the second Place, he has omitted the Prologue to the same Tragedy, as well as the Epilogue, which was spoken by the Celebrated Mrs. Barry.

In the third Place, he has Printed it from an erroneous Edition; in which there is not one Scene in the whole, as Acted at the Theatres, neither has it the same Beginning or Ending.

Besides

Besides what is already observ'd, there are innumerrble Omissions and Blunders in his other Plays, insomuch that there is scarce one Play that is Perfect; some want Frontispices some the Titles, and in several others, whole Scenes, half Pages, and Speeches, are entirely omitted: So that each Vol. of Tonson's, is nothing but a Compound of mangled Scraps and Nonsense. And I believe, every considerate Person will allow, that a neat and correct Play is cheaper at Four-pence, than a mangled and incorrect one, Printed on a Mixture of good and bad Paper, is at Three-pence.

*The following Plays are already published
of Shakespear's Works.*

The First Volume.

I. *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.* II. *Julius Caesar.*
III. *The Life and Death of Crook-back'd Richard.* IV. *The Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell.* V. *The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island.* VI. *The Merry Wives of Windsor, with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff.*

The Second Volume.

I. *Macbeth.* II. *Othello, Moor of Venice.* III. *The first Part of Henry IV. with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff.*
IV. *Titus Andronicus.* V. *The London Prodigal.* VI. *Measure for Measure.*

The Third Volume.

I. *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.* II. *King Lear, and his Three Daughters.* III. *The Puritan or the Widow of Watling Street.* IV. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.* V. *Antony and Cleopatra.* VI. *The Second Part of Henry IV. containing his Death, the Coronation of Henry V. and the Humours of Sir John Falstaff.*

The

Callimachus
The Fourth Volume.

I. *Lochrine, The Eldest Son of King Brutus.* II. *Sir John Oldcastle, The Good Lord Cobham.* III. *Timon of Athens.*

The Comedy of The Merchant of Venice, which is already publish'd by Tonson, will in a few Days be publish'd by me, wherein will be shewn above a hundred Mistakes in that Play publish'd by J. Tonson, which makes it evident that all the Plays publish'd by him, and his Accomplices, are pirated, incoherent Nonsense, and Grubstreet Stuff.



John
ms.

ch is
lishd
es in
idents
are





Smith Sc.

THE
COMEDY
OF
ERRORS.

By SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER at *Shakespear's Head* in *Turn-again Lane*, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakespear's Head*, in *Change-Alley*, *Cornhill*.

M DCC XXXV.

Y D E M O C

M E N.

SALINUS, Duke of Ephesus.
Ægeon, a Merchant of Syracuse.

**Antipholis of Ephesus,
Antipholis of Syracuse,**

*Twin Brothers and Sons to
Ægeon and Æmelia, but
unknown to each other.*

Dromio of Ephesus, }
Dromio of Syracuse, }

*Twin Brothers, and Slaves to the
two Antipholis's.*

Balthazar, a Merchant.

Angelo, a Goldsmith,

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.

Dr. Pinch, a School-master, and a Conjuror.

W O M E N.

Æmilia, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.

Adriana, Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.

Luciana, *Sister to Adriana.*

Luce, Servant to Adriana.

Failor, Officers, and other Attendants.

S C E N E *Ephesus.*

The Plot taken from the Menæchmi of Plautus.



T H E
COMEDY of ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor, and other Attendants.

ÆGEON.



Proceed, Salinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes
and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no
more:

I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn Synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and our selves,
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns.

The Comedy of Errors.

Nay, more ; if any born at *Ephesus*
 Be seen at *Syracusan* marts and fairs ;
 Again, if any *Syracusan* born
 Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies ;
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
 Unless a thousand marks be levied
 To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto an hundred marks :
 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words
 are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, *Syracusan*, say in brief the cause,
 Why thou departed'st from thy native home ;
 And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
 Than I to speak my grief unspeakable :
 Yet that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In *Syracusa* was I born, and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad :
 With her I liv'd in joy, our well-thrived
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To *Epidamnium*, 'till my factor's death ;
 And he great store of goods at random leaving
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :
 From whence my absence was not six months old,
 Before her self (almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that Women bear)
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon and safe arrived where I was.
 There she had not been long, but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguish'd but by name,
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
 A poor mean Woman was delivered
 Of such a burthen, male-twins both alike :

Those

The Comedy of Errors.

5

Those for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon!
We came aboard.

A league from *Epidamnium* had we sail'd,
Before the always wind obeying deep
Gave any tragick instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which tho' myself would gladly have embrac'd.
Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me:
And this it was, (for other means were none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship then sinking ripe to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast.
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the sun gazing upon the earth
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And by the benefit of his wish'd light
The sea was calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
But ere they came ——— oh let me say no more;
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

A 3

Ageon.

For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ageon. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us;
For ere the ship could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock;
Which being violently born upon,
Our helpless ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this unjust divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul, seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser wo,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on us:
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwrackt guests,
And would have rest the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail:
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own-mishaps.

Duke. And for the sakes of them thou sorrow'st
Do me the favour to dilate at full (for
What hath befall'n of them and thee 'till now.

Ageon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in quest of him:
Whom, whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the bound of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;

And

And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless *Ægeon*, whom the fates have markt
To bear th' extremity of dire mishap;
Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes would, they may not disanul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee,
But tho' thou art adjudged to the Death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow to make up the sum,
And live: if not, then thou art doom'd to die:
Jailor, take him to thy custody:

Jail. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his liveless end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. **T** Herefore give out, you are of *Epidamnium*,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate,
This very day a *Syracusan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west:
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we host,
And stay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee:
'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Within this hour it will be dinner-time,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn;

For with long travel I am stiff and weary:
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at his word,
And go indeed, having so good a means. [*Exit Dromio.*]

Ant. A trusty villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon at five a clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you 'till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewel till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Ex. Mer.*]

S C E N E III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them unhappy lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.

What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath strucken five upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;

She

She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach having broke your fast:
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where you have left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh, six pence that I had a *Wednesday* last,
To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper?
The sadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody;

F. Dre. I pray you jest, Sir; as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post,
If I return, I shall be post indeed;

For she will score your fault upon my pate:
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come, *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them 'till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee;

E. Dro. To me, Sir; why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir krave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge?

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the *Phoenix*, Sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. Now as I am a christian answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stards on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where are the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

E. Dro. I have some marks of your upon my pate;
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast
thou?

The Comedy of Errors.

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the *Phenix*.

She that doth fast 'till you come home to dinner ;
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner,

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid ? there take you that, Sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, Sir ? for God sake hold
your hands ;
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Ex. Dromio.*]

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-wrought of all my Money.
They say, this town is full of couzenage :

As, nimble juglers, that deceive the eye ;

Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind ;

Soul-killing witches, that deform the body :

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And many such like liberties of sin :

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the *Centaur*, to go seek this slave :

I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

ADRIANA.

N Either my husband, nor the slave returned,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master !
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two a Clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant has invited him.

And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner :
Good sister, let us dine; and never fret.

A Man is master of his liberty :

Time is their master, and when they see time

They'll

The Comedy of Errors.

II

They'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out a-door.

Adr. Look; when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, head-strong liberty is last with wo.

There's nothing situate under heav'n's eye;

But hath its bound in earth, in-sea, and sky:

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their male's subjects; and at their controuls.

Man more divine, the master of all these.

Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry seas,

Indu'd with intellectual sense and soul.

Of more preheminance than fish and fowl,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some
fway.

Luc. Ere I learn love I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your Husband start some other where?

Luc. 'Till he come home again I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause:

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul bruise'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more we should our selves complain;

So thou that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me:

But if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left,

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;

Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh,

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio Ephe.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Ex. Drom.

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear, Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; but sure he's stark-mad:

When I desir'd him to come to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold, quoth he,
Will you come, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:
My mistress, Sir, quoth I; hang up my mistress;
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress:

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my Master.

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders:
For in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy Master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?

You

The Comedy of Errors.

13

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me higher
If I last in this service, you must ease me in leath'ers.

[Exit

SCENE III.

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look :
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blots it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?
That's not my fault : he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair.
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home ; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy ; fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense :
I know his eye doth homage other-where ;
Or else what lets it but he would be here ?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain,
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
I see the jewel best enameled
Will lose his beauty ; yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will :
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye.
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy.

[Exit

SCENE

SCENE IV. The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

Ant. **T**HE gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with *Dromio*, since at first
I sent him from the mart. See here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love stroaks, so jest with me again!
You know no *Centaur*? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner;
My house was at the *Phoenix*? wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, Sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which I hope thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me?

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beats Dro.*
S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's sake, now your jest
is earnest;

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you.
Your sawciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.

When

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams :
If you will jest with me, know my aspect.
And fashion your demeanour to my looks ;
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
But soft ; who wafts us yonder ? *

SCENE

* ----- wafts us yonder ?

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it ? so you would leave
battering, I had rather have it a head ; an you use
these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head,
and insconce it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my
shoulders : but I pray, Sir, why am I beaten ?

Ant. Dost thou not know ?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why ?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore ; for they say,
every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, first for flouting me ; and then where-
fore, for urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out
of season ?

When in the why and wherefore is neither rhyme
nor reason ?

Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what ?

S. Dro. Marry Sir, for this something that you
gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you no-
thing for something. But say, Sir, is it dinner-time ?

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think the meat wants that I
have.

Ant. In good time, Sir, what's that ?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat not of it.

Ant. Your reason ?

S. Dro. Left it make you cholerick, and purchas'e
me another dry basting.

Ant.

S C E N E V.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay *Antipholis*, look strange and frown,
Some other mistress hath some sweet aspects,

I am

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jest in good time; there's
a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that, before you were
so cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain
bald pate of father *Time* himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his
hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover
the lost hair o' another man.

Ant. Why is *Time* such a niggard of hair, being,
as it is so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on
beasts, and what he hath scant'd men in hair, he
hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more
hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to
lof his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain
dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he
loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two, and found ones too.

Ant. Nay, not found ones, I pray you.

S. Dr. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant.

I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
 The time was once, when thou unurg'dst wouldst vow
 ' That never words were musick to thine ear,
 ' That never object pleasing in thine eye,
 ' That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
 ' That never wert sweet-savour'd in the taste,
 ' Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
 How comes it now, my husband, oh how comes it,
 That thou art thus estranged from thy self?
 Thy self I call it, being strange to me :
 That undividable incorporate
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.
 Ah do not tear away thy self from me :
 For know, my love, as easie may'st thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thy self ; and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot-brow,

And

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to save the money that he spends
 in tyring ; the other, that at dinner they should
 not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is
 no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir ; namely, no time to
 recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why
 there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it : Time himself is bald, and
 therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion.

SCENE V. *Ec.*

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
 I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot!
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For if we two be one and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of my flesh,
 Being frumpered by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
 I live disdain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
 In *Ephesus* I am but two hours old.

As strange unto your town as to your talk.

Luc. Fie, brother, how the world is chang'd with
 When were you wont to use my sister thus? (you;
 She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio*?

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didst return from him,
 That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
 Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife. (woman?

Ant. Did you converse, Sir, with this gentle-
 What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I Sir? I never saw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain thou liest; for even her very words
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never spoke with her in my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names.
 Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
 To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
 Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
 Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
 But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
 Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;

Thou

* - - - as to your talk.

Who every Word by all my Wit being scann'd,
 Wants Wit in all one Word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother, &c,

Thou art an elm, my Husband, I a vine:
Whose weakness marry'd to thy stronger state.
Makes me with thy strength to communicate;
If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme;
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What Error drives our Eyes and ears amiss?
Untill I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. *Dromio*, go bid the servants spread for Dinner.*

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn,
Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
Husband, I'll dine above with you to day,
And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks;
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come, sister; *Dromio*, play the porter well;

Ant.

* ——— servants spread for Dinner.

S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I cross me for a sinner.
This is the Fairy land: oh spite of spights;
We talk with goblins, owls and elvish sprights;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy self,
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, snail, thou slug, thou sot.

S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine own form.

S. Dro. No; I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an ass.

S. Dro. 'Tis true, she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, &c.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heav'n, or in hell?
 Sleeping or waking, mad or well advis'd?
 Known unto these, and to my self disguis'd?
 I'll say as they say, and preserver so;
 And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Duc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late. }

(*Exeunt.*)



A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Street before Antipholis's House.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

E. Antipholis.

GOOD Signior *Angelo*, you must excuse us:
 My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
 Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop
 To see the making of her † carnaket,
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
 But here's a villain that would face me down
 He met me on the mart, and that I beat him;
 And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
 And that I did deny my wife and house:
 Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou mean by this? *
 † carkanet, a sort of Bracelet.

I think

* ——— did thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, Sir, but I know what I know,

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
 If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave
 were ink,

Your hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think, &c.

The Comedy of Errors.

21

I think thou art an ass.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I beat;
I should kick being kickt; and being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass,

E. Ant. Y'are sad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God our
cheer

May answer my good will and your good welcome.*
But soft; my door is lock'd; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. *Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cissy, Gillian.*

S. Dro. within. Mome, malt horse, capon, coxcomb,
idiot, patch.

Either get thee from the door, or set down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such
store,

When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.*
Adr.

*——— and your good welcome.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Ah Signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good Sir, is common that every churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and good welcome, makes a merry feast.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft, my door is lockt, &c..

*——— get thee from the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my master
stays in the street.

S. Dro.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch hold on's feet:

E. Ant. Who talks within there? *hea*, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you must not: come again when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame;
If thou had'st been *Dromio* to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name,
or thy name for an ass.

Luce. within. What a coile is there, *Dromio*? who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my master in, *Luce*.

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

E. Dro. O lord, I must laugh;
Have at you with a *Proverb*. Shall I set in my staff;

Luce. Have at you with another; that's when? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce*, *Luce*, thou hast answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have askt you.

S. Dro. And you said, no.

The Comedy of Errors.

23

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go get you from the gate. *

E. Ant.

E. Dro. So, come help, well struck, there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. within. Who is that? &c.

* ----- go get you from the gate,

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go fore.

Aug. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the door master; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's something in the wind that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within: you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man as mad as buck to be so bought and sold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir; oh let it not be thus.
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this; your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are barr'd against you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner,
And about evening come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout,
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever hous'd where it once gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And in despite of mirth mean to be merry.
I know of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too, gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but protest without desert)

Hath

S. Dro. It seems thou wantest breaking; out upon thee,
hind.

E. Dro. Here's too much; out upon thee; I pray thee
let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have
no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in, go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together,

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, &c.

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal ;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the Chain ; by this I know 'tis made ;
Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine* ;
For there's the house : that chain I will bestow,
(Be it for nothing but to spite my Wife,)
Upon mine hostels there, good Sir, make haste :
Since my own Doors refuse to entertain me.
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, Sir
hence.

E. Ant. Do so ; this jest shall cost me some Expence.

[*Exeunt*

S C E N E II.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Syracuse.

AND may it be, that you have quite forgot
A husband's Office? shall, *Antipholis*,
Ev'n in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my Sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's-sake use her with more kindness;
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth,
Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness;
Let not my Sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's Orator;
Look sweet, speak fair; become disloyalty:
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, tho' your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attain?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your Bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard-fame, well managed;

B

III

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word :
 Alas poor women, make us but believe
 (Being compact of Credit) that you loves ;
 Tho' others have the arm, shew us the sleeve :
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle Brother, get you in again ;
 Comfort my sister, chear her, call her wife ;
 'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
S. Ant. Sweet mistress ; what your name is else I know
 not

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine :
 Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not,
 Than our Earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;
 Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The foulded meaning of your words deceit ;
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
 To make it wander in an unknown field ?
 Are you a God ? would you create me new ?
 Transform me then, and to your Pow'r I'll yield.
 But if that I am I, then will I know
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed a homage do I owe ;
 Far more, far more to you do I decline :
 Oh train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of Tears ;
 Sing *Siren* for thy self, and I will dote ;
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lye :
 And in that glorious supposition think
 He gains by death that hath such means to die ;
 Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink.
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?
S. Ant. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
S. Ant. For gazing in your beams, fair sun being by.
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your
 sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me, love? call my sister so.

S. Ant. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

S. Ant. No;

It is thy self, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this thy sister is, or else should be.

S. Ant. Call thy self sister, sweet; for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life.
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife;
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh soft, Sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit. *Luc.*

SCENE III.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Ant. Why how now, *Dromio*, where runn'st thou so fast?

S. Dro. D'you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio*? am I your Man? am I myself?

S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy self.

S. Dro. I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides my self.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, besides my self, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, such claim as you would lap to your horse, and she would have me as a beast: not that I being a beast she would have me, but that she being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is she?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, Sir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease, and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light, I warrant her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a *Poland* winter: if she lives 'till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What completion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why? she sweats, a man may go over-shoes in the grim of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; *Noah's* flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. *Nell*, Sir, but her Name is three quarters; that is, an ell and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland*?

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenness, hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. Where *France*?

S. Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

S. Ant. Where *England*?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain*?

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not, but I felt her hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

S. Dro. Ch Sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with

with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who sent whole armadoes of carrafts to be ballast at her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dremio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go hie thee presently; post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart;
Where I will walk 'till thou return to me:
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time I think to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear-man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to my self.
But lest my self be guilty of self wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song,

Enter Angelo with a chain.

Ang. Master *Antipholis*.

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir, lo, here's the chain,
I thought t' have tane you at the *Porcupine*;

The Chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will that I should do with this?

Ang. What please your self, Sir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive my Money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the Money now,
For fear you ne'er see Chain or Money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:

But this I think, there's no man is so vain

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see a man here needs not live by shifts,

When in the streets he meets such golden gifts:

I'll to the mart, and there for *Dormio* stay;

If any ship put out, then strait away.

[*Exit.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

MERCHANT.

YOU know since *Pentecost* the sum is due;

And since I have not much importun'd you;

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound

To *Persia*, and want gilders for my voyage:

Therefore make present satisfaction;

Or I'll attach you by this Officer.

Ang. Ev'n just the sum that I do owe to you,

Is

Is owing to me by *Antipholis* ;
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chain ; at five a clock
I shall receive the money for the same :
Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter Antiph. Ephe. and Drom. Ephe. as from the Courte-
teans.*

Off. That labour you may save : see where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of Doors by day.
But lo ! I see the goldsmith : get thee gone.
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year ; I buy a rope !
[Exit Dromio.]

E. Ant. A man is well help up that trusts to you :
I promised your presence, and the chain :
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me ;
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together ; therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, the chargeful fashion,
Which do amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman ;
I pray you see him presently discharg'd ;
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money,
Besides I have some business in the town ;
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ant. Then you will bring the chain to her your self.

E. Ant. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not time
enough.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will, have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. And if I have not, Sir, I hope you have: Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain, Both wind and tide stay for the gentleman; And I to blame have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse Your breach of promise to the *Porcupine*: I should have chid you for not bringing it; But like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, Sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain.

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you ev'n now. Or send the chain, or send me by some token.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath: Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:

Good Sir, say, if you'll answer me, or no; If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you? why should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none 'till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it; Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well officer, arrest him at my suit.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in my reputation.

Either consent to pay the sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer;

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had?

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st:

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Offi. I do arrest you, Sir; you hear the suit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee 'till I give thee bail.

But,

But, fi
As all
Ang.
To yo

S. D.
That
Then
I hav
The C
The f
Blow
But f
E.

Wha
S.
E.
And
S.
You
E.
And
To
Giv
Th
Th
Te
An
Or

W
Sh
T
F

But, firrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, Sir, I shall have law in *Ephesus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio, Sir, from the bay.

S. Dro. There is a bark of *Epidamnium*,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard ;
Then, Sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought
The Oyl, the Balamum, and Aqua-vita.
The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind
Blows fair from land ; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and your self.

E. Ant. How now ! a mad man ! why, thou peevish
sheep,

What ship of *Epidamnium* stays for me ?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire wafrage.

E. Dro. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope ;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon :
You sent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee strait,
Give her this key, and tell her in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with *Turkish* tapestry
There is a purse of ducats, let her send it :

Tell her I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me ; hie thee, slave ; be gone :

On officer, to prison 'till it come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S. Dro. *Adriana* ! that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowsebel* did claim me for her husband ;

She is too big I hope for me to compass.

Thither I must, altho' against my will,

For servants must their masters minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

*E. Antipholis's House.**Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

Adr. **A** *H Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
 Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
 That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
 Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
 What observation mad'st thou in this case,
 Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him a right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move,
 First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot nor I will not hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have it's will,

He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost, is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others eyes were worse,

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;

My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curse.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Enter S. Dromio.

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar Limbo, worse than hell;
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel:
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough,
A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
mands

The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that before the judgment carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested; but he's in a suit of buff which rested him, that I can tell. Will you send him, mistress redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at,

[Exit. Luc.]

That he unknown to me should be in debt!

Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but a stronger thing,
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.*

Enter

* ——— that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hour's come back, that I did never hear.

S. Dro.

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio*; there's the money, bear it strait,
And bring my master home immediately.
Come, sister, I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

The STREET.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

S. Ant. **T** Here's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesse;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his shop,
And shew'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginary wiles,
And *Lapland* forcerers inhabit here.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, it turns
back for very fear.

Adr. As if *Time* were in debt, how fondly dost thou
reason?

S. Dro. *Time* is a very bankroot, and owes more than
he's worth.

Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men say,
That *Time* comes stealing on by night and day?
If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter, &c.

Enter

The Comedy of Errors.

37

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for; what, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparel'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison; he that goes in the calves-skin, that was kill'd for the prodigal: he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plain case; he that went like a base-viol in a case of leather; the man, Sir, that when gentlemen are tired gives them a fob, and rests them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a moris pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the serjeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that break his bond: one that thinks a man always going to bed, and saith, God give you good rest.

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to-night, and then were you hinder'd by the serjeant, to tarry for the holy *Delay*; here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Courtezan.

Cur. Well met, well met, master *Antipholis*.
I see, Sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is this the chain you promis'd me to-day?

S. Ant.

S. Ant. Satan avoid, I charge thee tempt me not. *

Cur. S. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
a rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry
stone; but she more covetous would have a chain. Ma-
ster be wise, and if you give it her, the devil will shake
her chain, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you Sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

S. Ant. Avant, thou witch! come *Dromio* let us go. *

* ——— tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this mistress *Satan*?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay she is worse, she's the devil's dam;
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and
thereof comes that the wenches say, God dam me, that's
as much as to say, God make me a light wench, It is
written, they appear to men like angels of light; light
is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches
will burn; come not near her.

Cur. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir.
Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here;

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, be-
speak a long spoon.

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marry he must have a long spoon that must
eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid thou fiend, what tell'st thou me of
supping?

Thou art (as you are all) a sorcerers:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cur. Give me, &c.

* ——— let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock; mistress that
you know.

SCENE VII. &c.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholis* is mad,
 Else would he never so demean himself.
 A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
 And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
 Both one and other he denies me now.
 The reason that I gather he is mad,
 (Besides this present instance of his rage)
 Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
 Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
 Belike his wife acquainted with his fits
 On purpose shut the doors against his way.
 My way is now to hie home to his house,
 And tell his wife; that being lunatick,
 He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
 My ring away. This course I fittest chuse,
 For forty ducats is too much to lose. *[Exit*

SCENE VIII.

The STREET.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus with a Sailor.

E. Ant. **F**ear me not man, I will not break away,
 I'll give thee ere I leave thee so much
 mony,

To warrant thee, as I am rested for.
 My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
 And will not lightly trust the messenger.
 That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,
 I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's end.

Here comes my man, I think he brings the mony.
 How now, Sir, have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the mony?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's-end, Sir, and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.

[Beats *Dro.*

Offi. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay'tis for me to be patient, I am in adversity.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whorson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dro. I am an ass indeed, you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it when I sleep, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return; nay I bear it on my shoulders as a beggar wont her brat; and I think when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan and Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather prophesy like the parrot, beware the rope's end.

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats *Dro.*

Cur. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good doctor *Pinch*, you are a conjurer,

Establisht

Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cur. Mark how he trembles in his extasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee strait,
I conjure thee by all the saints in heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizzard, peace, I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I deny'd to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame.

E. Ant. Din'd at home? thou villain, what say'st thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut
out.

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn
me?

E. Dro. Certes she did, the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity you did, my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in those contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas I sent you money to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But surely master not a rag of money.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are possess'd,
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And gentle master I receiv'd no gold,
But I confess, Sir, that we are lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And are confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
Put with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. Oh bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks;

E. Ant. What, will you murder me? thou jailor thou,

I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Offi. Matters; let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Offi. He is my prisoner, if I let him go
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee;

Bear

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor.

[*They bind Ant. and Dro.*

And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.

Good master doctor see him safe convey'd

Home to my house. Oh most unhappy day!

E. Ant. Oh most unhappy strumpet!

E. Dro. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master, cry the devil.

Luc. God help poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence; sister, stay you with me. Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

[*Exeunt Pinch, Ant. and Dro.*

SCENE X.

Manent Officer, Adri. Luci. and Curtezan.

Off. One *Angelo*, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man; what is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cur. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)

Strait after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

SCENE XI.

*Enter Antipholis Syracusan with his rapier drawn, and
Dromio Syrac.*

Luc. God for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adra. And come with naked sword;

Let's

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*They run out.*]

Manent Ant. and Dro.

S. Ant. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur*, fetch our stuff from thence:

I long that we were safe and sound abroad.

S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they spake us fair, gave us gold; methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town, Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

ANGELO.

I Am sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you.
But I protest he had the chain of me,
Who most dishonestly he did deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer.

The Comedy of Errors.

45

Mer. Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandal to your self,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly;
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our controversy
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to day :
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think I had, I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir, and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine thou knowest did hear thee :
Fie on thee, wretch, 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defie thee for a villain.

[They draw

SCENE II.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Curtezan, and others.

Ad. Hold, hurt him not for God's sake, he is mad ;
Some get within him, take his sword away :
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run, master, run, for God's sake take a house ;
This is some Priory ; in, or we are spoil'd.

[Exeunt to the Priory.

Enter

*Enter Lady Abbess.**Abb.* Be quiet People, wherefore throng you hither?*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.*Ang.* I knew he was not in his perfect wits.*Mer.* I'm sorry now that I did draw on him.*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man?*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sower, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But 'till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men.
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.*Adr.* Why so I did.*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.*Adr.* As roughly as my modesty would let me.*Abb.* Haply in private.*Adr.* And in assemblies too.*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.*Adr.* It was the copy of our conference.
In bed he slept not for my urging it;
At board he fed not for my urging it;
Alone it was the subject of my theam;
In company I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.*Abb.* And therefore came it, that the man was mad.
The venom'd clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings,
Unquiet meals make ill digestions.

Thereof

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
 And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
 Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd with thy brawls.
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
 But muddy and dull melancholy;
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
 And at her heels a huge infectious troop
 Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
 In food, in sport, and life preserving rest
 To be disturb'd would mad or man or beast:
 The consequence is then, thy jealous fits—
 Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
 Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
 Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
 And it shall privilege him from your hands,
 'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
 And will have no attorney but my self,
 And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him stir,
 'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
 With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers
 To make of him a formal man again;
 It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
 A charitable duty of my order;
 Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
 And ill it doth beseem your holiness
 To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come go, I will prostrate at his feet,
 And never rise, until my tears and prayers

Have

Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Mer. By this I think the dial points at five:
Anon I'm sure the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution.
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend *Syracusan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come, we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

SCENE III.

*Enter the Duke, and Aegeon bare-headed, with the
Headsmen, and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly.
If any friend will pay the sum for him
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong,

Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters, this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desperately he hurry'd through the street,
With him his bondmen all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,

That

That here and there his fury had committed :
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
 He broke from those that had the guard of him,
 And with his mad attendant and himself,
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords
 Met us again, and madly bent on us,
 Chas'd us away ; 'till raising of more aid
 We came again to bind them ; then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them,
 And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence,
 Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
 Let him be brought forth, and born hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
 And I to thee ingag'd a Prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.
 Go some of you knock at the abbey gate,
 And bid the lady Abbess come to me.
 I will determine this before I stir.

SCENE IV.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save your self ;
 My master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
 Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire ;
 And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair ;
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while
 His man with scissars nicks him like a fool :
 And sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace fool, thy master and his man are here,
 And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life I tell you true,
 I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
 He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,

C

To

To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come stand by me, fear nothing: guard with halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband; witness you,
That he is born about invisible.

Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here.

And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

SCENE V.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Eph.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious Duke, oh grant me justice.

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life, even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ageon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son *Antipholis*, and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman
there;

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Ev'n in the strength and height of injury;
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameleis thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great duke, she shut the doors up
on me;

Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault; say woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord; my self, he and my sister,
To day did dine together; to besal my soul,
As this is false he burthens me withal.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But he tells to your Highness simple truth.

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the mad-man justly chargeth them.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advifed what I fay.
 Neither difturb'd with the effect of wine,
 Nor heady rash provok'd with raging ire,
 Albeit my wrongs might make one wifer mad.
 This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
 That goldfmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
 Could witnefs it; for he was with me then,
 Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
 Promifing to bring it to the *Porcupine*,
 Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to feek him; in the ftreet I met him,
 And in his company that gentleman.
 There did this perjur'd goldfmith fwear me down,
 That I this day from him receiv'd the chain,
 Which God he knows I faw not; for the which
 He did arreft me with an officer.
 I did obey, and fent my peafant home
 For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
 Then fairly I befpoke the officer
 To go in perfon with me to my houfe.
 By th'way we met my wife, her fifter and
 A rabble more of vile confederates;
 They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean fac'd villain,
 ' A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
 ' A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune teller,
 ' A needy, hollow-ey'd, fharp-looking-wretch,
 ' A living dead man. This pernicious flave
 Forfooth took on him as a conjurer;
 And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulfe,
 And with no face, as 'twere out-facing me,
 Cries out I was poffeft. Then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
 And in a dark and dankifh vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together;
 'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds afunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your Grace, whom I befeech
 To give me ample fatisfaction
 For thefe deep fhames and great Indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth thus far I witnefs with him.

That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?

Ang. He had, my lord ; and when he ran in here,
These People saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides I will besworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you ;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence I think you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me ;
I never saw the chain, so help me heav'n ;
And this is false you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this ?
I think you all have drunk of *Circe's* cup,
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been,
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :
You say he din'd at home, the goldsmith here
Denies that saying, Sirrah, what say you ?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcupine*.

Cur. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

Cur. As sure, my Liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why this is strange ; go call the Abbess hither ;

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Ex. one to the Abbess.*]

S C E N E VI.

Ageon. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word :

Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, *Syracusan*, what thou wilt.

Ageon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipylis* ?
And is not that your bond-man *Dormio* ?

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,

Put

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am sure both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Our selves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not *Pinch*'s patient, are you, Sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know
me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw
me last.

And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face;
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my Voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. *Dromio*, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure thou dost.

E. Dro. I, Sir? but I am sure I do not; and what-
soever a man denies, you are now bound to believe
him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
' Tho' now this grained face of ruin be hid
' In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,
' And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
' Yet hath my night of life some memory,
' My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left
' My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
' All these old witnesses, I cannot err,
' Tell me thou art my son *Antipholis*.

E. Ant. I never saw my Father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in *Syracusa* bay,
Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps my son,
Thou sham'st t'acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I neer saw *Syracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracusan*; twenty years

Have

Have I been patron to *Antipholis*,
 During which time he ne'er saw *Syracusa*;
 I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

S C E N E VII.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan and Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
 [All gather to see him.]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is *Genius* to the other;

And so of these which is the natural man,
 And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.

S. Ant. *Ægeon*, are thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
 And gain a husband by his liberty.
 Speak, old *Ægeon*, it thou be'st the man
 That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
 That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons?
 Oh if thou be'st the same *Ægeon*, speak:
 And speak unto the same *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why here begins the morning story right:
 These two *Antipholis*'s, these two so like,
 And those two *Dromio*'s, one in semblance;
 Besides her urging of her wrack at sea,
 These plainly are the parents to these children,
 Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;
 If thou art she, tell me where is that son
 That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,
 And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
 But by and by rude fishermen of *Corinth*
 By force took *Dromio* and my son from them,

And

And me they left with those of *Epidamnum*.

What then became of them I cannot tell;

I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

S. Ant. No, Sir, not I, I came from *Syracuse*.

Duke. Stay stand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my most gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke *Minapbon*, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adra. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman here

Did call me brother. What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good,

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.

Adr. And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I 'did, Sir, I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, Sir, to be your bail

By *Dromio*, but I think he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,

And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:

I see we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors all arose.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cur. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:

And all that are assembled in this place,

That

That by this sympathiz'd one day's error
 Have suffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
 And ye shall have full satisfaction,
 Thirty three years have I been gone in travel
 Of you my sons, and 'till this present hour
 My heavy burthens are deliver'd;
 The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
 And you the kalenders of their nativity,
 Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me,
 After so long grief such nativity!
Duke. With all my heart I'll gossip at this feast.

S C E N E VIII.

Manent the two Antiph, and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou imbark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host, Sir, in the *Centaur*.

S. Ant. He speaksto me; I am your master, *Dromio*.

Come go with us, we'll look to that anon;

Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him. [*Exit.*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
 That kitchen'd me for you to day at dinner:
 She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
 I see by you I am a sweet fac'd youth.
 Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you're my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question:

How shall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the senior:
 'Till then, lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus ——— [*Embracing.*
 We came into the world like brother and brother:
 And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another:
 [*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

Turn-again-Lane, Snow-Hill, London, Jan. 24, 1734-5.

P R O P O S A L S

For Printing by SUBSCRIPTION,

A Select Collection of TRAGEDIES,
COMEDIES, OPERAS, and
FARCES,

Written by the most Celebrated POETS, viz.

*Shakespear, Ben. Johnson, Wicherly, Banks,
Beaumont and Fletcher, Lord Orrery,
Dryden, Etheridge, Congreve, Addison,
Rowe, Farquhar, R. Howard, Steel,
Otway, Southern, Vanbrugh, Shad-
well, Philips, Cibber, Trap, Fenton,
Day, Young, and the rest of the
English POETS.*

C O N D I T I O N S.

I. **T**H E S E Plays will be printed in Twelves, on a new Elziver Letter and superfine Dutch Demy Paper, in the most beautiful Manner, with a curious Frontispiece to each; which will far exceed any former Editions printed either in England or Holland.

H. One

II. One Play compleat, stitch'd in blue Paper, shall be delivered every Monday at the Subscribers Houses, or any Place they shall appoint, at the Price of Four-Pence and no more, which is but one third Part of the Price they were formerly sold for; and being one third cheaper than what is designed by *J. Tonsen* and the body of Bookfellers, who vainly oppose this Undertaking.

III. The original Dedications, Prefaces, Prologues and Epilogues shall be printed with each Play, so as to render them perfectly compleat.

IV. General Titles beautifully printed in Red and Black shall be given to the Subscribers to bind up with each Author's Works.

V. The first Play will be published and delivered on Monday next, being the 27th of this Instant *January*, and on every Monday following till the whole is compleated.



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

BY *J. Tonsen's* Proposals for printing by Subscription, a Collection of Tragedies and Comedies at the Price of Six-pence each, what I foretold sometime ago is now verify'd; viz. That as soon as he had glutted the Town with his bad and incorrect Editions at Three-pence, he would then print the same Plays from the best Editions at an advanced Price: And I will venture to prophesy one thing more: When *Tonsen* and Comp. have stockt the Town with their new Editions of Plays at Six-pence each, they will then form a second Specious Excuse, and print others at the Price of Twelve-Pence.

IN

IN his Advertisement at the End of his Proposals, he gives a long Detail of a *Cock and a Bull* concerning the Proprietors of the Copy-Right of *Shakespear's* Plays, and the Assignments made thereof from one Family to another, but does not mention by whom the first Assignment was made, or the Date of any one of them. He accounts himself one of those Proprietors, but tho' often call'd upon to try his Right or Title, as a Proprietor, in Law or in Equity, yet he has declined it, which is a tacit Confession that he has not a Property in them.

IN his last Paragraph he says, that the Proprietors have determined to print the Plays at so cheap a Rate, viz. Six-pence, to prevent Gentlemen from being imposed upon by me; but I appeal to the World who is the Imposer; he for raising his Plays to double his Price, or I for not raising mine.

THE Reason of my being so remiss in publishing of *Shakespear's* Plays for about a Week last past, was occasioned by my proceeding in this useful Undertaking, in Opposition to *Tonson's* Scheme of raising the Plays to Six-pence each; and I do assure the Publick, that if after they have bought any of my Four-penny Plays, and not find them as correct, and printed on as good a Letter and Paper as *Tonson's* Six-penny Plays, I will return their Money again. I shall proceed regularly on with *Shakespear's* Plays, and shall publish one every Thursday on a fine Dutch Demy Paper, in a beautiful Manner, that there shall be no Occasion of re-printing them, which *Tonson* proposes, and which certainly makes it evident, that his Three-penny Plays are of no value: By this Method I shall publish two Plays every Week, *Lee's* on a Monday, 'till his Works are compleated; and every Thursday one of *Shakespear's*, 'till his Works are compleated.

N. B. *The Rival Queens: Or, the Death of Alexander the Great, a Tragedy, written by N. Lee, Gent. being the first, will be publish'd on Monday next*

R. WALKER.

THE





M

C

Pr

A
Midsummer-Night's
DREAM.

A
COMEDY.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespeare's-Head*, in
Turn-again-Lane; by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had
at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakespeare's-Head*, in *Change-
Alley*, *Cornhill*.

M.DCC.XXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

Egeus, *an Athenian Lord.*

Lyfander, *in Love with Hermia.*

Demetrius, *in Love with Hermia.*

Quince, *the Carpenter.*

Snug, *the Joiner.*

Bottom, *the Weaver.*

Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*

Snowt, *the Tinker.*

Starveling, *the Taylor.*

Hippolita, *Princess of the Amazons, be-
troathed to Theseus.*

Hermia, *Daughter to Egeus, in Love with
Lyfander.*

Helena, *in Love with Demetrius.*

ATTENDANTS.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*

Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*

Puck, or Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*

Peaseblossom,

Cobweb,

Moth,

Mustardseed,

} Fairies.



Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE *Athens, and a Wood not far
from it.*



A Midsummer - Night's **DREAM.**

*****:*****:*****

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Theseus and Hippolita, with Attendants.

THESEUS.

N

O W, fair *Hippolita*, our Nuptial Hour
Draws on apace; four happy Days
bring in
Another Moon: But oh, methinks,
how slow
This old Moon wanes! She lingers
my Desires

Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a young Man's Revenue.

Hip. Four Days will quickly steep themselves in
Nights,

Four Nights will quickly dream away the Time:
And then the Moon, like to a Silver Bow,
New bent in Heaven, shall behold the Night
Of our Solemnities.

The. Go, *Philstrate*,

Stir up the *Athenian* Youth to Merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble Spirit of Mirth,
Turn Melancholly forth to Funerals;
The pale Companion is not for our Pomp.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my Sword,

4 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

And won thy Love, doing thee Injuries:
But I will wed thee in another Key,
With Pomp, with Triumph, and with Revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.

The. Thanks good *Egeus*; what's the News with thee?

Ege. Full of Vexation, come I, with Complaint
Against my Child, my Daughter *Hermia*,
Stand forth *Demetrius*. My noble Lord,
This Man hath my Consent to marry her.
Stand forth *Lysander*. And, my gracious Duke,
This hath bewitch'd the Bosom of my Child:
Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou has given her Rhimes,
And interchang'd Love-tokens with my Child:
Thou hast, by Moon-light, at her Window sung,
With feigning Voice, Verses of feigning Love,
And stoll'n th' Impression of her Fantasie,
With Bracelets of thy Hair, Rings, Gawds, Conceits,
Knacks, Trifles, Nofegays, Sweet-meats, Messengers
Of strong Prevailment in unhardened Youth:
With Cunning hast thou filch'd my Daughter's Heart,
Turn'd her Obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn Harshness. And, my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient Privilege of *Athens*,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her Death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that Case.

The. What say you, *Hermia*? be advis'd, fair Maid:
To you your Father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your Beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a Form in Wax
By him imprinted; and within his Power,
To leave the Figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your Father's Voice.

The

Let me have *Hermia's*; do you marry him.
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my Father look'd but with my Eyes.

The. Rather your Eyes must with his Judgment
look.

Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me,
I know not by what Power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my Modesty
In such a Presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this Case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to die the Death, or to abjure
For ever the Society of Men.
Therefore, fair *Hermia*, question your Desires,
Know of your Youth, examine well your Blood.
Whether, if you yield not to your Father's Choise.
You can endure the Livery of a Nun,
For aye to be in shady Cloister maw'd,
To live a barren Sister all your Life,
Chanting faint Hymns to the cold fruitless Moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their Blood,
To undergo such Maiden Pilgrimage.
But earlier happy is the Rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the Virgin Thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single Blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my Lord,
Ere I will yield my Virgin Patent up
Unto his Lordship, to whose unwith'd Yoak
My Soul consents not to give Sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause and by the next New Moon,
The sealing Day betwixt my Love and me,
For everlasting Bond of Fellowship,
Upon that Day either prepare to die,
For Disobedience to your Father's Will,
Or else to wed *Demetrius* as he would,
Or on *Diana's* Alter to protest,
For aye, Austerity and single Life

Dem. Relent, sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yield
Thy crazed Title to my certain Right.

Lys. You have her Father's Love, *Demetrius*;

6 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Ege. Scornful *Lysander*! true, he hath my Love;
And what is mine, my Love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my Right of her
I do estate unto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am, my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possesst: My Love is more than his:
My Fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius*:
And, which is more than all these Boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my Right?

Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made Love to *Nedar's* Daughter, *Helena*,
And won her Soul; and she, sweet Lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in Idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant Man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much:
And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke thereof?
But being over-full of Self-affairs,
My Mind did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you fair *Hermia*, look you arm your self,
To fit your Fancies to your Father's Will:
Or else the Law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no Means we may extenuate)
To Death, or to a Vow of single Life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what Cheer. my Love?

Demetrius and *Egeus* go along,
I must employ you in some Business
Against our Nuptials, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns your selves.

Ege. With Duty and Desire we follow you. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent *Lysander* and *Hermia*.

Lys. How now, my Love? why is your Cheek so pale,
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of Rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the Tempest of mine Eyes.

Lys. *Hermia*, for ought that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by Tale or History,
The Course of true Love never did run smooth,
But either it was different in Blood----- *Her.*

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 7

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to Love.

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of Years----

Her. O Spight! too old to be engag'd to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the Choice of Merit----

Her. O Hell! to chuse Love by another's Eye.

Lys. Or if there were a Sympathy in Choice,
War, Death or Sickness, did lay Siege to it;
Making it momentary as a Sound!

Swift as a Shadow, short as any Dream,
Brief as the Lightning in the collid Night,
That in a Spleen unfolds both Heaven and Earth;
And 'ere a Man hath Power to say, Behold,
The Jaws of Darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright Things come to Confusion.

Her. If the true Lovers have been ever cross,
It stands as an Edict in Destiny:
Then let us teach our Trial Patience,
Because it is a Customary Cross,
As due to Love, as Thoughts, and Dreams, and Sighs,
Wishes and Tears, poor Fancy's Followers.

Lys. A good Persuasion; therefore hear me, *Hermia*,
I have a Widow-Aunt, a Dowager,
Of great Revenue, and she hath no Child;
From *Athens* is her House remov'd seven Leagues,
And she respects me as her only Son:
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,
And to that Place the sharp *Athenian* Law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy Father's House to morrow Night;
And in the Wood, a League without the Town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*,
To do Observance for a Morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lyfander*,
I swear to thee, by *Cupid's* strongest Bow,
By his Best Arrow with the Golden Head,
By the Simplicity of *Venus's* Doves,
By that which knitteth Souls, and prospers Love,
And by that Fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,
When the safe *Trojan*, under Sail was seen,
By all the Vows that ever Men have broke,
In number more than ever Women spoke,

In

8 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,*

In that same Place thou hast appointed me,
To Morrow truly will I meet with thee,

Lys. Keep Promise Love, Look here comes *Helena*

Enter Helena,

Her. God speed fair *Helena*, whither away?

Hell. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay,

Demetrius loves you fair; O happy fair!

Your Eyes are Load-stars, and your Tongue's sweet
More tunable than Lark to Shepherd's Ear, (Air

When Wheat is green, when Haw-thorn Buds ap-
Sickness is catching: O were Favour so, (pear

Your Words I'd catch, fair *Hermia*, 'ere I go,

My Ear should catch your Voice, my Eye your Eye,

My Tongue should catch your Tongue's sweet Me-

Were the World mine, *Demetrius* being bated, (lody

The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

O teach me how you look, and with what Art

You sway the Motion of *Demetrius'* Heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still,

Hel. O that your Frowns would teach my Smiles
such Skill.

Her. I give him Curses, yet he gives me Love

Hel. Oh that my Prayers could such affection move.

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His Folly, *Helena*, is none of mine.

Hel. None but your Beauty, would that Fault were
mine.

Her. Take Comfort; he no more shall see my Face.

Lysander and my self will fly this Place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,

Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradise to me.

O then, what Graces in my Love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a Heaven into Hell?

Lys. *Helen*, to you our Minds we will unfold;

To Morrow Night, when *Phoebe* doth behold

Her Silver Visage in the wat'ry Glass,

Decking with Liquid Pearl the bladed Grass,

A Time that Lovers Flights doth still conceal,

Through *Athens* Gate have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the Wood, where often you and I

Upon

Upon faint Primrose Beds were wont to lye.
Emptying our Bosoms of their Counsels swell'd ;
There my *Lysander* and my self shall meet,
And thence from *Athens* turn away our Eyes.
To seek new Friends and strange Companions.
Farewel sweet Play-fellow ; pray thou for us,
And good Luck grant thee thine *Demetrius*.
Keep Word, *Lysander* we must starve our Sight
From Lovers Food, 'till Morrow deep Midnight.

[*Exit Hermia.*]

Lys. I will, my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* doats on you. [*Exit Lysander.*]

Hel. How happy some, o'er othersome can be !
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that : *Demetrius* thinks not so :
He will not know, what all but he doth know.
And as he errs, doating on *Hermia's* Eyes,
So I, admiring of his Qualities :
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to Form and Dignity :
Love looks not with the Eyes, but with the Mind,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind :
Nor hath Love's Mind of any Judgment taste ;
Wings and no Eyes, Figure unheedy haste.
And therefore is Love said to be a Child,
Because in Choice he often is beguill'd.
As waggish Boys themselves in Game forswear,
So the Boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For 'ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermia's* Eyne,
He hail'd down Oaths that he was only mine :
And when this Hail some Heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissolv'd, and Showers of Oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermia's* Flight :
Then to the Wood will he to Morrow Night
Pursue her ; and for this Intelligence
If I have Thanks, it is a dear Expence.
But herein mean I to enrich my Pain,
To have his Sight thither, and back again. [*Exeunt.*]
Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and
Starveling.

Quin. Is all your Company here ?

Bot. You were best to call them generally Man by
Man

Man according to the Scrip.

Quin. Here is the Scrown of every Man's Name, which is thought fit through all *Athens* to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutcheſs, on his Wedding-day at Night.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*: ſay what the Play treats on; then read the Names of the Actors, and ſo grow on to a Point.

Quin. Marry our Play is the moſt lamentable Comedy. and moſt cruel Death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

Bot. A very good piece of Work I aſſure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the Scrowl. Maſters ſpread your ſelves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the Weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You *Nick Bottom*, are ſet down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a Lover or a Tyrant?

Quin. A Lover that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for Love.

Bot. That will aſk ſome Tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the Audience look to their Eyes, I will move Storms? I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chief Humour is for a Tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a Cat in, to make all ſplit the raging Rocks, and ſhivering Shocks ſhall break the Locks of Priſon-Gates, and *Phibbus* Carr ſhall ſhine from far, and make and mar the Fooliſh Fates. This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* Vein, a Tyrant's Vein; a Lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Bellows-mender.

Flu. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You muſt take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wandering Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muſt love.

Flu. Nay faith, let not me play a Woman, I have a Beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a Mask, and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.

Bot.

A Midsummer-Nights Dream. II

Bot. And I may hide my Face, let me play *Thisby* too: I'll speak in a monstrous little Voice, *Thisbe*, *Thisbe*, ah *Pyramus* my Lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear and Lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you must play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. *Robin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisby's* Mother.

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You *Pyramus's* Father; my self, *Thisby's* Father; *Snug*, the Joiner, you the Lion's part; I hope there is a Play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lion's Part written Pray you if it be, give it me, for I am slow of Study.

Quin. You may do it Extempore, for it is nothing but Roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lion too, I will roar, that I will do any Man's Heart good to hear me, I will roar that I will make the Duke say, say, Let him roar again let him roar again.

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſs and the Ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every Mother's Son.

Bot. I grant you Friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wits, they would have no more Discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my Voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking Dove; I will roar an 'twere any Nightingal.

Quin. You can play no Part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a sweet-fac'd Man, a proper Man as one shall see in a Summer's Day; a most lovely Gentleman-like-man, therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What Beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your Straw-colour Beard, your Orange tawny Beard, your Purple-in grain Beard, or your *French-Crown* colour'd Beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your *French-Crowns* have no Hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But Masters here are your Parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you to con them by to Morrow Night: and meet me in the Palace-Wood, a Mile without the Town by Moonlight, there we will rehearse; for if we meet in the City, we shall be dog'd with Company, and our Devices known. In the mean time I will draw a Bill of Properties, such as our Play wants, I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pain, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's Oak we meet.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut Bowstrings. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter a Fairy at one Door, and Puck or Robin-goodfellow at another.

Puck. **H**OW now Spirit, whither wander you?
Fai. Over Hill over Dale, through Bush
 through Briar,
 Over Park, over Pale, through Flood, through Fire,
 I do wander every where, swifter than the Moon's
 Sphere;
 And I serve the Fairy Queen, to dew her Orbs up-
 on the Green.

The Cowslips tall her Pensioners be,
 In their gold Coats Spots you see,
 Those be Rubies, Fairy Favours,
 In those Freckles live their Savours:

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 13

I must go seek some Dew-Drops here,
And hang a Pearl in every Cowslip's Ear.
Farewell thou Lob of Spirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and her all Elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his Revels here to
Night,

Take heed the Queen come not within his Sight,
For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her Attendant, hath
A lovely Boy stol'n from an *Indian* King,
She never had so sweet a Changeling;
And jealous *Oberon* would have the Child
Knight of his Train, to trace the Forests wild;
But she per-force with-holds the loved Boy,
Crowns him with Flowers, and makes him all her
Joy:

And now they never meet in Grove, or Green,
By Fountain Clear, or spangled Star-light sheen,
But they do square, that all their Elves for fear
Creep into Acorn Cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your Shape and Making quite,
Or else you are that shrew'd and knavish Sprite
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow*. Are you not he,
That fright the Maidens of the Villagene,
Skim Milk, and sometimes labour in the Quern,
And bootless make the breathless Hufwife chern,
And sometime make the Drink to bear no Barm,
Mis-lead Night-wanderers, laughing at their Harm?
Those that *Hobgoblin* call you, and sweet *Puck*,
You do their Work, and they shall have good Luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the Night:
I jest to *Oberon* and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed Horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness like a silly Foal:
And sometimes lurk I in a Gossips's Bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted Crab,
And when she drinks, again her Lips I bob,
And on her withered Dewlap pour the Ale.
The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest Tale,

Sometime

14 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Sometime for three-foot Stool mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her Bum, down topples she,
And Tailor cries, and falls into a Cough,
And then the whole Quire hold their Hips, and losse,
And waxen in their Mirth and neeze and swear,
A merrier Hour was never wasted there.
But room, Fairy, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my Mistress :
Would that we were gone.

*Enter Oberon King of Fairies at one Door with his Train,
and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by Moon-light,
Proud *Titania*.

Queen. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence,
I have forsworn his Bed and Company.

Ob. Tarry rash Wanton, am not I thy Lord?

Queen. Then I must be thy Lady; but I know
When thou wast stoll'n away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of *Corin* sate all Day,
Playing on Pipes of Corn, and versing Love
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of *India*?

But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*,
Your buskin'd Mistress, and your Warrior Love,
To *Theseus* must be wedded, and you come,
To give their bed Joy and Prosperity.

Ob. How can'st thou thus for shame, *Titania*,
Glance at my Credit with *Hippolita*,
Knowing I know thy Love to *Theseus*?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
Night

From *Peregenia*, whom he ravished,
And make him with fair *Egle* break his Faith,
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

Queen. These are the Forgeries of Jealousie,
And never since the middle Summer's Spring,
Met we on Hill, in Dale, Forest, or Mead,
By paved Fountain, or by rushy Brook,
Or in the beached Margent of the Sea,
To dance our Ringlets to the whistling Wind,
But with thy Brawls thou hast disturb'd our Sport.
Therefore

Therefore the Winds piping to us in vain,
As in Revenge have suck'd up from the Sea
Contagious Fogs; which falling in the Land,
Have every petty River made so proud,
That they have over-born their Continents.
The Ox hath therefore stretch'd his Yoak in vain,
The Ploughman lost his Sweat, and the green Corn
Hath rotted, ere his Youth attain'd a Beard,
The Fold stands empty in the drowned Field,
And Crows are fatted with the Murrion Flock,
The Nine-mens.morris is fill'd up with Mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton Green,
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
The human Mortals want their Winter here,
No Night is now with Hymn or Carol blest:
Therefore the Moon, the Governess of Flood,
Pale in her Anger, washes all the Air;
That Rheumatick Diseases do abound.
And thorough this Distemperature, we see
The Seasons alter; hoary-headed Frosts
Fall on the fresh Lap of the Crimson Rose,
And on old Hyem's Chin and Icy Crown,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer Buds
Is as in Mockery set. The Spring, the Summer,
The childing Autumn, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liveries, and the amazed World,
By their increase, now knows not which is which;
And this same Progeny of evil comes
From our Debate, from our Dissention,
We are rheir Parents and Original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you.
Why should *Titania* cross her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling Boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queen. Set your Heart at rest,
The Fairy-land buys not the Child of me.
His Mother was a Votress of my Order,
And in the spiced *Indian* Air by Night
Full often she hath gossipt by my side,
And sat with me on *Neptune's* yellow Sands,
Marking th'embarked Traders of the Flood,

When

16 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

When we have laught to see the Sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton Wind :
Which she with pretty and with swimming Gate,
Following (her Womb then rich with my young
Squire)

Would imitate, and sail upon the Land,
To fetch me Trifles, and return again,
As from a Voyage rich with Merchandize:
But she being mortal, of that Boy did die,
And for her sake I do rear up her Boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this Wood intend you stay?

Queen. Perchance 'till after *Theseus'* Wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moon-light Revels, go with us ;
If not, shun me and I will spare your Haunts.

Ob. Give me that Boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy Kingdom. Fairies away :
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. [*Exit.*

Ob. Well, go thy way ; thou shalt not from this
'Till I torment thee for this Injury. (Grove,
My gentle *Puck* come hither ; thou remembrest
Since that I sate upon a Promontory,
And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphin's Back,
Uttering such Dulcet and Harmonious Breath,
That the rude Sea grew civil at her Song,
And certain Stars shot madly from their Spheres,
To hear the Sea-maid's Musick.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, but thou could'st not ;
Flying between the cold Moon and the Earth,
Cupid all arm'd ; a certain Aim he took
At a fair Vestal, throned by the West ;
And loos'd his Love-shaft smartly from his Bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand Hearts ;
But I might see young *Cupid's* fiery Shaft
Quench'd in the chaste Beams of the wat'ry Moon,
And the Imperial Votress pass'd on,
In Maiden-Meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the Bolt of *Cupid* fell,

It

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 17

It fell upon a little western Flower ;
Before, milk-white, now purple with Love's Wound,
And Maidens call it, Love in Idleness.
Fetch me that Flower ; the Herb I shew'd the once ;
The Juice of it, on sleeping Eye-lids laid,
Will make a Man or Woman madly doat
Upon the next live-Creature that it sees.
Fetch me this Herb. and be thou here again
Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a League.

Puck. I'll put a Girdle about the Earth in forty
Minutes. [Exit.]

Ob. Having once this Juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when she is asleep,
And drop the Liquor of it in her Eyes :
The next thing which she waking looks upon,
(Be it on Lyon, Bear, or Wolf, or Bull ;
Or meddling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
She shall pursue it with the Soul of Love ;
And ere I take this Charm off from her Sight,
(As I can take it with another Herb)
I'll make her render up her Page to me.
But who comes here ? I am invisible,
And I will over-hear their Conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is *Lyfander*, and fair *Hermia* ?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this Wood ;
And here am I, and wood within this Wood,
Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.

Hence get thee gone and follow me no more,

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron ; for my Heart
Is true as Steel. Leave you your Power to draw,
And I shall have no Power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you ? Do I speak you fair ?
Or rather do I not in plainest Truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you ?

Hel. And even for that do I love thee the more ;
I am your Spaniel, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me I will fawn on you :

Use

18 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Use me but as your Spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me ; only give me Leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser Place can I beg in your Love,
(And yet a Place of high Respect with me)
Than to be used as you do your Dog ;

Dem. Tempt not too much the Hatred of my
Spirit,

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your Modesty too much,
To leave the City, and commit your self
Into the Hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the Opportunity of Night,
And the ill Council of a desert Place,
With the rich Worth of your Virginity.

Hel. Your Virtue is my Privilege ; for that
It is not Night when I do see your Face,
Therefore I think I am not in the Night.

Nor doth this Wood lack Worlds of Company,
For you, in my Respect, are all the World.

Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the World is here to look on me ?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the Brakes,
And leave thee to the Mercy of wild Beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a Heart as you ;
Run when you will, the Story shall be chang'd :
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the Chace ;

The Dove pursues the Griffin, the mild Hind
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootless speed !
When Cowardice pursues, and Valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy Questions let me go,
Or if you follow me, do not believe,
But I shall do thee Mischief in the Wood.

Hel. Ay, in the Temple, in the Town and Field
You do me Mischief. Fye, *Demetrius*,

Your Wrongs do set a Scandal on my Sex :

We cannot fight for Love, as Men may do ;

We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

I follow thee, and make a Heav'n of Hell,

To die upon the Hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt.*
Ob.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 19

Ob. Fare thee well, Nymph : ere he do leave this Grove

Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy Love.
Hast thou the Flower there ? Welcome Wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me :

I know a Bank where the wild Time-blows,
Where the Oxlips and the nodding Violet grows,
Quite over cannoy'd with luscious Woodbine,
With sweet Musk Roses, and with Eglantine,
There sleeps *Titania*, some time of the Night,
Lull'd in these Flowers, with Dances and Delight ;
And there the Snake throws her enammel'd Skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in :
And with the Juice of this I'll streak her Eyes,
And make her full of hateful Fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this Grove ;
A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in love
With a disdainful Youth ; anoint his Eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the Man,
By the *Athenian* Garments he hath on.
Effect it with some Care, that he may prove
More fond of her than she upon her Love ;
And look you meet me ere the first Cock crow.

Puck. Fear not my Lord, your Servant shall do so.
[*Exit.*

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her Train.

Queen. Come now a Roundel, and a Fairy Song :
Then for the third Part of a Minute hence,
Some to kill Kankers in the Musk-Rose Buds,
Some war with Reremise for their leathern Wings,
To make my small Elves Coats ; and some keep back
The clamorous Owl that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint Spirits. Sing me now asleep,
Then to your Offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

*You spotted Snakes with double Tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogs be not seen,
Newts and blind Worms do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.*

Philomel

Philomel with Melody.

*Sing in your sweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla. lullaby :
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely Lady nigh,
So good night with Lullaby.*

2 Fairy.

*Weaving Spiders come not not here ;
Hence you long-leg'd Spinners hence :
Beetles black approach not near,
Worm nor Snail do no Offence.
Philomel with Melody, &c.*

1 Fairy.

Hence away ; now all is well :

One aloof, stand Centin. l.

[Exeunt Fairies.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou see'st when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true Love take,
Love and languish for his sake ;
Be it Ounce, or Cat, or Bear,
Pard, or Boar, with bristled Hair,
In thy Eye that shall appear,
When thou wak'st, it is thy Dear ;
Wake when some vile Thing is near. *[Exit Oberon.*

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair Love, you faint with wandring in the
Wood ;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our Way :
We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,
And tarry for the Comfort of the Day.

Her. Be it so *Lysander* ; find you out a Bed,
For I upon this Bank will rest my Head.

Lys. One Turf shall serve as Pillow for us both.
One Heart, one Bed, two Bosoms, and one Troth.

Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my Sake, my Dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

Lys. O take the Sense sweet of my Innocence,
Love takes the Meaning in Love's Conference ;
I mean that my Heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one Heart can you make of it :
Two Bosoms interchanged with an Oath,

So

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 21

So then two Bosoms, and a single Troth ;
Then by your side no Bed-room me deny.
For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

Her *Lysander* riddles very prettily ;
Now much beshrew my Manners and my Pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* ly'd,
But gentle Friend, for Love and Curtesie
Lye further off in human Modesty ;
Such Separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous Batchelor, and a Maid ;
So far be distant, and good night sweet Friend,
Thy Love ne'er alter 'till thy sweet Life end.

Lys. Amen, Amen, to that fair Prayer say I,
And then end Life when I end Loyalty :
Here is my Bed ; Sleep give thee all his Rest.

Her. With half that Wish, the Wisher's Eyes be
prest. [They sleep.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the Forest have I gone,
But *Athenian* find I none,
On whose Eyes I might approve
This Flower's Force in stirring Love :
Night and Silence! who is here ?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear ;
This is he, my Master said,
Dispis'd the *Athenian* Maid ?
And here the Maiden sleeping Sound
On the dank and dirty Ground.
Pretty Soul! she durst not lie
Near this Lack-love, this kill Curtesie,
Churl, upon thy Eyes I throw
All the Power this Charm doth owe :
When thou wak'st, let Love forbid
Sleep his Seat on thy Eye-lid :
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon. (Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius* !

Dem. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou Darling leave me ? Do not so.

Dem. Stay on thy Peril, I alone will go.

[Exit. Demetrius.

Hel.

Hel. O I am out of Breath in this fond Chace,
 The more my Prayer the lesser is my Grace.
 Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoe'r she lyes ;
 For she hath blessed and attractive Eyes,
 How came her Eyes so bright? Not with salt Tears ;
 If so, my Eyes are oftner wash'd than hers :
 No, no, I am as ugly as a Bear ;
 For Beasts that meet me run away for fear :
 Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*
 Do as a Monster, fly my Presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling Glass of mine,
 Made me compare with *Hermia's* sphery Eyne ?
 But who is here ? *Lysander* on the Ground :
 Dead or asleep ? I see no Blood, no Wound :
Lysander, if you live, good Sir awake.

Lys. And run thro' Fire I will for thy sweet fake.
[Waking.]

Transparent *Helen*, Nature here shews Art,
 That through thy Bosom makes me see thy Heart.
 Where is *Demetrius* ? Oh how fit a Word.
 Is that vile Name, to perish on my Sword :

Hel. Do not say so, *Lysander*, say not so ;
 What tho' he love your *Hermia* ? Lord, what tho' ?
 Yet *Hermia* still loves you ; then be content,

Lys. Content with *Hermia* ? No ; I do repent
 The tedious Minutes I with her have spent ;
 Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love :
 Who will not change a Raven for a Dove ?
 The Will of Man is by his Reason sway'd,
 And Reason says you are the worthier Maid,
 Things growing are not ripe until their Season ;
 So I being young, 'till now not ripe to Reason,
 And touching now the Point of human Skill,
 Reason becomes the Marshal to my Will,
 And leads me to your Eyes, where I o'erlook
 Loves's Stories, written in Love's richest Book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen Mockery born ?
 When at your Hands did I deserve this Scorn ?
 Is't not enough, is't not enough, young Man,
 That I did never, no nor never can
 Deserve a sweet Look from *Demetrius's* Eye,

But

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 23

But you must flout my Insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong, good sooth you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo:
But fare you well. Perforce I must confess,
I thought you Lord of more true Gentleness:
Oh, that a Lady of one Man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. [Exit.

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*; *Hermia* sleep thou there,
And never may'st thou come *Lysander* near;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest Things,
The deepest loathing to a Stomach brings;
Or as the Heresies that Men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou my Surfeit and my Heresie,
Of all be hated, but the most of me;
And all my Powers, address your Love and Might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. [Exit.

Her. Help me, *Lysander*, help me, do thy best
To pluck this crawling Serpent from my Breast:
Ay me, for Pity, what a Dream was here?
Lysander look, how I do quake with fear;
Me-thought a Serpent eat my Heart away,
And yet sate smiling at his cruel Prey;
Lysander! what remov'd? *Lysander*, Lord!
What out of hearing, gone? No sound, no Word?
Alack where are you? Speak, and if you hear,
Speak of all Loves; I swoon almost with Fear.
No, then I well perceive you are not nigh,
Either Death or you I'll find immediately. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout and Starveling. *The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

Bot. ARE we all met?

A *Quin.* Pat, pat, and here's a marvellous convenient Place for our Rehearsal. This green Plot shall be our Stage, this Hawthorn-Brake our Tying-House and we will do it in Action, as we will do it before the Duke. *Bot.*

Bot. Peter Quince.

Quin. What say'st thou Bully *Bottom*?

Bot. There are Things in this Comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a Sword to kill himself, which the Ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous Fear!

Star. I believe we must leave the Killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a Device to make all well; write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seem to say, We will do no harm with our Swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed: and for the better Assurance, tell them, that I *Pyramus*, am not *Pyramus* but *Bottom* the Weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall be written in Eight and Six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in Eight and Eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afraid of the Lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to confider with your selves to bring in, God shield us, a Lion among Ladies, is a most dreadful Thing: for there is not a more fearful wild Fowl than your Lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name, his Name, and half his Face must be seen through the Lion's Neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect; Ladies, or fair Ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my Life for yours; If you think I come hither as a Lion, it were pity of my Life; no, I am no such thing, I am a Man as other Men are? and there indeed let him name his Name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the Joiner.

Quin.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 25

Quin. Well, it shall be so ; but there is two hard Things, that is, to bring the Moon-light into a Chamber ; for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by Moon-light.

Snug. Doth the Moon shine that Night we play our Play ?

B t. A Calendr, a Calender, look in the Almanack ; find out Moon-shine, find out Moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that Night.

B t. Why then may you leave a Casement of the great Chamber Window, where we play, open, and the Moon may shine in at the Casement.

Quin. Ay, or else one must come in with a Bush of Thorns, and a Lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the Person of Moon-shine ; then there is another thing, we must have a Wall in the great Chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, says the Story, did talk through the Chink of a Wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a Wall. What say you *Bottom*.

B t. Some Man or other must present Wall, and let him have some Plaster, or some Lome, or some Rough-cast about him, to signify Wall, or let him hold his Fingers thus ; and through the Cranny shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well, Come, sit down every Mother's Son, and rehearse your Parts. *Pyramus* you begin ; when you have spoken your Speech enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his Cue.

Enter Puck.

Puck. What hempen Home-spuns have we swaggering So near the Cradle of the Fairy Queen? [here,

What, a Play toward ? I'll be an Auditor ;
An Actor too perhaps, if I see Cause.

Quin. Speak *Pyramus* ; *Thisby* stand forth.

Pyr. *Thisby*, the Flowers of odious Savour's sweet.

Quin. Odours, Odours.

Pyr. Odours savours sweet,

So doth thy Breath, my dearest *Thisby* dear :

But hark, a Voice ! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by, I will to thee appear.

[Exit *Pyr.*

B

Puck,

26 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Puck. A stranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here.

This. Must I speak now ?

Quin. Ay marry must you ; for you must understand he goes but to see a Noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lilly white of Hue,
Of Colour like the red Rose on triumphant Bryer,
Most brisky *Juvenile*, and eke most lovely *Jew*,
As true as truest Horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninny's Tomb*.

Quin. *Ninus Tomb*, Man ; why you must not speak that yet ; that you answer to *Pyramus* ; you speak all your Part at once, Cues and all. *Pyramus* enter, your Cue is past ; it is never tire.

Enter Pyramus.

This. O, as true as truest Horse, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous ! O strange ! we are haunted ; pray Masters, fly Masters, help. [*The Clowns, Exeunt.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a Round,
Through a Bog, through Bush, through Brake, through Bryer
Sometimes a Horse I'll be, sometimes a Hound,
A Hog, a headless Bear, sometime a Fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and rore, and burn,
Like Horse, Hound, Hog, Bear, Fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*]

Enter Bottom with an Ass's Head.

Bot. Why do they run away ? This is a Knavery of them to make me afraid.

Enter Snowt.

Snowt. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd ; what do I see on thee ?

Bot. What do you see ? You see an Ass-head of your own, do you ?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee *Bottom*, bless thee, thou art translated. [*Exit.*]

Bot. I see their Knavery, this is to make an Ass of me, to fright me if they could ; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can ; I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.
The Woolf Cock, so black of hue,

With

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 27

With Orange-tawny Bill,
The Thrortle with his Note so true,
The Wren and little Quill.

Queen. What Angel wakes me from my flowry Bed?
[*Waking.*]

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,
The plain-song Cuckow gray.
Whole Note full many a Man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay.
For, indeed, who would set his Wit to so foolish a Bird?
Who would give a Bird the Lye, tho' he cry Cuckow never so?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle Mortal, sing again,
Mine Ear is much enamour'd of thy Note;
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee,
So is mine Eye enthralled to thy Shape,
And thy fair Virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.

Bot. Methinks, Mistress, you should have little Reason for that: and yet, to say the Truth, Reason and Love keep little Company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest Neighbours will not make them Friends. Nay, I can gleek upon Occasion.

Queen. Thou art as Wise as thou art Beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had Wit enough to get out of this Wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this Wood do not desire to go,
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a Spirit of no common Rate;
The Summer still doth tend upon my State,
And I do love thee; therefore go with me,
I'll give the Fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the Deep
And sing, while thou on pressed Flowers doth sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal Grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy Spirit go.

Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and
four Fairies.

1 *Fair.* Ready.

2 *Fair.* And I.

B 2

3 *Fair.*

28 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I, Where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman.
Hop in his Walks, and Gambole in his Eyes,
Feed him with Apricocks and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries,
The Honey Bags steal from the humble Bees,
And for Night Tapers, crop their waxen Thighs,
And light them at the fiery Glow-worm's Eyes,
To have my Love to Bed, and to arise:
And pluck the Wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moon-beams from his sleeping Eyes,
Nod to him Elves, and do him Courtesies.

1 *Fair.* Hail Mortal, Hail.

2 *Fair.* Hail.

3 *Fair.* Hail.

Bot. I cry your Worship's Mercy heartily, I beseech
your Worship's Name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire of you more Acquaintance, good Ma-
ster *Cobweb*; if I cut my Finger, I shall make bold with
you. Your Name, honest Gentleman?

Peas. *Peaseblossom.*

Bot. I pray you commend me to Mistress *Squash* your
Mother, and to Master *Peasecod* your Father. Good
Master *Peaseblossom* I shall desire of you more Acquaint-
ance too. Your Name; I beseech you, Sir?

Mus. *Mustardseed.*

Bot. Good Master *Mustardseed*, I know your Patience
well: That same cowardly Giant-like Ox-beef hath de-
vour'd many a Gentleman of your House. I promise
you, your Kindred hath made my Eyes water ere now.
I desire more of your Acquaintance, good Master *Mus-
tardseed.*

Queen. Come wait upon him, lead him to my Bower.
The Moon, methinks, looks with a watery Eye,
And when she weeps, weep every little Flower,
Lamenting some enforced Chastity.

Tye up my Lover's Tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*
Enter

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 29

Enter King of Fairies solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak'd:
Then what it was that next came in her Eye,
Which she must doat on in Extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my Messenger: How now mad Spirit,
What Night-rule now about this haunted Grove?

Puck. My Mistress with a Monster is in Love.
Near to her close and consecrated Bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping Hour,
A crew of Patches, rude Mechanicals,
That work for Bread upon *Athenian* Stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a Play,
Intended for great *Theseus'* Nuptial Day.
The shallowest thick Skin of that barren sort
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their Sport
Forsook his Scene, and entred in a Brake,
When I did him at this Advantage take,
An Ass's Nole I fixed on his Head;
Anon his *Thisby* must be answered,
And forth my Mimick comes; When they him spy,
As wild Geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or russet-pated Choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the Gun's Report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the Sky;
So at his sight, away his Fellows fly,
And at our stamp here o'er and o'er one falls;
He Murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their Sense thus weak, lost with their Fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
For Briars and Thorns at their Apparel snatch,
Some Sleeves, some Hats, from Yieldsers all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted Fear,
And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there:
When in that Moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an Ass.
Ob. This falls out better than I could devise,
But hast thou yet latch'd the *Athenian's* Eyes
With the Love Juice, as I did bid thee do?

B 3

Puck.

30 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Puck. I took him sleeping ; that is finish'd too ;
And the *Athenian* Woman by his side,
That when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

Puck. This is the Woman, but not this the Man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so ?
Lay Breath so bitter on your bitter Foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I shou'd use thee worse ;
For thou, I fear, has given me cause to curse,
If thou hast slain *Lyfander* in his sleep.
Being o'er Shoes in Blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The Sun was not so true unto the Day
As he to me. Would he have stolen away
From sleeping *Hermia* ? I'll believe as soon
This whole Earth may be bor'd, and that the Moon
May through the Center creep, and so displease
Her Brother's Noon-tide, with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him,
So should a Murtherer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the Murtherer look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the Heart with your stern Cruelty :
Yet you the Murtherer look as bright and clear
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering Sphere.

Her. What's this to my *Lyfander* ? Where is he ?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me ?

Dem. I'd rather give his Carcass to my Hounds.

Her. Out Dog, out Cur ! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of Maiden's Patience. Hast thou slain him then ?
Henceforth be never numbred among Men.
Oh ! once tell true, and even for my sake,
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake ?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping ? O brave touch !
Could not a Worm, an Adder do so much ?
An Adder did it, for with doubler Tongue
Than thine, thou Serpent, never Adder stung.

Dem. You spend your Passion on a mispriz'd mood ;
I am not guilty of *Lyfander's* Blood.

Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 31

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A Privilege never to see me more;

And from thy hated Presence part I. See me no more,
Whether he be dead or no. [Exit.]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce Vein,
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So Sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow;
For Debt that Bankrupt sleep doth Sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.]

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid thy Love-Juice on some true Love's fight;
Of thy Misprision must perforce ensue
Some true Love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then Fate o'er-rules, that one Man holding Troth
A Million fail, confounding Oath on Oath.

Ob. About the Wood go swifter than the Wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens* see thou find.
All Fancy-sick she is, and pale of Cheer;
With sighs of Love, that cost the fresh Blood dear;
By some Illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his Eyes against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go, look how I go,
Swifter than an Arrow from the *Tartar's* Bow. [Exit.]

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with *Cupid's* Archery,
Sink in Apple of his Eye;
When his Love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the Sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for Remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our Fairy-band,
Helena is here at Hand,
And the Youth mistook by me,
Pleading for a Lover's Fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant see?
Lord, what Fools these Mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: The Noise they make
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one ;
That must needs be Sport alone.
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lyfander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and Derision never come in Tears.
Look when I vow, I weep, and Vows so born,
In their Nativity all Truth appears :
How can these things in me seem Scorn to you ?
Bearing the Badge of Faith to prove them true.

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
When Truth kills Truth, O devilish holy Fray !
These Vows are *Hermia's*. Will you give her o'er ?
Weigh Oath with Oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your Vows to her and me, put in two Scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as Tales.

Lys. I had no Judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my Mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awaking.*] O *Helen*, Goddess, Nymph, perfect, divine.

To what, my Love, shall I compare thine Eyne?
Crystal is muddy ; O how ripe in show,
Thy Lips, those kissing Cherries, tempting grow !
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* Snow,
Fann'd with the Eastern Wind, turns to a Crow,
When thou holdst up thy hand. O let me kiss
This Princess of pure white, this seal of Bliss.

Hel. O Spight, O Hell ! I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your Merriment :
If you were civil, and knew Courtesie,
You would not do me thus much Injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do.
But you must join in Souls to mock me too ?
If you are Men, as Men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle Lady so :
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my Parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your Hearts.
You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia*.

And

And now both Rivals to mock *Helena*.

A trim Exploit, a manly Enterprife,
To conjure Tears up in a poor Maid's Eyes,
With your Derision: None of Noble sort
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poor Soul's Patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not so,
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know.
And here with all good will, with all my Heart,
In *Hermia*'s Love I yield you up my Part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my Death.

Hel. Never did Mockers waste more idle Breath.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep my *Hermia*, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that Love is gone,
My Heart to her, but as Guest-wife sojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. It is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the Faith thou dost not know,
Left to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look where thy Love comes, yonder is thy Dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark Night that from the Eye his Function takes,
The Ear more quick of Apprehension makes.
Wherein it doth impair the seeing Sense,
It pays the hearing double Recompense.
Thou art not by mine Eye, *Lysander* found,
Mine Ear, I thank it, brought me to that Sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom Love doth press to go?

Her. What Love could press *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysander*'s Love, that would not let him bide;
Fair *Helena*, who more engilds the Night,
Than all yon fiery O's and Eyes of Light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The Hate I bear thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think: It cannot be.

B 5

Hel.

34 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Hel. Lo, she is one of this Confederacy :
 Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,
 To fashion this false Sport in spite of me.
 Injurious *Hermia*, most ungrateful Maid,
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
 To bait me, with this foul Derision ?
 Is all the Counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The Sisters Vows, the Hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty footed Time,
 For parting us : O ! and is all forgot ?
 All School-days Friendship, Childhood Innocence ?
 We, *Hermia*, like two artificial Gods,
 Have with our Needles, created both one Flower,
 Both one Sampler, sitting on one Cushion ;
 Both warbling of one Song, both in one Key ;
 As if our Hands, our Sides, Voices, and Minds
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double Cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an Union in partition ;
 Two lovely Berries molded on one Stem,
 So with two seeming Bodies, but one Heart,
 Two of the first Life, Coats in Heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one Crest.
 And will you rend your ancient Love asunder,
 To join with Men in scorning your poor Friend ?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly ;
 Our Sex as well as I may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do find the Injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate Words :
 I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not let *Lysander*, as in scorn,
 To follow me, and praise my Eyes and Face ?
 And made your other Love, *Demetrius*,
 Who even but now did spurn me with his Foot,
 To call me Goddess, Nymph, Divine, and Rare,
 Precious, Celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates ? and wherefore doth *Lysander*
 Deny your Love, so rich within his Soul,
 And tender me, forsooth, Affection,
 But by your setting on, by your Consent ?

What though I be not so in Grace as you,
So hung upon with Love, so fortunate?
But miserable most, to love unlov'd,
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad Looks,
Make Mouths upon me when I turn my Back,
Win each at other, hold the sweet Jest up:
This Sport well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any Pity, Grace or Manners;
You would not make me such an Argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own Fault,
Which Death or Absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena*, hear my Excuse;
My Love, my Soul, fair *Helena*.

Hel. O Excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.
Thy Threats have no more Strength than her weak praise.
Helena, I love thee, by my Life I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee.

To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiope*.

Dem. No, no Sir, seem to break loose;
Take on as you would follow,

But yet come not; you are a tame Man, go,

Lys. Hang off thou Cat, thou Burre; vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a Serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude
What Change is this, sweet Love?

Lys. Thy Love? Out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed Medicine; O hated Poyson, hence.

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes looth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keep my Word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your Bond; for I perceive.

36 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

A weak Bond holds you ; I'll not trust your Word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead ?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate ?
Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what News, my Love ?
Am not I *Hermia* ? are not you *Lysander* ?
I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.

Since Night you lov'd me ; yet since Night you left me :
Why then you left me, O the Gods forbid ?
In earnest, shall I say ?

Lys. Ay, by my Life ;
And never did desire to see thee more,
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer ; 'tis no Jest,
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me, you Jugler, you Canker-blossom,
You Thief of Love ; what, have you come by Night,
And stolen my Love's Heart from him ?

Hel. Fine, i'faith !
Have you no Modesty, no maiden Shame,
No touch of Bashfulness ? What, will you tear
Impatient Answers from my gentle Tongue ?
I lie, fie, you Counterfeit, you Puppet, you.

Her. Puppet ! why so ? Ay, that ways go the Game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our Statures ; she hath urg'd her height,
And with her Personage, her tall Personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his Esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low ?
How low am I, thou painted Maypole ? Speak,
How low am I ? I am not yet so low,
But that my Nails can reach unto thine Eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, Gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me, I was never curst :
I have no Gift at all in Shrewishness ;
I am a right Maid for my Cowardize !
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she's something lower than my self,
That I can match her.

Her.

Her. Lower ! Hark again.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your Counsels, never wrong'd you,
Save that, in Love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth into the Wood:
He follow'd you, for Love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To strike me, spurn me, nay to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my Folly back;
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple, and how fond I am,

Her. Why get you gone; who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish Heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with *Lyfander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she will not harm thee, *Helena*.

Dem. No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part,

Hel. Oh when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd,
She was a Vixen when she went to School;
And though she be but little she is fierce.

Her. Little again? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you Dwarf,
You *Minimus*, of hindring Knot-grafs made,
You Bead, you Acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your Services.
Let her alone, speak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part: For if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of Love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

Lys. Now she holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose Right
Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? Nay, I'll go with thee Cheek by Jowl.

[Exit *Lyfander* and *Demetrius*.]

Her. You Mistrefs, all this Coyl is long of you:
Nay go not back.

Hel.

38 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst Company.
Your Hands than mine are quicker for a Fray,
My Legs are longer though, to run away. [Exeunt.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is thy Negligence, still thou mistak'st :
Or else committ'st thy Knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, King of Shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the Man,
By the *Athenian* Garments he hath on?
And so far blameless proves my Enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian's* Eyes;
And so far am I glad, it so did sort,
As this their Jangling I esteem a Sport.

Ob. Thou seest these Lovers seek a Place to fight ;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcast the Night,
The Starry Welken cover thou anon
With drooping Frog, as black as *Acheron*.
And lead these testy Rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lyfander* sometime frame thy T'ongue,
Then stir *Demetrius* up with bitter Wrong ;
And sometime rail thou like *Demetrius* ;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
'Till o'er their Brows Death counterfeiting Sleep
With leaden Legs and Batty Wings doth creep ;
Then crush this Herb into *Lyfander's* Eye,
Whose Liquor hath this virtuous Property,
To take from thence all Error, with its Might,
And make his Eye-balls rowl with wonted sight
When they next wake, all this Derision
Shall seem a Dream, and fruitless Vision ;
And back to *Athens* shall the Lovers wend
With League whose date 'till Death shall never end.
Whiles I in this Affair do thee imploy,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* Boy ;
And then I will her charmed Eye release
From Monsters view, and all things shall be Peace.

Puck. My Fairy Lord, this must be done with haste,
For Night's swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora's* Harbinger ;

At

At whose approach; Ghosts wandering here and there,
Troop home to Church-yards; Damned Spirits all,
That in Cross-ways and Floods have Burial,
Already in their wormy Beds are gone,
For fear lest Day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully exile themselves from Light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd Night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort,
I with the Morning-Light have oft made sport,
And like a Forester the Groves may tread ;
Even 'till the Eastern Gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune* with fair blessed Beams,
Turns into yellow Gold his salt-green Streams.
But notwithstanding haste, make no delay ;
We may effect this Business yet ere Day. [*Exit Oberon.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down, I will lead them
up and down: I am fear'd in Field and Town, *Goblin*,
lead them up and down. Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. What art thou, proud *Demetrius* ?
Speak thou now.

Puck. Here, Villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou ?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then to plainer Ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander, speak again ;
Thou Run-away, thou Coward, art thou fled ?
Speak in some Bush : Where dost thou hide thy Head ?

Puck. Thou Coward, art thou begging to the Stars,
Telling the Bushes that thou look'st for Wars,
And wilt not come ? Come Recant, come thou Child,
I'll whip thee with a Rod, he is defil'd
That draws a Sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there ?

Puck. Follow my Voice, we'll try no Manhood here. [*Ex.*]

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The Villain is much lighter heel'd than I :
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ; [*Shifting places.*
That

40 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle Day: [*Lyes down.*
For if but once thou shew me thy gray Light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this spite.

Ent r Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, Coward why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st: For well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the Face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy Face by Day-light see.
Now go thy way: Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold Bed,
By Day's approach look to be visited. [*Lyes d wn.*

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary Night, O long and tedious Night,
Abate thy Hours; shine Comforts from the East,
That I may back to *Athens* by Day-light,
From these that my poor Company detest,
And Sleep, that sometimes shuts up Sorrow's Eye,
Steal me a while from mine own Company. [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? come one more,
Two of both Kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish Lad,
Thus to make poor Females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in in woe.
Bedabbled with the Dew, and torn with Briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My Legs can keep no Pace with my Desires:
Here will I rest me 'till the break of Day;
Heav'n's shield *Lyfander*, if they mean a Fray. [*Lyes d wn.*

Puck. On the Ground sleep sound,
I'll apply to your Eye, gentle Lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the Juice on Lyfander's Eye.*
When

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 41

When thou wak'st thou tak'st
True Delight in the sight of thy former lady's Eye,
And the Country Proverb known,
That every Man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.

Jack shall have *Fill*, naught shall go ill,

The Man shall have his Mare again, and all be well.

[*Exit Puck.*

[*They sleep.*



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending, and
th: King behind them.*

Queen. **C**ome, sit thee down upon this flowry Bed,
While I thy amiable Cheeks do coy,
And stick Musk Roses in thy sleek-smooth Head,
And kiss thy fair large Ears, my gentle Joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaseblossom*?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my Head, *Peaseblossom*. Where's *Monsieur Cobweb*?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. *Monsieur Cobweb*, good *Monsieur* get your weapons in your Hand, and kill me a red hipt Humble-bee on the top of a Thistle, and good *Monsieur* bring me the Honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the Action, *Monsieur*; and good *Monsieur* have a care the Honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a Honey-bag, Signior. Where's *Monsieur Mustardseed*?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your Newfe, *Monsieur Mustardseed*; Pray you leave your Curtsie, good *Monsieur*.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good *Monsieur*, but to help *Cavalero Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the Barber's, *Monsieur*, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the Face.

And

42 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

And I am such a tender Ass, if my Hair doth but tickle me, I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some Musick, my sweet Love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good Ear in Musick, let us have the Tongs and the Bones.

Musick Tongs, Rural Musick.

Queen. Or say, sweet Love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly a Peck of Provender; i could munch your good dry Oats. Methinks I have a great Desire to a Bottle of Hay: Good Hay, sweet Hay hath no Fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy That shall seek the Squirrels Hoard, And fetch thee new Nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried Pease. But I pray you let none of your People stir me, I have an Exposition of Sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my Arms; Fairies be gone, and be always away: So doth the Woodbine the sweet Hony-suckle Gently entwist; the female Ivy so Enrings the barky Fingers of the Elm. O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin;
Seest thou this sweet Sight?
Her Dotage now I do begin to pity;
For meeting her of late behind the Wood,
Seeking sweet Favours for this hateful Fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy Temples then had rounded
With Coronet of fresh and fragrant Flowers,
And that same Dew which sometime on the Buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient Pearls,
Stood now within the pretty Flouriers Eyes,
Like Tears that did their own Disgrace bewail.
When I had at my Pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild Terms begg'd my Patience,
I then did ask of her, her changeling Child,

Which

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 43

Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To bear him to my Bower in Fairy Land ;
And now I have the Boy, I will undo
This hateful Imperfection of her Eyes :
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed Scalp
From off the Head of this *Athenian* Swain ;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to *Athens* back again repair,
And think no more of this Night's Accidents,
But as the fierce Vexation of a Dream.
But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

*Be thou as thou wast wont to be ;
See as thou wast wont to see :
Dian's Bud, or Cupid's Flower,
Hath such Force and blessed power.*

Now my *Titania*, wake you my sweet Queen.

Queen. My *Oberon* ! what Visions have I seen !
Methought I was enamoured of an Ass.

Ob. There lies your Love.

Queen. How came these Things to pass ?
Oh how mine Eyes do loath this Visage now !

Ob. Silence a while ; *Robin* take off his Head,
Titania, Musick call, and strike more dead
Than common Sleep. Of all these fine the Sense.

Queen. Musick, ho Musick ; such as charmeth Sleep.
Musick still.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own Fools Eyes
peep.

Ob. Sound Musick ; come my Queen, take hand with me.
And rock the Ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in Amity,
And will to Morrow Midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke *Theseus*' House triumphantly,
And blest it to all fair posterity ;
There shall these pairs of faithful Lovers be
Wedded with *Theseus* all in Jollity.

Puck. Fair King attend and mark,
I do hear the Morning Lark.

Ob.

44 *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Ob. Then my Queen in Silence sad,
Trip we after the Night's Shade;
We the Globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering Moon.

Queen. Come my Lord, and in our Flight,
Tell me how it came this Night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these Mortals on the Ground.

Sleepers lye still.

[Exeunt.]

[Wind Horns.]

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and all his Train.

Thes. Go one of you, find out the Forester,
For now our Observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the Day,
My Love shall hear the Musick of my Hounds:
Uncouple in the Western Valley, let them go,
Dispatch I say, and find the Forester.
We will, fair Queen, up to the Mountain's Top,
And mark the Musical Confusion
Of Hounds, and Echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a Wood of *Creet* they bay'd the Bear
With Hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant Chiding. For besides the Groves,
The Skies, the Fountains, every Region near,
Seem'd all one mutual Cry. I never heard
So Musical a Discord, such sweet Thunder.

Thes. My Hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their Heads are hung
With Ears that sweep away the Morning Dew;
With Crook kneed, and Dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Bulls,
Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouth like Bells,
Each under each. A Cry more tuneable
Was never hollow'd to, nor cheer'd with Horn,
In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*:
Judge when you hear. But soft, what Nymphs are
(these?)

Ege. My Lord, this is my Daughter here asleep,
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedar's Helena*;
I wonder of their being here together.

Thes. No doubt they rose up early, to observe

The

The right of *May*, and hearing our Intent,
Came here in grace of our Solemnity.
But speak *Egeus*, is not this the Day
That *Hermia* should give Answer of her Choice?

Ege. It is, my Lord.

Thes. Go bid the Huntsmen wake them with their Horns,
Horns, and they wake. Shout within, they all start up.

Thes. Good Morrow Friends; Saint *Valentine* is past:
Begin these Wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my Lord.

Thes. I pray you all stand up:

I know you two are Rival Enemies.
How comes this gentle Concord in the World,
That hatred is so far from Jealousie,
To sleep by Hate, and fear no Enmity?

Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I speak)
And now I do bethink me, so it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our Intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the peril of the *Athenian* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord, you have enough;
I beg the Law, the Law upon his Head:
They would have stoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your Wife, and me of my Consent;
Of my Consent that she should be your Wife.

Dem. My Lord, fair *Helen* told me of their Stealth,
Of this their Purpose hither to the Wood.
And I in Fury hither follow'd them,
Fair *Helena* in Fancy follow'd me:
But, my good Lord, I wot not by what Power,
But by some Power it is, my Love
To *Hermia*, melted as the Snow,
Seems to me now as the Remembrance of an idle Gaude,
Which in my Childhood I did doat upon:
And all the Faith, the Virtue of my Heart,
The Object and the Pleasure of mine Eye,

46 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Is only *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* saw;
But like a sickness did I loath this Food;
But as in Health come to my natural Taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

Tbes. Fair Lovers you are fortunately met;
Of this Discourse we shall hear more anon.

Egeus, I will over-bear your Will,
For in the Temple, by and by with us,
These Couples shall eternally be knit:
And for the Morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd Hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to *Athens*, three and three,
We'll hold a Feast in great solemnity.

Come *Hippolita*. [Exe. Duke and Lords.]

Dem. These Things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off Mountains turned into Clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted Eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks;
And I have found *Demetrius* like a Jewel;
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lys. And he bid us follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; let's follow him,
And by the way let us recount our Dreams. [Exeunt.
[Bottom wakes.]

Bot. When my Cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, Most fair *Pyramus* ——— Hey ho, *Peter Quince*! Flute the Bellows-mender! Snout the Tinker! Starveling! God's my Life! Stof'n hence, and left me asleep. I have had a most rare Vision. I had a Dream past the Wit of Man to say what Deam it was: Man is but an Ass if he go about to expound this Dream. Methought I was, there is no Man can tell what.

Methought

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 47

Methought I was, and methought I had. But Man is but a patch'd Fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The Eye of Man hath not heard, the Ear of Man hath not seen; Man's Hand is not able to taste, his Tongue to conceive, nor his Heart to report what my Dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballad of this Dream; it shall be call'd *Bottom's Dream*, because it hath no Bottom? and I will sing it in the latter end of a Play before the Duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her Death. [Exit.]

Enter Quince, Flute, Snowt, and Starvelling.

Quin. Have you sent to *Bottom's* House? Is he come Home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flute. If he come not, then the Play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible; you have not a Man in all *Athens* able to discharge *Pyramus* but he.

Flute. No, he hath simply the best Wit of any Handy-craft Man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the best Person too; and he is a very Paramour for a sweet Voice.

Flute. You must say, Paragon; a Paramour is (God bless us) a Thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married; If our Sport had gone forward, we had all been made Men.

Flute. O sweet Bully *Bottom*; thus hath he lost Six-pence a Day during his Life; he could not have 'scaped Six-pence a Day; and the Duke had not given him Six-pence a Day for Playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: He would have deserv'd it. Six-pence a Day in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these Hearts?

Quin. Bottom, O most courageous Day! O most happy Hour!

Bot.

48 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Bet. Masters I am to discourse Wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet *Bottom*.

Bet. Not a Word of me; all I will tell you, is that the Duke hath dined. Get your Apparel together; good Strings to your Beards, new Ribbons to your Pumps, meet presently at the Palace, every Man look o'er his Part; for the short and the long is, our Play is preferred; In any case let *Thisby* have clean Linnen; and let not him that plays the Lion pare his Nails, for they shall hang out for the Lion's Claws; and most dear Afters, eat no Onions, nor Garlick, for we are to utter sweet Breath; and I do not doubt to hear them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more Words; away, go away. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, and his Lords.

Hip. **T**IS strange, my *Theseus*, that these Lovers speak of:
Thes. More strange than true. I never may be-
 These Antick Fables, nor these Fairy Toys; (lieve
 Lovers and Madmen have such seathing Brains,
 Such shaping Phantasies, that apprehend more
 Than cool Reason ever comprehends.
 The Lunatick, the Lover, and the Poet.
 Are of Imagination all compact:
 One sees more Devils than vast Hell can hold;
 That is the Madman. The Lover, all is frantick,
 Sees *Helen's* Beauty in a Brow of *Egypt*.
 The Poet's Eye in a fine Frenzy rowling,
 Doth glance from Heav'n to Earth, from Earth to Heav'n:
 And as Imagination bodies forth.

The

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 49

The Forms of Things unknown the Poet's Pen
Turns them to Shapes, and gives to Airy Nothing
A local Habitation, and a Name.

Such Trick hath strong Imagination,
That if he would but apprehend some Joy,
It comprehends some Bringer of that Joy :
Or in the Night, imagining some Fear,
How easie is a Bush suppos'd a Bear ?

Hip. But all the Story of the Night told over,
And all their Minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than Fancies Images,
And grows to something of great Constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Thes. Here comes the Lovers, full of Joy and Mirth.
Joy, gentle Friends, Joy and fresh Days of Love
Accompany your Hearts.

Lys. More than to us.

Wait on your Royal Walks, your Board your Bed.

Thes. Come now, what Masks, what Dances shall
we have.

To wear away this long Age of three Hours,
Between our after-supper and Bed-time ?

Where is our usual Manager of Mirth ?

What Revels are in hand ? Is there no Play

To ease the Anguish of a torturing-Hour ?

Call *Egeus*.

Ege. Here, mighty *Theseus*.

Thes. Say, what Abridgment have you for this
Evening ?

What Mask ? What Musick ? How shall we beguile
The lazy time if not with some Delight ?

Ege. There is a Brief how many Sports are rise :
Make choice of which your Highness will see first.

Lys. The Battel with the Centaurs, to be sung ?
By an *Athenian* Eunuch, to the Harp.

Thes. We'll none of that. That have I told my Love
In glory of my Kinsman *Hercules*.

Lys. The Riot of the tipsie *Bachanals*,
Tearing the *Thracian* Singer in their Rage.

Thes. That is an old Device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came last a Conqueror.

50 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Lys. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the Learning late deceas'd in Beggary. Death of

Thes. That is some Satyr keen and critical, Not sorting with a Nuptial Ceremony.

Lys. A tedious brief Scene of young *Pyramus*, And his Love *Thisby*; very tragical Mirth.

Thes. Merry and Tragical? Tedious and Brief? That is hot, Ice and wondrous strange Snow. How Shall we find the Concord of this Discord?

Ege. A Play there is, my Lord, some ten Words long Which is as brief as I have known a Play; But by ten Words, my Lord, is it too long, Which makes it tedious: For in all the Play There is not one Word apt, one Player fitted. And Tragical my Noble Lord. it is: For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himself. Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess Made mine Eyes Water: but more merry Tears The passion of loud Laughter never shed.

Thes. What are they that do play it:

Ege. Hard handed Men, that work in *Athens* here, Which never labour'd in their Minds 'till now; And now have toiled their unbreath'd Memories With this same Play against your Nuptials,

Thes. And we will hear it.

Ege. No, my Noble Lord, It is not for you. I have heard it over, And it is nothing, nothing in the World, Unless you can find Sport in their intents, Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel Pain, To do you Service.

Thes. I will hear that Play: For never any thing can be amiss, When Simpleness and Duty tender it. Go bring them in, and take your Places, Ladies.

Hip. I love not to see Wretchedness e'rcharg'd, And Duty in his Service perishing.

Thes. Why, gentle Sweat, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

Thes. The kinder we, to give them Thanks for no-
thing. our

Our Sport shall be, to take what they mistake,
And what poor Duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in Might not Merit.

Where I have come great Clerk^s have purposed
To greet me with premeditated Welcomes :
Where I have seen them shiver, and look Pale,
Make Periods in the midst of Sentences,
Throttle their practis'd Accent in their Fears,
And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a Welcome. Trust me, Sweet,
Out of this Silence yet I pick'd a Welcome ?

And in the Modesty of fearful Duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling Tongue
Of sawcy and audacious Eloquence.

Love therefore, and Tongue-tide Simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my Capacity,

Ege. So please your Grace, the Prologue is address.

Thef. Let him approach.

[Flor. Trum.]

Enter Quince for the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple Skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despight.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your Delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand ; and by their Show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thef. This Fellow doth not stand upon this Points.

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt ;
he knows not the stop. A good Moral, my Lord. It
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his Prologue, like a
Child on the Recorder ; a sound, but not in govern-
ment,

Thef. His Speech was like a tangled Chain ; no-
thing impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is the next ?

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus, and Thisby, Wall, Moon-shine, and Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this Show,
But wonder on, 'till Truth make all things plain.
This Man is *Pyramus*, if you would know ;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certain.
This Man with Lime and Rough-cast, doth present
Wall, the vile Wall, which did these Lovers sunder :
And through Wall's Chink, poor Souls, they are
content

To whisper. At the which, let no Man wonder,
This Man with Lanthorn Dog, and Bush of *Thorn*,
Presenteth Moon-shine : For, if you will know,
By Moon-shine did these Lovers think no scorn
To meet at *Ninus* Tomb, there, there to woo.
This grizly Beast, which *Lion* hight by Name,
The trusty *Thisby*, coming first by Night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright :
And as she fled, her Mantle she did fall ;
Which *Lion* vile with bloody Mouth did stain.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet Youth and tall,
And finds his gentle *Thisby's* Mantle slain :
Whereat, with Blade, with bloody blameful Blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody Breast.
And *Thisby*, tarrying in the Mulberry Shade,
His Dagger drew, and died For all the rest,
Let *Lion*, *Moon-shine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

This. I wonder if the *Lion* be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my Lord ; one *Lion* may, when
many Asses do.

Wall, in this same Interlude it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* by name, present a Wall :
And such a Wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied Hole or Chink,
Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisby*,
Did whisper often very secretly:
This Loam, this Rough-cast, and this Stone doth
shew,

That I am the same Wall ; the truth is so.

And

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 53

And this the Cranny is, right and sinister.

Through which the fearful Lovers are to whisper.

Thes. Would you desire Lime and Hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest Partition that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

Thes. *Pyramus* draws near the Wall : Silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim look'd Night O Night with hue so
O Night, which ever art when Day is not ! (black
O Night, O Night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my *Thisby's* Promise is forgot.

And thou, O Wall, thou sweet and lovely Wall,
That stands between her Father's Ground and mine
Thou Wall, O Wall, O sweet and lovely Wall,
Shew me thy Chink, to blink through with mine Eyne
Thanks, courteous Wall : *Jove* shield thee well for
But what see I ? No *Thisby* do I see. (this.

O wicked Wall, through whom I see no Bliss,
Curst be thy Stones for thus deceiving me.

Thes. Wall, methinks, being sensible, should
Curse again.

Pyr. No in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving me,*
Is *Thisby's* cue : she is to enter, and I am to spy
Her through the Wall. You shall see it will fall.

Enter Thisby.

Pat. as I told you ; yonder she comes

Thisf. O Wall full often hast thou heard my Moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me,
My cherry Lips has often kiss'd thy Stones ?
Thy Stones with Lime and Hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I hear a Voice ; now will I to the Chink,
To spy and I can see my *Thisby's* Face.

Thisby !

Thisf. My Love thou art, my Love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy Lovers Grace
And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

Thisf. And I like *Helen*, 'ill the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

Thisf. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you,

Pyr. O kiss me through the hole of this vile Wall.

Thisf. I kiss the Wall's hole, not your Lips at all.

Pyr.

54 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny's Tomb* meet me straight-way?

This. Tide Life, tide Death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall*, my Part discharged so:
And being done thus *Wall* away doth go. [Exit.

This. Now is the Moral down between the two Neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my Lord, when Walls are so wilful, to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest Stuff that e'er I heard.

This. The best in this kind are but Shadows, and the worst are no worse, if Imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your Imagination then, and not theirs.

This. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for Excellent Men. Here come two noble Beasts in, a Man and a Lion.

Enter Lion and Moon-shine.

Lion. You Ladies, you whose gentle Hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous Mouse that Creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildest Rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Joiner, am
No Lion fell, nor else no Lion's Dam:
For if I should as Lion come in Strife
Into this Place, 'twere pity of my Life.

This. A very gentle Beast and of a good Conscience.

Dem. The very best at a Beast, my Lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This Lion is a very Fox for his Valour.

This. True, and a Goose for his Discretion.

Dem. Not so, my Lord; for his Valour cannot carry his Discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

This. His Discretion I am sure cannot carry his Valour; for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well: Leave it to his Discretion, and let us hearken to the Moon. (sent.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon pre-

Dem. He should have worn Horns on his Head.

This. He is no Crescent, and his Horns are invisible, within the Circumference.

Moon:

A Midsummer-Night's Dream. 55

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon present :

My self the Man i'th' Moon doth seem to be.

Thes. This is the greatest Error of all the rest :
The Man should be put into the Lanthorn : How is it else the Man i'th' Moon ?

Dem. He dares not come there for the Candle ;
For you see it is already in Snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this Moon ; would he would Change.

Thes. It appears by his small Light of Discretion, that he is in the Wane : but yet in courtesies in all reason we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed Moon.

Moon. All that I that have to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorn is the Moon ; I, the Man in the Moon ; this Thorn Bush, my Thorn Bush ; and this Dog, my Dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the Lanthorn ; for they are in the Moon. But silence ; here comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

Thisby. This is old *Ninny's* Tomb ; where is my Love ?

Lion. Oh. [*The Lion roars, Thisby runs off.*]

Dem. Well roar'd *Lion*.

Thes. Well run *Thisby*.

Hip. Well shone *Moon*.

Truly the Moon shines with a good grace.

Thes. Well mouth'd *Lion*.

Dem. And then came *Pyramus*.

Lys. And so the *Lion* vanish'd.

Enter Pyramus.

[Beams,

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy funny
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright :

For by thy gracious, golden, glittering Streams,

I trust to taste of truest *Thisby's* Sight.

But stay : O spight ; but mark, poor Knight,

What dreadful dole is here ?

Eyes do you see ! How can it be !

O dainty Duck ! O Dear !

Thy Mantle good ; what stain'd with Blood !

Approach you Furies fell :

O

56 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

O Fates! Come, come: Cut Thread and Thrum,
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

Thes. This Passion, and the Death of a dear Friend!
Would go near to make a Man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my Heart, but I pity the Man,

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou Lions frame?
Since Lion wild hath here Deflour'd my Dear:
Which is --- No, no --- which was the fairest Dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
Cheer.

Come Tears, confound: Out Sword, and wound
The Pap of *Pyramus*.

Ay, that left Pap, where Heart doth hop:

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus,
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my Soul is in the
Tongue lose thy light, Moon take thy flight, [Sky,
Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dem. No Die, but an Ace for him; for he is but one.

Dem. Less than an Ace, Man; for he is dead;
he is nothing.

Thes. With the help of a Surgeon he might recover,
and prove an Ass.

Hip. How chance the Moon-shine is gone, before
Thisby comes back, and finds her Lover?

Enter Thisby.

Thes. She will find him by Star-light.
Here she comes; and her Passion ends the Play.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for
such a *Pyramus*: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A Moth will turn the Ballance, which *Py-*
ramus, which *Thisby* is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet

Dem. And thus she means, *videlicet*. [Eyes.

This. Asleep, my Love? What Dead, my Dove?

O *Pyramus* arise:

Speak, speak. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A Tomb
Must cover thy sweet Eyes.

These lilly Lips, this cherry Nose,
These yellow Cowslip Cheeks

Are gone, are gone: Lovers make moan,
His Eyes were green as Leeks.

O Sisters three, come, come to me,
With Hands as pale as Milk;
Lay them in gore, since you have shore
With Sheers, this Thread of Silk,
Tongue not a Word: Come trusty Sword:
Come Blade, my Breast imbrue:
And farewel Friends, thus *Thisby* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Thes. Moon-shine and *Lion* are left to bury the Dead.

Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the *Wall* is down that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see thee Epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask Dance, between two of our Company?

Thes. No, Epilogue, I pray you; for your Play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the Players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himself in *Thisby's* Garter, it would have been a fine Tragedy: And so it is truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask; let your Epilogue alone.

[*Here a Dance of Clowns.*]

The Iron Tongue of Midnight hath told twelve,
Lovers, to Bed, 'tis almost *Fairy* time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming Morn,
As much as we this Night have over-watch'd.
This palpable gross Play hath well beguil'd
The heavy Gaite of Night. Sweet Friends to Bed.
A Fortnight hold we this Solemnity,
In nightly Revel, and new Jollity,

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Puck,

Puck. Now the hungry *Lion* roars,
And the *Wolf* beholds the *Moon*:
Whilst the heavy *Ploughmen* snoars,
All with the weary Task fore-done.
Now the wasted Brands do glow,
Whilst the Scritch-Owl scritch-ing loud,
Puts the Wretch that lyes in Woe
In Remembrance of a Shroud.

Now,

58 *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

Now it is the time of Night,
That the Graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his Spright.
In the Church-way Paths to glide;
And we Fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's Team,
From the Presence of the Sun,
Following Darkness like a Dream,
Now are Frolick; not a Mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed House.
I am sent with Broom before,
To sweep the Dust behind the Door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their Train.

Ob. Through the House give glimmering Light,
By the dead and drowsie Fire,
Every Elf and Fairy Spright,
Hop as light as Bird from Briar,
And this Ditty after me
Sing, and Dance it trippingly.

Queen. First rehearse this Song by roat,
To each Word a warbling Note.
Hand in Hand, with Fairy Grace,
Will we sing and blefs this Place.

The S O N G.

*Now until the break of Day,
Through this House each Fairy stray,
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall Blessed be:
And the Issue there create,
Ever shall be Fortunate;
So shall all the Couples three,
Ever true in loving be:
And the Blots in Nature's Hand
Shall not in their Issue stand;
Never Mole, Hare-lip, nor Scar,
Nor Mark Prodigious, such as are
Despised in Nativity,
Shall upon their Children be.
With this Field-Dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his Gate,*

And

A Midsummer-Nights Dream.

11

*And each several Chamber blest,
Through this Palace with sweet Peace.
Ever shall it Safely rest,
And the Owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by break of Day.*

Puck. If we. Shadows, have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but Slumbred here,
While these Visions did appear.
And this weak and idle Theam,
No more yielding but a Dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend ;
If you Pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honest *Puck*,
If we have unearned Luck,
Now to 'scape the Serpent's Tongue,
We will make Amends ere long :
Else the *Puck* a Liar call.
So good Night unto you all.
Give me your Hands, if we be Friends,
And *Robin* shall restore Amends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

And each several Chamber blis,
Through this Palace with sweet Pains,
Ever shall it softly rest,
And the Queen of it sleep;
This away, make no stay;
Meet me all by break of Day.

Look! If we, Shadows, have changed,
But this, and all is mended,
But you have but slumber'd here,
While these Visions did appear,
And this weak and idle Troupe,
No more yielding but a Dream,
Wakes, do not reprehend;
If you Tardon, we will mend,
And as I am honest Puck,
We have unlearn'd Luck,
Now to scape the Serpent's Tongue,
We will make Amends ere long;
Till the Puck a liar call.

So good Night unto
Give me your hand, if we be friends,
And Robin shall tell you the same.

